

Hilarious JOLSON-PARKYAKARKUS "Radio-Broadcast"

# Radio MIRROR

NOVEMBER

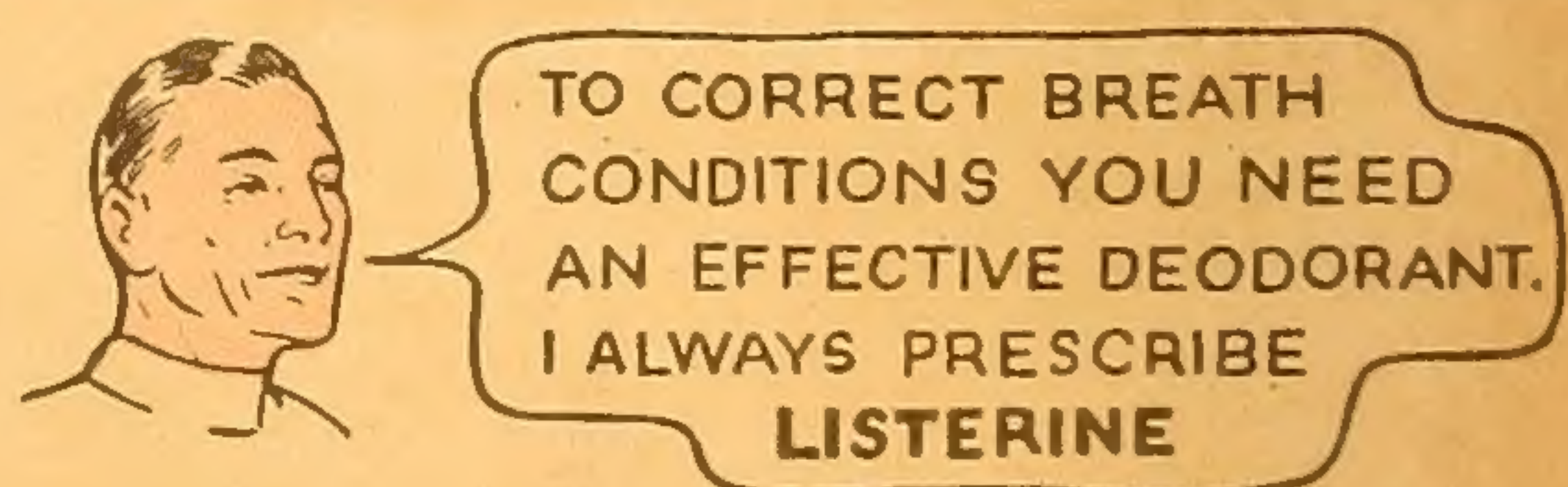


NINA HENIE  
AND  
TYRONE POWER

Hidden Drama Behind the TYRONE POWER-DON AMECHE Friendship  
The Wickedest Star in Radio • Also: A Great Story By Floyd Gibbons



# HE GOT THE **TRUTH** FROM HIS OWN DAUGHTER



**WHY OFFEND NEEDLESSLY?** Modern habits explain why so many people have halitosis — (bad breath). The sad part of it is that you never know when you offend, but others do, and hence avoid you.

If you want to make sure that your breath is beyond reproach, get in the habit of using Listerine Antiseptic every morning and every night, and between times before social and business engagements. It's just what you need—a quick deodorant.

Listerine Antiseptic halts fermentation in the mouth, the major cause of odors, and overcomes the odors themselves; kills millions of odor-producing bacteria outright. Your mouth feels wonderfully fresh and clean and your breath is sweeter, wholesome and more agreeable.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY  
St. Louis, Mo.



For Halitosis (BAD BREATH) use LISTERINE



# Hours for her lovely hands— Not a minute for her tender gums



—ANOTHER “DENTAL CRIPPLE” IN THE MAKING

**How often such neglect leads to real dental tragedies . . . give your gums the benefit of Ipana and Massage.**

“SUCH LOVELY HANDS,” her friends exclaim. Why shouldn’t they be the envy of others, for she lavishes hours of time and patience upon them.

But look at her smile—her *dull, dingy* smile—then watch how quickly her beauty fades, how her charm disappears.

Shocking, yes—but shockingly true! Yet she’s like thousands of other girls who *might* have possessed a radiant

smile—who *might* have had bright, sparkling teeth—had she only learned the importance of care of the gums. What a price to pay for neglect—what a pity she failed to heed nature’s warning, “pink tooth brush.”

## *Don’t Neglect “Pink Tooth Brush”*

If your tooth brush “shows pink,” see your dentist at once! Very often he’ll blame our modern menus—soft, creamy foods that deprive the gums of healthful exercise. And usually his verdict will be, “Strengthen those gum walls with harder, chewier foods”—and, as many dentists suggest, “the helpful stimula-

tion of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage.”

For Ipana, with massage, is especially designed to help gums as well as keep teeth sparkingly bright. Massage a little extra Ipana into your gums each time you brush your teeth. Gradually, as circulation increases within the gums, they become firmer, healthier.

Change to Ipana and massage today—see how sparkling, how lovely, how much more attractive your smile can be—a smile that will be your proud possession for the years to come.

LISTEN TO “Town Hall Tonight”—every Wednesday, N.B.C. Red Network, 9 P.M., E.S.T.

*Remember*

a good tooth paste, like a good dentist, is never a luxury.



**I P A N A**  
*Tooth Paste*



# TWO SIDES OF A GIRL'S LIFE!



**ANOTHER DAY SPOILED** by that dull, worn-out, headachy feeling that so often means constipation. A familiar experience to most all of us, but read...

**HOW A NEW IDEA MADE  
LIFE SO DIFFERENT**



It was a new idea to her—tasteless medicine in delicious chewing gum—but an idea that 16 million people had already tried and found ideal. Perhaps you, too, feel mean, miserable, out-of-kilter right now because of constipation. Then try FEEN-A-MINT, the delicious, scientific chewing gum laxative. Try it and learn for yourself that no other type of laxative can do exactly what FEEN-A-MINT does. FEEN-A-MINT rates 3 stars for 3 special benefits:

★ **NO STOMACH UPSET**—With FEEN-A-MINT you don't swallow a heavy, bulky dose; there is nothing to further burden an already over-burdened digestion.

★ **CHEWING AIDS DIGESTION**—The chewing stimulates the flow of the same natural alkaline fluids that help food digest.

★ **ACTS WHERE YOU NEED IT**—FEEN-A-MINT's tasteless laxative ingredient does nothing in the stomach. It passes to the intestine and does its work just where you want it to—easily, pleasantly, comfortably.

FEEN-A-MINT won't gripe, nauseate, or disturb sleep. Find the joy of this amazing 3-star relief yourself. Get economical FEEN-A-MINT today. It's right for all the family and tastes like your favorite chewing gum. At your druggists, or write for generous FREE sample package. Dept. 54, FEEN-A-MINT, Newark, N. J.



**DELICIOUS**  
Tastes like  
your favorite  
chewing gum

NOVEMBER, 1937

VOL. 9 NO. 1

## Radio Mirror

**ERNEST V. HEYN**  
Executive Editor

**FRED R. SAMMIS**  
Editor

BELLE LANDESMAN, ASS'T EDITOR

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**COVER—TYRONE POWER AND SONJA HENIE—By FRANK VAN STEEN**

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EDITOR'S NOTE: Tune in his regular weekly broadcasts heard over the CBS network every Saturday night at 8:00, sponsored by the Nash Motors.

1. With whom does Mary Livingstone keep up a perpetual rivalry that costs Jack Benny a pretty penny?

2. What instruments supply the musical background for Major Bowes' amateur program?

3. As what was Fred Allen billed when he first went on the stage?

4. On what point of pride has Bing Crosby wagered \$2,000, according to Fidler?

5. Whom did Bob Burns marry early this summer?

6. Jerry Cooper is a pushover for what kind of salesman?

7. To where does Vallee run away from it all?

8. Name five stars whose names are colors.

9. What First Nighter star gave up the part of Bob in Betty and Bob?

10. What's the difference between Eddie Cantor and Izzie Iskowitz?

# PROFESSOR QUIZ' TWENTY QUESTIONS



The Professor dictates a hard one at a broadcast.

11. To what star is the following quotation credited: "It's only the beginning, folks, only the beginning!"?

12. What is the Easy Aces' new theme song?

13. Kate Smith uses what word most often on the air?

14. Tizzie Lish wears man's clothing offstage because . . .

15. How did Jimmie Fidler's most cherished dream come true?

16. What device sets True Story Court of Human Relations apart from other dramatic programs?

17. Alice Faye fainted and awoke in whose arms after her first broadcast?

18. What is Lily Pons' favorite number? (Not musical number.)

19. Whom does Jack Oakie call his "district attorney"?

20. What champion swimmer is trying to run Ben Bernie's life?

(You will find the answers on page 56)

If red, chapped hands  
could only talk after

# Washing Windows



THIS JOB WORKS  
HAVOC WITH OUR  
SKIN...WE'RE ROUGH  
AS SANDPAPER

WASHING windows makes a "mess" of tender hands. Harsh soaps, ammonia water, and wind roughen skin. No wonder your hands don't get loving kisses!



NOW WE FEEL  
GOOD, LOOK  
GRAND...SOOTHED  
AND SOFTENED BY  
EXTRA-CREAMY  
HINDS

USE HINDS! It's extra-creamy ...works fast to soften harsh, dry skin. With the "sunshine" Vitamin D in it, Hinds helps your hands feel smoother than ever!



WE'RE PROUD TO BE HIS  
**HONEYMOON HANDS**

EVEN one application of Hinds makes workaday hands more thrilling. Use faithfully—before and after exposure, before and after household jobs. Hinds helps put back the soft-

ness that wind, cold, heat, hard water, and dust take away. Gives you smooth, feminine hands! \$1, 50c, 25c, 10c. Dispenser free with 50c size—attached to bottle, ready to use!

Copyright, 1937, Lehn & Fink Products Corp., Bloomfield, N. J.

# HINDS

HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM

# FOR HONEYMOON HANDS



QUICK  
ACTING...  
NOT  
WATERY



Dance to William Farmer's music at Radio City's Promenade Cafe, or tune it in several times each week over NBC

# FACING THE MUSIC

BY KEN ALDEN

Below, MBS's "Swing and Sway" maestro, Sammy Kaye, and the smiling face of Bob Hannon, Wayne King's soloist



Horace Heidt and the four King Sisters concoct their own rhythm effects, Monday nights over the Columbia network.



**W**IELDING a baton isn't all that makes a good band. If you don't believe that statement talk to Alex Holden, who has under his management the orchestras of Hal Kemp and Nye Mayhew.

Organizing bands has become a big business to the nervous, fast-talking Holden, and he runs them along the same hard-headed, practical lines as a Wall Street brokerage firm is conducted.

"There's no room for the run-of-mine Tin Pan Alley musicians in the Kemp or Mayhew bands," warns Holden, who does most of the behind-the-bandstand thinking for the two youthful maestros, "The boys working for me must be clean-cut, well-educated and able to fit themselves into any social group."

An excellent example of the type of man Holden is looking for is Will Hollenback, a trumpet player who was picked up at Princeton University. He scored the two hits from the 1935 college show, "East of the Sun," and "Love and a Dime." Hollenback is now one of Kemp's ace soloists on the CBS Friday programs.

Running a band such as Hal Kemp does, is expensive. He maintains a special public address system that costs \$3,500. The band leased a rehearsal hall in Forest Hills, L. I., that is used by no one else even though the band is currently on the West Coast. At present Holden is negotiating with General Motors for the construction of a special bus which will have all the comforts of a club car. You see Holden does not permit his high-priced musicians to drive their own cars on any of the one-night stand trips the band makes, and a bus de luxe might be the answer to many a weary trumpeter's prayer.

Holden signs the weekly payroll, negotiates all deals and when Kemp had to vacate his luxurious Long Island home for a stay in California it was up to Holden to figure out a way to sublet the estate. He did. The Holden family is Kemp's tenant. What a manager!

\* \* \*

**T**HE next dance craze will come out of the south. It is known as "The Big Apple" and it originated with the Gullah negroes around Charleston, S. C. Already Sammy Kaye and Richard Himber have sent scouts down there to find out if this new Mason and Dixon swing can be adapted for commercial use.

An expert at "the apple"—which is usually danced in bare feet—says it combines the jigs with truckin', Suzy-Q, Praise-Allah and a few others.

Dancers form a circle as in the old-time square dance. The dancers stomp with one, two, or three pats of the right foot and then swing the right foot back, then the left foot comes forward to repeat the steps. The band leader shouts out: (Continued on page 97)

# POPULAR MODEL GIVES TIP ON SAVING STOCKINGS!

*I cut my stocking bills IN HALF by using Ivory Flakes one minute each night!*

Here's the girl you see in lots of fashion photographs—lovely Evelyn Kelly. "I furnish my own stockings," she says, "and Ivory Flakes save me money. Stockings washed with pure suds wear twice as long."



**ACTION! DEMANDS PHOTOGRAPHER.** Look at the strain on Evelyn's sheer stockings! They can take it, because they're kept fresh and strong by Ivory care!



**ONE MINUTE PLEASE!** Evelyn Kelly, popular photographers' model, takes one minute at bedtime to dash her stockings through Ivory Flakes suds. "Now they wear twice as long."

## Pure soap prevents weakening of silk stockings

"Protecting the freshness of silk is the whole secret of getting real wear from stockings," say fine stores. "That's why we advise the soap flakes made from the famous pure Ivory Soap—the soap that protects even a baby's young skin."

Don't pile up stockings you've worn—don't use any soap less pure than Ivory Flakes—don't let your stockings get stale. All these make silk grow weak and old.

Start tonight with Ivory Flakes. One minute of daily care can add weeks of wear—Ivory Flakes are pure economy!



TRADEMARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



# Quickly...

## Correct These Figure Faults

Perfolastic Not Only Confines,  
It Removes Ugly Bulges!



Reduces Hips  
Thighs and  
Diaphragm

Takes away  
Abdominal  
Fat and Bulge  
"Derriere"

Girdle or  
Brassiere may  
be worn separately

**T**housands of women today owe their slim youthful figures to the quick, safe way to reduce . . . Perfolastic.

"Hips 12 inches smaller," says Miss Richardson. "Lost 60 pounds and 9 inches," writes Mrs. Derr. Why don't you, too, test the Perfolastic Reducing Girdle and Brassiere at our expense?

**IF YOU DO NOT REDUCE  
3 INCHES in 10 DAYS  
. . . it will cost you nothing!**

Because so many Perfolastic wearers reduce more than 3 inches we believe we are justified in making you the above unqualified agreement.

**IMMEDIATELY APPEAR INCHES SLIMMER!**

■ You appear inches smaller at once, and yet are so comfortable you can scarcely realize that every minute you wear the Perfolastic garments you are actually reducing at hips, waist, thighs and diaphragm. Every move you make puts the massage-like action to work at just the spots where fat first accumulates. You will be thrilled with the results . . . as are other Perfolastic wearers!

**PERFOLASTIC REDUCES SAFELY . . . QUICKLY  
WITHOUT DIET, DRUGS OR EXERCISE!**

■ You do not have to risk your health or change your comfortable mode of living. No strenuous exercise to wear you out . . . no dangerous drugs to take . . . and no diet to reduce face and neck to wrinkled flabbiness. The Perforations and soft, silky lining make Perfolastic delightful to wear. And with the loss of excess fat will come increased pep and energy.

■ See for yourself the wonderful quality of the material! Read the astonishing experiences of prominent women who have reduced many inches in a few weeks . . . safely! You risk nothing. Mail coupon now!

**SEND FOR TEN DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!**

**PERFOLASTIC, INC.**

Dept. 2811, 41 EAST 42nd ST., NEW YORK, N.Y.

Please send me in plain envelope FREE BOOK-LET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere, also sample of perforated material and particulars of your 10 DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER.

Name .....

Address .....

Use coupon or send name and address on penny postcard

# Coast-to-Coast



Above, the man whose directing ability is responsible for KSTP's vastly popular Umbrella Court—Bob Barclay.



Lew Clawson, left, is WHJB's chief announcer at Greensburg, Pa., and star of RADIO MIRROR's weekly gossip program.

## HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT:

It may be a little risky to start the month behind the eight-ball, but if announcer Gilbert Bayek of WDRC does it weekly, we'll chance it just this once. Yet, Behind the Eight Ball is what Gilbert calls his every Saturday 1 to 1:15 p.m., EST., program from Hartford, and that's when he spends fifteen interesting minutes discussing both local and CBS personalities and programs. There's plenty of behind the mike news behind that eight ball with announcer Bayek, too.

\* \* \*

## SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA:

If you are too busy to read all of your

favorite magazines, but do have access to KGB and other West Coast Mutual Broadcasting System stations, here's a tip: Tune in Joseph Henry Blake, "The Magazine Man," each Thursday at 7 p. m., PST.

A faculty member at the exclusive Bishop's School for Girls at La Jolla, Blake reads no less than seventy periodicals a month and devotes his programs to original resumes of various articles and stories he sifts from the magazine field.

Mr. Blake has made his magazine broadcasts something of an avocation, since his educated golf clubs already have made him golf instructor at the fashionable girls school. This month



# Highlights

By RUSS KING



She yodels—Lucille Squires, only girl in Charley Marshall's *Mavericks*, an NBC Pacific show.

we hope to boost his list of magazines read to seventy-one, with the result that some interesting radio items will be included in his weekly magazine findings.

\* \* \*

**RAPID CITY, SOUTH DAKOTA:** For those of us who like our radio entertainment straight, without the commercial chaser, and whose sets cannot reach KOBH, it's just too bad, because this Black Hills station entertains its Sunday listeners the painless way. No sponsors is the Sabbath Day policy at KOBH, with all broadcasts presented for their entertainment and cultural values only. The Sunday Sa-

lutes to Black Hills Cities program; Poems for Sale, in which poets and poetesses of the Hills compete for honors; and the educational, historical Living Granite broadcasts are among the many seventh day favorites. This policy, it seems, should get some kind of a medal for KOBH.

\* \* \*

## UMBRELLA COURT

When a program not only develops into a station's number one program, but also into a state-wide pastime, that program must have something besides plenty of listeners. Comment first began to trickle (Continued on page 101)

GOOD NEWS TO MILLIONS

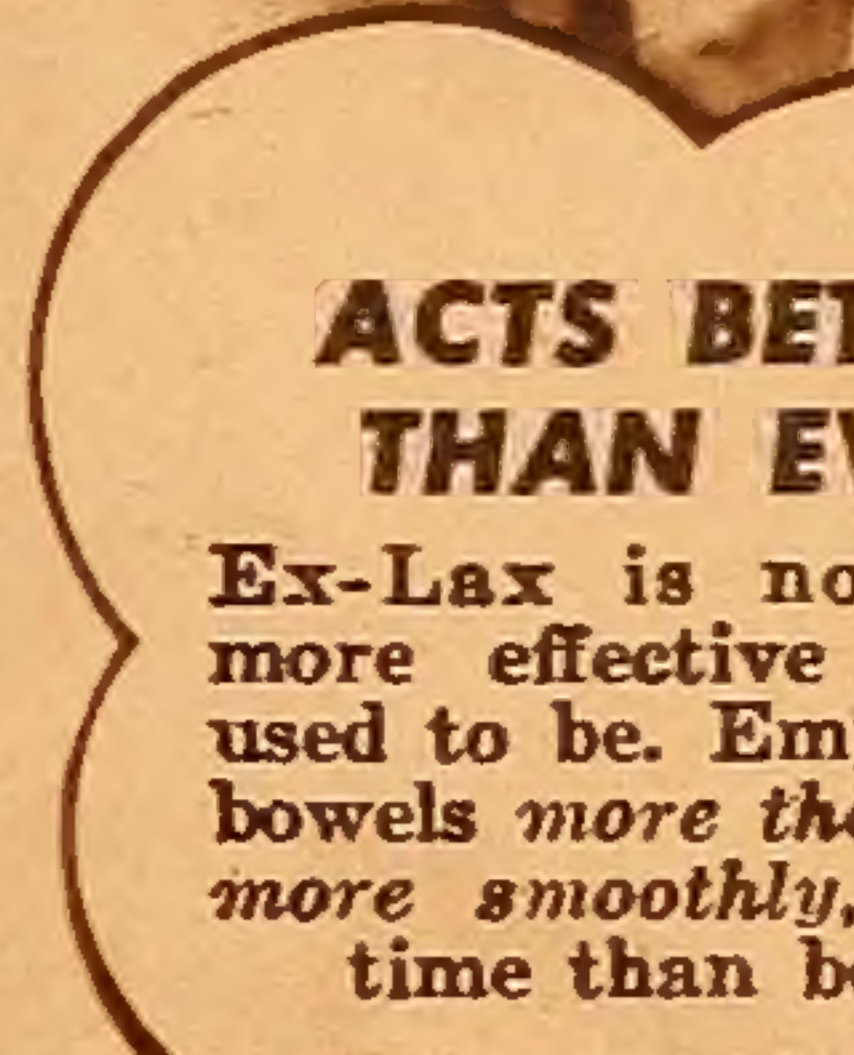
**SCIENTIFICALLY  
IMPROVED  
EX-LAX**

NOW BETTER THAN EVER!



### TASTES BETTER THAN EVER

Ex-Lax now has a smoother, richer chocolate flavor—tastes like a choice confection! You'll like it *even better* than you did before.



### ACTS BETTER THAN EVER

Ex-Lax is now even more effective than it used to be. Empties the bowels *more thoroughly, more smoothly*, in less time than before.



### MORE GENTLE THAN EVER

Ever famous for its mildness, Ex-Lax is today so remarkably gentle in action that, except for the relief you get, you scarcely realize you have taken a laxative.

... and you'll

**FEEL BETTER**  
after taking it!

PEOPLE everywhere are praising the new Scientifically Improved Ex-Lax! Thousands have written glowing letters telling of their own experiences with this remarkable laxative.

"I always liked the taste of Ex-Lax," many said, "but now it's even *more* delicious!" ... "It certainly gives you a thorough cleaning out!" was another popular comment ... "We never dreamed that any laxative could be so gentle!" hundreds wrote.

And right they are! For today Ex-Lax is *better than ever!* A more satisfactory laxative in *every way!* ... If you are suffering from headaches, biliousness, listlessness or any of the other ailments so often caused by constipation—you'll *feel better* after taking Ex-Lax!

Your druggist has the new Scientifically Improved Ex-Lax in 10c and 25c sizes. *The box is the same as always—but the contents are better than ever!* Get a box today!

**FREE!** If you prefer to try Ex-Lax at our expense, write for free sample to Ex-Lax, Dept. F117, Box 170, Times-Plaza Sta., Brooklyn, N.Y.

Now improved—better than ever!

**EX-LAX**

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE



Ken Murray (with cigar) and Oswald are happier than they look, for they've just left their own show to join Hollywood Hotel early in October.



From Universal Pictures' "Young Man's Fancy"

# What Do You Want To Say?

## "BOB" EXPLAINS TO HIS FANS

EDITOR, RADIO MIRROR

Dear Sir: The kindness and interest you displayed toward me in requesting an open letter explaining to the fans of Betty and Bob why I am leaving that show is deeply appreciated.

I am more than happy to have the opportunity to express, through the medium of your popular magazine, my gratitude to the many friends who have loyally supported me during the two years I have played the part of Bob Drake. It is with profound regret that I leave the show and I do so only because I am convinced that such a step will best serve my career as an actor.

It is rather difficult to explain, without going into the purely professional aspects of the situation, why I have withdrawn from a show with which I have been pleasantly associated for so long a time. Stated baldly, it is simply the result of a disagreement between the sponsoring agency and myself regarding salary . . . However, I wish to make it quite clear that it was not due to any demands by me for an increase in salary at any time.

But more than that, I have felt for some weeks past that I had been playing the part of Bob Drake too long. In

order to develop and make the best use of whatever talents he possesses, an actor must play a variety of roles, bring his imagination and gift of observation into play in creating all types of characters. When he has played one role over a long period of time, the part no longer offers any challenge to him and he is in danger of becoming stereotyped . . .

Although I leave the program, many fond memories remain with me. I am happy knowing I have made many deep and lasting friendships . . .

Sincerely,

LES TREMAYNE (Bob of Betty & Bob)

**THIS IS YOUR PAGE!  
YOUR LETTERS OF  
OPINION WIN PRIZES**

**FIRST PRIZE, \$10.00**

**SECOND PRIZE, \$5.00**

**FIVE PRIZES of \$1.00**

Address your letter to the  
Editor, RADIO MIRROR,  
122 East 42nd Street, New  
York, N. Y., and mail it not  
later than Oct. 25, 1937.

## FIRST PRIZE

### GIVE SOMEONE ELSE A BREAK

Nothing has done so much to make the old home what it used to be as Radio. I tune in the little day-to-day plays, with musical interludes, while doing my housework, and it just makes things hum—BUT—Seems that there is just bound to be a but—

I do not like to hear the same voice on several different plays—it spoils the realism. For instance, David Harum is a grand character with his easy drawl,

and his voice gives you a good picture of him, makes the play live, but you tune right onto another play of a different type and hear the same drawling voice, and you just say "shucks" and tune it out. (Continued on page 85)





***They didn't do this when WE were young...***

**SPECIAL MEDICAL CARE... SPECIAL DIET...  
EVEN A SPECIAL LAXATIVE!  
THAT'S WHY BABIES ARE BETTER OFF TODAY!**

**It's fun to be a baby today!**

**Look . . .**

**HE** GETS *special* visits from the doctor. He eats *special* foods... Is washed with *special* soap... Sprinkled with *special* powder.

And, of course, he gets a *special* laxative, too. How reasonable...

For if his tiny system is too delicate for adult foods and adult activity, it is also too delicate for "adult" laxatives. *Even when given in smaller doses.*



That's why physicians everywhere suggest Fletcher's Castoria when children need help in elimination.

For Fletcher's Castoria is made especially—and *only*—for children. It never upsets a baby's stomach because it acts chiefly in the lower bowel.

It is mild...yet thorough. And it won't cause cramping pains.



Without any harsh drugs...without any narcotics...it's a child's laxative pure and simple. And we sincerely recommend it as such.

**Do you know** that even the taste of Fletcher's Castoria is made especially for children? They take it without forcing. This is more important than it sounds.

Doctors tell us that the revulsion a child feels when forced to take a medi-

cine he hates can disturb his entire nervous system.

So have faith in Fletcher's Castoria. More than five million mothers depend upon it. It won't fail you.

Rely on it whenever your child needs a laxative. You can get the economical Family Size bottle from your druggist today. Look for the signature Chas. H. Fletcher on the red-bordered band around the box.

*Chas. H. Fletcher*  
**CASTORIA**

The Laxative Made *Especially*  
for Babies and Growing Children



# Miss Peggy Stevenson

**A CHARMING GOLFER  
FROM THE NORTH SHORE  
OF LONG ISLAND . . .  
WHO ILLUSTRATES  
THE IMPORTANCE OF  
HEALTHY NERVES**

Watch Peggy Stevenson tee off calmly before a crowd (below) and you can well believe that her game is never upset by jangled nerves. "It takes healthy nerves to play a good game of golf," Miss Stevenson remarked recently, "so my smoking is confined to Camels. They're *mild!*"



Copyright, 1937, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

**P**EGGY, lovely daughter of the Philip Stevensons of Glen Cove, Long Island, has been fêted from Newport to Palm Beach. In clothes, Peggy's taste is simple. Note the nubby woolen jacket she wears above—a "comfy" for the golf she enjoys so much. Her cigarette preference is Camels. "After nine stiff holes of golf," she says, "I'm not so fresh as when I started out. But Camels give my energy a *lift!* And they are *gentle* on my throat." Turn to Camels. Like Miss Stevenson, you will find that Camels are so mild that you can smoke them steadily without their getting on your nerves.



*Other women distinguished in society who also prefer  
Camel's mild, delicate flavor:*

MRS. NICHOLAS BIDDLE, Philadelphia	MISS WENDY MORGAN, New York
MRS. POWELL CABOT, Boston	MRS. NICHOLAS G. PENNIMAN III, Baltimore
MRS. THOMAS M. CARNEGIE, JR., New York	MRS. JOHN W. ROCKEFELLER, JR., New York
MRS. J. GARDNER COOLIDGE 2nd, Boston	MRS. RUFUS PAINE SPALDING III, Pasadena
MRS. ANTHONY J. DREXEL 3rd, Philadelphia	MRS. LOUIS SWIFT, JR., Chicago
MRS. OGDEN HAMMOND, JR., New York	MRS. BARCLAY WARBURTON, JR., Philadelphia

**CAMELS NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES**



**DALE CARNEGIE, WHOSE  
BEST SELLER HAS IN-  
SPIRED MILLIONS, TELLS  
YOU HOW YOU CAN REV-  
OLUTIONIZE YOUR LIFE**



# How Radio Can Help You Win Friends and Influence People

**T**HERE is one great lesson everyone can learn by listening to the radio," Dale Carnegie told me. "It is the first lesson that a person who wishes to be successful in all his human contacts must learn."

We were sitting in Carnegie's penthouse, combined office and living quarters, atop a New York skyscraper—a comfortable little apartment, furnished with a daybed, several deep leather-upholstered chairs, and a desk. One floor below is the busy Carnegie Institute of Public Speaking and Human Relations—a cluster of offices and class-rooms, populated by secretaries and instructors.

Down there, at the reception desk, I knew there was a secretary with one eye on the clock and a finger poised over the buzzer, ready to warn Carnegie when my time was up and his next appointment was waiting to see him.

**B Y D A N  
W H E E L E R**

Carnegie, of course, knew it too, but his easy, unhurried manner gave no indication that we didn't have the rest of the afternoon before us.

And I knew, too, that this ease of manner was added proof that Dale

Carnegie himself practices the truths he preaches in "How to Win Friends and Influence People"—that astounding book which has topped non-fiction best-seller lists for the past six months until it has sold more than half a million copies and has been read, certainly, by several times that many people.

Years ago, Carnegie realized that the first desire of nearly everyone in the world is to have good health, and that the second greatest desire is to be able to get along well with other people—to have friends and be well liked in his community. Twenty-five (*Continued on page 58*)



# *Hidden Drama behind the* **TYRONE POWER-** **DON AMECHE** *Friendship*



**TWO OF THE YEAR'S BRIGHTEST  
STARS SHOULD BE THE BIT-  
TEREST RIVALS, AND YET—**

**B y**

**K I R T L E Y   B A S K E T T E**

**A**BOUT four months ago, out at 20th Century-Fox studios in Hollywood, a knotty casting headache loomed. The biggest picture of the year, "In Old Chicago," was preparing to shoot. It demanded a rare cast combination. The O'Leary boys, Jack and Dion, were brothers, closer than close. They had to look like one another, act like one another, reveal on the screen a sympathy and understanding minus any trace of unconvincing fake. What's more, since "In Old Chicago" was Darryl Zanuck's big prestige spectacle, both had to be top-flight stars.

You could have combed Hollywood for the order without any luck. But they filled it in two minutes right there on the lot. They filled it because Don Ameche and Tyrone Power had met back four years ago in a Chicago radio station and had both instantly felt the electric spark of a great friendship.

There is something uncanny about that friendship—something so fine and strong that only by knowing about it can you realize what swell guys this Ameche and this Power are. Because it just isn't the sort of friendship that flourishes in Hollywood. It has no *right* to exist at all. By all the laws of nature Don Ameche and Tyrone Power should go out of their ways to avoid each other, should have nothing but ill to say of each other, should lie awake nights to think up ways of doing the other out of his heart's desire.

Plenty of pals and famous friendships are scattered throughout Hollywood and radio. But there is none like the friendship of Don Ameche and Tyrone Power, tested and tempered by the keenest kind of competition which started the minute they met and exists to this day. What is so remarkable is that instead of straining their friendship to the breaking point, each new conflict between their careers has served only to bring them closer together, assure each of them once more of the other's worth.

Don and Ty have actually become better friends every time Fate has tossed their careers into a squared circle and hammered the gong.

It was that way in Chicago, four years ago, when Ty landed there on his way to New York and hit the radio studios for work. He had promise. Producers told him so. Everybody was for him. But he stayed in minor radio parts because—Don Ameche was in Chicago, too.

And at last Tyrone Power left Chicago—and radio—because of Don Ameche.

You see, in those days this young Power-house had only a name handed down from his dad. He was nobody. Tyrone was a tyro; new, raw, young, unseasoned. He had a good voice, a swell air personality, but they were a dime a dozen. There weren't so many dramatic shows on the air, and when sponsors wanted to start a new one they didn't





20th Century-Fox

regularly then and Ty didn't eat very regularly either. So he was inclined to take whatever showed up in the way of work. This time the spot was on a homely program we'll call "Uncle Bob," because it wasn't "Uncle Bob."

Ty showed up in a studio room covered with newspapers. Uncle Bob greeted him warmly.

"Well," he said, "let's go on the air."

"Okay," said Ty, "where's the script?"

"Script?" Uncle Bob shook his head. "We don't use any script. Here—" he handed Ty a sheaf of colored comic sections. "We just read these."

**T**Y checked his amazement and swallowed his pride; he needed the job. But when he had finished emoting from "Red Barry," "Buck Rogers," "Tarzan" and "Flash Gordon," he stamped home in disgust.

"A fine business for an actor," he told himself, "reading funny papers! Nuts to radio!"

The next day he packed his things and caught the train to New York. Don Ameche wished him good luck and told him goodbye.

The next time they met both were in Hollywood.

History, of course, has a way of repeating itself. But in the case of Tyrone Power and Don Ameche, it is nothing short of startling the way the situation existing years before in Chicago set itself up exactly the same way in Hollywood.

Ty had gone on to New York, starved and pounded the pavements and landed—in a fairly modest way. A break with Katherine Cornell brought him before the movie scouts; his screen test was okayed and Darryl Zanuck put him on the payroll. But hundreds of young actors get movie contracts every year. And darned few stick. Ty had nothing really but a chance when he came to Hollywood. That was in May.

(Continued on page 81)

care about gambling on somebody the air audience had never heard of.

On the other hand, Don Ameche was an established star and a big radio name. Time and again Ty struggled up to the brink of a contract that would give him his chance, but always, somehow, there was Don Ameche in the way. The First Nighter went on the air. Don Ameche got the star spot. And Ty drew a bit on the same show. Don Ameche went on to become the most popular dramatic star on the airwaves and Tyrone Power—well, there's a little story about his exit from radio.

He got a call one day for a broadcasting job. Calls didn't come very





# THE BLIND CAN SEE;

**H**ELLO EVERYBODY:

Gee, you know, it isn't often that a real true adventure story can get under my skin and well kind of sort of get me. But by golly, the other night on my program, your True Adventures for Colgate, I told a story that just left me speechless. Well, it's a fact. I don't know when in all my years of broadcasting—of telling stories on the air to you—that I ever found myself in such a spot.

But this story I was telling the other night had a lot more to it than just thrills and action. I like action and thrills; but believe me, all adventures don't have to be packed with gun shots, and galloping horses, and roaring planes, no sir. This story was one of silence and darkness. It was a story of courage such as you and I perhaps will never know but that we recognize and envy. It was a story of grit and determination. And too, it was a story of beauty, of beauty that we cannot see or hear, but of beauty that Stephen Cartright felt for eleven long years.

Steve Cartright was a normal, lively, clean-living youngster whose parents died when he was a baby. So he learned at a tender age to stand on his own personal feet. If, while he was working his way through college, he thought about bridge building as he served charming coeds at the soda fountain, he was no different from the youth of today who spent half their time dreaming about the future. But a lot of unusual things were to happen to him before commencement day.

The first was that misunderstanding on the Mexican border. For that, Steve left college and enlisted in the U. S. Army in 1916. And very early in 1917 we find him with the Eighth Infantry in the Philippine Islands. Not long after he arrived, he passed an examination for which he had been cramming and was commissioned a second lieutenant. Still ambitious, he used his spare time studying the Russian language. That was about the time the Bolsheviks blew the lid off old St. Petersburg.

Uncle Sam sent a military observer to Siberia, where a nasty civil war was being fought by Reds and Whites. And Steve was detailed to go along in command of a detachment of enlisted men. A few weeks later the military observer was sent to Kiev, a mighty long distance from Siberia. That left Steve alone with his handful of infantrymen.

There were some British troops nearby. One day a British major told Steve the Russians were going to attack and asked him to join forces. That night found Steve and his doughboys in an outpost directing artillery fire by telephone. Early in the fighting telephone communication was broken by shell fire.

When the British counter-attacked and recaptured the outpost they found it a shambles. A direct hit had sent the heavy timbers and tons of earth crashing down upon the occupants. Every one of those Americans was wounded. Steve, he was told in the British Red Cross Hospital where

he woke up, had a badly fractured skull. While he was recovering he became chummy with two Tommies on cots that flanked his. On one of the dreary days that dragged along they began discussing Steve's case.

"Now take the lieutenant, lyin' alongside o' me 'ere, John. 'E thinks 'e's lucky," Dick said.

"How is that?" Steve asked.

"Well sir, when your leg is gone, it's gone. But when you cracks your bloomin' 'ead you don't know what's liable to come about."

"Don't worry about my head," Steve replied. "It's as good as the next man's. And when this show is all over I'm going home and prove it."

Within a month Steve was assigned to duty with an American brigade of infantry that had arrived while he was convalescing. When our troops were at last withdrawn Steve came home with them. And when he was discharged he made a bee-line for the college he had quit in 1916. Studying hard, he finished his work in two more years and immediately found employment with a large steel company as a metallurgist.

A few years later Steve visited Long Beach, Cal., during his vacation, stopping at the home of his friend, John Fischer. One afternoon after lunch Steve turned on the radio. The set warmed up just in time to carry the introduction of Miss Jessica Dragonette, who sang "Alice Blue Gown."

When she finished, Steve turned off the radio. To the inquiring Fisher he said he thought the perfect song would be spoiled by anything that followed. Steve remembers the incident vividly. For, you see, it was the last song he ever heard. Or heard just that way.

Later in the day Steve sat down on the beach, a little short of breath after an hour's swim. As he turned and

twisted to reach for a cigarette held out by his friend, who was sitting a little behind him—

Something snapped.

A terrific pain shot through Steve's head. Blood gushed from his nose and mouth.

**I**N the hospital where Steve came to, the doctor said he had had a cerebral hemorrhage. It was the result of that fractured skull he had suffered in Siberia. That Tommy had been right. "When you cracks yer bloomin' 'ead you don't know what's liable to come about."

It was dark when Steve awoke in the hospital. He called for lights. A nurse touched his forehead with her hand to quiet him.

Hours later there were still no lights. But there were people in the room. He could sense their presence. But he could not hear them. He called out for lights. And could not hear his own voice. And then came to Steve the terrifying realization that he could not (Continued on page 65)



By FLOYD  
GIBBONS



# THE DEAF CAN HEAR



Above, Stephen Cartright, the hero of this story, "hears" Jessica Dragonette sing the last song he listened to eleven years ago.

THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS REPORTER BEGINS AN EX-  
CLUSIVE SERIES OF YOUR TRUE ADVENTURES FILLED  
WITH ALL OF REAL LIFE'S PATHOS AND EMOTIONS



● Who could resist that smile of young Mr. Kenny Baker, so happy about his success in the picture "Mr. Dodd Takes the Air"? We're happy because he returns to the air with Jack Benny October third, on the same program that gave him his start less than two short years ago.

*Scotty Welbourne*







*Photo by Ed. Estabrook*

● Universal Films has signed him to a contract and the New York Times has published an editorial on him. He's Charlie McCarthy, radio's obnoxious dummy whose unhappy master is Edgar Bergen. Now turn the page and read what Charlie writes about "The Women I Have Loved."





# THE Wickedest

I was Dorothy Lamour who first dubbed me "Casanova" McCarthy. Ah, Dottie! Ah, women! I've learned about them since I came to Hollywood.

There was blonde Ann Harding, blonde Carole Lombard, blonde Mary Boland, blonde Constance Bennett, blonde Sonja Henie, blonde Ann Sothorn, blonde Gladys George, blonde Mrs. Buddy Rogers (I've got to be careful since I offered Mary Pickford that McCarthy Clipper and Mow Them Down ride to Mexico City—Buddy may catch up with me), blonde Joan Blondell. . . . say, Bergen, can't you stop this, or bring in a brunette? That's right, Zasu Pitts and Josephine Hutchinson aren't blondes, are they? And neither is May Robson . . . I wonder if she still wants me to be her

little boy? She certainly did make a play for me!

Dottie doesn't like it. I suppose she's jealous of my platonic friendships with Carol, Sonja, and Joan. But can I help it if they like me? Of course not.

Take that meeting of mine with Carole Lombard. It was most upsetting. Not for me, of course. But for Bergen. He got absolutely furious with jealousy.

Even Mister Don Ameche, our master of ceremonies. He wouldn't introduce me to Miss Lombard at first.

"She wouldn't talk to you, Charlie," he told me. "She dates the best men in Hollywood."

I had to tell him she hadn't met the best man in Hollywood yet, before he'd break down and introduce us. And



THEY CALL HIM CASANOVA McCARTHY, THE ROLICKING HEART-BREAKER OF HOLLYWOOD, WHO KISSES—AND THEN TELLS HERE IN HIS OWN WORDS ABOUT ALL THE GLAMOR GALS HE HAS LOVED

Ah women! I've learned about them in Hollywood. Take Carole Lombard (far left)—if you can get her—who said, "Charlie, I'm madly in love with you," and Connie Bennett who said, "You look better every day."

# Star IN RADIO

It was Dottie Lamour who first dubbed me "Casanova." I suppose she's jealous of my platonic friendships with Carole, Sonja Henie and lovely Joan Blondell. But can I help it if they all like me? Of course not!

was he blushing when he heard the way Carole went right after me.

"Charlie!" she said in her husky contralto. "At last we meet!"

That had the boys for a minute, all right. So I modestly replied:

"Oh, Miss Lombard, I have so much to tell you."

"Charlie!" she breathed.

"Carole!" I replied, thawing a bit. "At last, Carole, we are alone. For years I have wanted to tell you how beautiful and charming and stuff you are."

"You're not just *saying* that, are you?" she said with a flash of her lambent eyes.

(Continued on page 62)







There are a lot of reasons for going to see "Varsity Show" when it comes to your town, but the two best we can think of are Priscilla Lane (above) and her sister Rosemary (opposite page). Just a couple of quick glances should easily explain why.



Call it Suzi-Q, Truckin', or Swinging It, these two youngsters from Fred Waring's Gang can certainly step out—so well, in fact, their work in this film stepped them into long-term contracts, leaving Fred without his two star soloists who discovered they could dance as well as sing.

# EVERYBODY'S





Priscilla, on the left in these pictures, is younger than Rosemary and blonde. Her sister's a sparkling brunette. They wanted to make pictures sooner, but they had to have their teeth straightened and braces are stubborn about not photographing well. Here's the new collegiate dance called The Varsity Show Stomp.



# DOIN' IT



Neither of these vivacious exponents of the dance is engaged. Stardom is more important right now than affairs of the heart. They've just turned twenty and so far Hollywood hasn't offered to play Cupid.

*Photos by Scotty Welbourne*







Heaven help professionals on a night like this! Gracie Allen's taken up tap dancing and Fred Astaire's stuck with it, as you can easily see by these pictures as Gracie and George Burns rehearse with Fred for RKO's "A Damsel in Distress."

## EVEN GRACIE'S DANCING

Directly above, it looks like such an easy job when Fred starts. But then Gracie gets some ideas of her own, and when George joins in, Fred gives up and sits down. Gracie makes a bulls-eye on George's toe, so he quits too—while Stoneface Astaire turns a deaf ear to their pleas for help.



Photos by John Miehle



John of John-Frederics started the vogue for those crownless hats.



# IN YOUR Hat

**DIRECT FROM A RUDY VALLEE PROGRAM,  
A SPARKLING FORECAST OF HOW YOU'LL  
COVER YOUR HEAD THIS FALL—AND WHY**

**F**ROM Rudy Vallee's radio program comes this amusing and instructive interview between Rudy and John Frederics, hat wizard, which brings us up to date on America's "overhead" for the coming season.

VALLEE: During the past year the women of these United States spent more than one hundred million dollars for new hats. You might not think so to look at them, but all those hats had to be designed by somebody. And the designer whose ideas have most consistently influenced the trade is one Mr. John Frederics of John-Frederics Incorporated, Madison Avenue, New York—a firm which caters to people who are definitely "in the dough," if they will pardon a vulgar phrase.

For example, it was John of John-Frederics who created, literally out of thin air, the present vogue for hats with no crowns—hats with tops that appear to have been nibbled away by an absent-minded goat. That was nearly two years ago, at Palm Beach, and the topless topees were sold to swank sunshine-seekers for twenty-eight-fifty and up, mostly up. Now, I'm told, you can get them for forty-nine cents—and everybody's wearing 'em. Or were, the last time I looked.

It takes, as I've said, all kinds of people to make a town like New York. Here's a living New York success story and an enemy of the pocketbook of all male mankind—John of John-Frederics. Mr. Frederics, answer me this: Why did you remove the tops out of the hats of the women of this great nation?

JOHN: Well, Rudy, my partner and I had been getting

well paid for a number of years for what we put *into* and *on top of* hats. It occurred to me that we might just as well get paid for what we *took out of* hats. So I designed the open-crown or air-conditioned lids for ladies.

VALLEE: And the ladies loved them.

JOHN: Heaven bless 'em, yes.

VALLEE: Do you think it's true, Mr. Frederics, that hat designing is an art?

JOHN: Well, just between us artists—no. It's a *trade*, Mr. Vallee. Like plumbing or bee-keeping or crooning popular songs.

VALLEE: And how did you get into this trade of thinking up hats?

JOHN: My mother was a milliner. I grew up in the trade, so to speak. It seemed to be the thing I could do best. I *wanted* to design hats—so I did.

VALLEE: I see. And now, from your viewpoint as a hat expert, can you tell us what's new (*Continued on page 57*)



It was Rudy Vallee who interviewed this heartless hat dictator.



# IT'S ALL GREEK

STARRING AL JOLSON



RADIO MIRROR'S OWN

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Vacation's over, and the Al Jolson program is back on the air—Tuesday nights at 8:30, E.S.T., with Parkyakarkus, Martha Raye, and Victor Young's orchestra. You'll want to listen to them, but you'll also want to read this, the third in RADIO MIRROR's series of READIO-broadcasts.*

**Y**OU'VE probably suspected it for a long time, and now you can be sure: Parkyakarkus is the dumbest Greek that ever came out of Athens. He's the funniest too,

and that's why RADIO MIRROR is so proud to present this special READIO-broadcast, with all the hilarious evidence set before you so you can judge for yourselves if there's a dumber man living. The evidence is all in the records—every bit of it taken from material furnished by Al Jolson and Parkyakarkus on their broadcasts—the first time it's ever been collected into one fast-and-furious, conclusive half-hour of fun.

Order in the court! The prosecuting attorney is Al Jolson, and you're the judge and jury. Hold your hats—let's go!

**LISTEN IN ON THE PRINTED PAGE TO A SIDE-SPLITTING PROGRAM**



# TO THE GREEKS AND PARKYAKARKUS



## RADIO-BROADCAST

AL JOLSON: Hello, folks! You know, history has given us Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse, Three Wise Men, Two Smith Brothers—but, thank Heaven, only one Parkyakarkus—and here he is, on trial for his sanity!

PARKY: Hello, Sonny Boy. Where's Jolson?

AL: (*It's starting already*) Where's Jolson? Who am I?

PARKY: Don't you know either?

AL: Look, Parkyakarkus, don't tell anybody, but *I'm* Jolson. Remember, you met me last week—and every week before that?

PARKY: No, I couldn't remember you because I never forget a face.

AL: This must be a new kind of language—if you never forget a face, why can't you remember mine?

PARKY: (*Scornfully*) You call *that* a face?

AL: Now, look, Parkyakarkus, we may as well understand each other right now—

PARKY: Yeah, well, it's a hard job to understand when you talk. You talk with a dialect.

AL: (*Stung to the quick*) I'd like (*Continued on page 92*)

**WHICH PROVES THAT THE WORD THE GREEKS HAD WAS—LAUGHTER**



By JACK SHER



# THE BIGGER THEY ARE—

**T**HIS is a fable of a huge rattle and two gigantic babies. You, the people, are the rattle. The National Broadcasting Company and the Columbia Broadcasting System are the two gigantic babies. Time was, with these hot-headed kiddies struggling to get and hold the rattle, that radio listening was swell. Now the rattle's a side issue and they're fighting each other; they're far more concerned with upsetting each other's cribs and dosing each other's spinach with castor oil.

And radio listening isn't so swell. It's not that radio ain't what it used to be—it's that it isn't what it could be. You said so yourself. But who can put that small piece of logic across with so much competitive shrieking going on in the nursery?

In case you've been bored lately (as who hasn't) by a lot of the programs you've tuned in, this is partly why: Much of NBC's and CBS' money, time and ideas are spent trying to keep each other from broadcasting the programs you want to hear. Or better still, if one of them can get a certain feature on the air two seconds before its rival does, that's pulling a nifty! It doesn't matter what the feature's about. If CBS discovers NBC is going to treat its listeners to a frog derby they'll go to any end to broadcast a frog derby of their own to you first.

By the way, you're not so keen about frog derbies, are you?

Well anyhow, the reason for these foolish fights and resulting foolish programs is pretty much that the networks are still in their infancy. Newspapers suffered the same growing pain until they realized their readers were far more pleased by a *good* story than they were by a 'scoop' on a rival sheet. Nowadays 'scoops' are rare but the general run of stories is excellent. There have been a few optimistic souls who have tried to bring home to the networks the neat point about less fighting and better programs. But

Junior's as hard-headed as the next one. You can't tell him a thing, you've got to let him find it out for himself.

The quarrel between the networks rages in all departments. Special events, stunt broadcasts, commercial programs, sustaining programs, press releases, even the artists bureaus become entangled.

Ever since radio's three-cornered pants era the NBC-CBS scrap has been kicking up considerable dust

in the Fifties. But nobody paid much mind to it until the recent *Hindenburg* disaster, upon which occasion these two big kids came to noisy verbal blows over—of all things—a telephone booth.

You see, the first thing any network does when it broadcasts outside its home studios is to fix it so all witnesses and photographers present can't possibly mistake which network is doing the broadcasting. And this they accomplish by carrying, with every microphone that (Continued on page 73)

**INTO YOUR CELLARS,  
READERS—THE NET-  
WORKS ARE A-FEUDIN'**





Gracie Allen's air  
Romeo is handsome  
Tony Martin—  
but he's really  
still Alice  
Faye's beau.



## PERSONALITY CLOSE-UPS

Maxine, above, is Phil  
Spitalny's attractive  
singer, on his all girl  
Hour of Charm program  
NBC, Monday nights.

Beth Holly of One  
Man's Family is Barbara  
Jo Allen below, who  
poses with her daugh-  
ter Joan, radio veteran.



Left, meet  
Loretta Fill-  
brandt, who is  
Dot Houston on  
Sunday's Tale of  
Today, over NBC.





# BEHIND THE *Hollywood* FRONT

IT'S OUR STAR REPORTER BROADCASTING,  
TELLING ALL THE SECRETS YOU SHOULD  
KNOW AND PERHAPS A FEW YOU SHOULDN'T

by  
*Jimmie Fidler*

**T**HE Alice Faye-Tony Martin romance continues warm, but publicity keeps hooking Alice with other men. And, since Tony is pretty touchy, Alice finds it a bit difficult to keep his feelings from being hurt. . . . Gertrude Niesen saw the sun rise and set on Craig Reynolds not so very long ago but right now she's unselfishly sharing her time with too many swains to be sure just which is the "heart" . . . Of course it's been kept pretty quiet but I'll bet you a hat that Benny Goodman is more than seriously considering the marital leap with Phoebe Turbell, the Chicago society eye-widener.

\* \* \*

Al Pearce made a generous gesture last week. He sent several large motor busses to the Old Soldiers' Home at Sawtelle, picked up a mess of vets and took them to the broadcast of his coast-to-coaster. After the air show, Al put on some entertainment that had the old warriors rolling in the aisles with glee and merriment. A bouquet to Al, therefore.

\* \* \*

## INVESTMENTS

Jerry Cooper is the latest entertainer to follow in the footsteps of the cinema smarties and invest his \$\$\$\$\$. He just bought a string of bungalows in Hollywood which pay him a monthly income. Insurance, as it were, against the day popularity becomes a deflated balloon.

\* \* \*

You should get a load of Bob Burns

and his hair. He's to portray a certain role in a forthcoming moompicher and so hasn't been allowed to have his locks barbered. The guy looks like the hairy ape. On Sunset Boulevard, a day or so ago, Bob was invited to race with a guy in a gray roadster. In the course of the getaway, Bob pulled ahead. Suddenly, the gray roadster turned a corner on two wheels and Bob heard the motorcycle siren. As he held the ticket for speeding, he wondered if the gray roadster was bait for the speed cop.

\* \* \*

In case you're curious, that ravishing brunette who is seen everywhere with W. C. Fields, is a Spanish senorita named Carlotta Monti. She's been secretary for Bill come ten years next Whitsuntide, and has stuck to him through fun and frolic, sickness and suits.

\* \* \*

At that press party for Don Ameche, the handsome lad cleaned the newspaper boys like a hound's tooth. That doesn't seem to be the smart thing to do but Don had one of those winning streaks and couldn't lose. One hand, he threw away three kings, held only the King of Hearts and filled the hand out to a flush. How do you like that?

\* \* \*

## PRETTY PROGRESS

The last of the plain, mousie, school-marm concert singers has finally gotten an injection of Hollywood and has gone glamour with a vengeance. While Fran-

cia White was always sweet and charming, she was definitely plain about it but now this Covina, California, canary sports a fringed hair-cut, cute curls and daring décolletage in her evening gowns. However, her voice is still as clear as crystal and warmer than an August afternoon in Georgia.

\* \* \*

Despite millions of joint denials of marriage, newspapermen feel pretty sure Lily Pons can legally sign her name "Mrs. Andre Kostelanetz." They're immensely popular. In Chicago's Grant Park, you'd have thought they were Garbo and Gable when the nearly 200,000 people pressed in on them and forced authorities to rush an armored car to the scene so that Lily and Kosty might get safely away from their admirers. Incidentally, these two find lucky for them, those things most of us consider unlucky. Auto license numbers are AK13 and LP13, their summer concert in the Hollywood Bowl was on August 13 and Lily owns and adores a black cat, recently lost but recovered.

\* \* \*

Charlie Butterworth had dozens of automatic pencils engraved "To Tom from Charlie," distributed them to the sound men, musicians and technicians





Jerry Cooper (left, with Frances Langford) is making Hollywood realtors happy; and Deanna Durbin, below with Mischa Auer, Leopold Stokowski, and Adolphe Menjou, gets a spanking from Jimmie.

Universal Pictures



on the program. What about the guys whose handles were not "Tom"? There, customer, you have me. I wouldn't know.

Speaking of Charlie Butterworth, he and Bob Benchley are inseparable pals. These guys even share dates with Tala Birell or Hazel Forbes, the tooth paste heiress.

\* \* \*

Werner Janssen, son of a famed restaurateur, began his musical career by tinkling a piano in a sailors' dive, played an accompaniment to Will Rogers' rope-twirling act in the Follies, and finally "arrived," giving a concert

in famed Hollywood Bowl this summer.

\* \* \*

#### OPEN LETTER TO DEANNA DURBIN

Deanna, darling, I love you but you worry me—and lots more of your friends. You're still pretty young (and very pretty) and I'm going to talk to you like a Dutch uncle in the hope you won't go on making a very serious mistake. Lots of stars have gotten temperamental but I can't remember one who got away with it very long. Don't you think you're making a needless fuss to insist on your own interviewers? And do you think it's right to hold up picture and radio production whenever

it suits your fancy? Talk is that you're acting mighty spoiled now that fortune has smiled on you. But Deanna, the newspaper boys don't like that—and you can't blame them. And you might like to know that publicity makes or breaks public figures in show business. So, for your own good, why not stop worrying your friends; why not turn on the full force of your lovely charm and personality and make everyone love you? Uncle Jimmie suggests that you do an about-face before it's too late and they shut out the sunlight.

Yours for great success with many friends, J. M. F.

(Continued on page 68)



Hyman Fink

Frances Farmer, above, with Spencer Tracy and Virginia Bruce riles Fidler; right, Mr. and Mrs. Gene Raymond.







● Seldom has the fury of fans waxed hotter than when Nelson Eddy's followers learned he'd joined the Chase & Sanborn broadcasts. Sacrilege to mix his baritone with the gags of W. C. Fields and Charlie McCarthy! Now everyone's happy, for Nelson is having the time of his life sparring with his two riotous companions. His newest picture will be "Rosalie" with a new leading lady, Eleanor Powell. And guess what? He's learning to dance for this!





M-G-M photo by Clarence Bull

● Presenting your listening highlight for October—Rosalind Russell, M-G-M's highly prized, beautiful and talented young actress, who comes to the air October third for a four-week stand. She will be heard on the Columbia network Sunday afternoons, in a four-act play, "First Love." At the moment, all her time is taken up with work in her newest picture, "Live, Love and Learn," and a polite but firm feud with Robert Montgomery, who plays opposite her.



# DOES YOUR HEART BEAT FOR ME?

Words By  
Mitchell Parish

Music By  
Russ Morgan

Music By  
Arnold Johnson

CHORUS

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The score is divided into two systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The first system contains the first two lines of the chorus, and the second system contains the remaining three lines. Chords are indicated by letters above the notes, and some are accompanied by small diagrams showing the fingerings on the guitar strings. The piano accompaniment features a steady bass line and chords that support the melody. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

Tho' we said "good - bye," when the moon is high,

Does your heart - beat for me? I

won - der if I still ling - er In

your mem - o - ry. When you





**ANOTHER SPARKLING THEME SONG  
FREE TO RADIO MIRROR READERS!  
THE MELODY THAT INTRODUCES THE  
RUSS MORGAN DANCE BROADCASTS**

*Copyright 1936 by Mills Inc., 1619 Broadway, New York, N. Y.*

hear my name, is the thrill the same as it once used  
to be? When you're lone - some, my  
sweet - heart, Does your heart beat for  
me? Tho' we me?

*fz*

*3*



A model for the school miss is Deanna Durbin's fall wardrobe. Homework's fun in this taffeta hostess gown striped in green, gold, rust and blue.



Frocks are smart for fall, especially this blue cotton with its ski-jumper print.



To open teacher's eyes—this tan cotton with scallop trim, brown chiffon scarf and belt.

# School-day Fashions



For crisp days—this blue and black tweed skirt and beige cashmere sweater. Right, Deanna's aqua-marine taffeta party frock.



*Photos through courtesy of Universal Films which star Deanna in "One Hundred Men and a Girl"*

Colder nights call for this practical, yet smart and feminine tailored robe of soft pink quilted silk with its zipper all the way down the front. The fur-trimmed bedroom slippers are of the same material.



# WHAT'S NEW?

By TONY SEYMOUR



Hyman Fink

Above, Eddie Cantor, Sally Eilers, Sophie Tucker, dine at Victor Hugo's. Eddie is probably explaining why he decided to broadcast on Wednesdays this fall instead of Sundays. Opposite page Mrs. Don Ameche with Norris Goff (Abner of Lum and Abner) at the Coconut Grove.

**L**OOKS as if radio, having hired Tyronne Power to star in a series of Sunday-evening programs, starting October third doesn't quite know what to do with him. It's the old story about drama on the air and its shortcomings. Anyway, the best the sponsors have been able to think up so far is to prepare a set of adaptations of Broadway hit plays of some years back—"Her Cardboard Lover" and the like—to star him in. Later on, it's said, there will be dramatizations of magazine short stories, but in the meantime we'll have to be satisfied listening to this bright new star in revised versions of things we've heard before. . . . You can't really blame the sponsors, though. Getting a steady, week-to-week stream of good dramatic material for the air has stumped many a good man.

\* \* \*

**T**HE Camel people, sponsors of Jack Oakie's show, think they may have solved this little toughie of a problem. They've hired George Marion, Jr., to write the playlets in which Jack and his guest stars will appear on the air—and George Marion is one of the toppers among top-notch moving picture writers, having penned some of Jack's most successful movies. This move of Camel's is expected to start some spirited bidding among sponsors for the services of high-priced movie writers, which will be all to the good if the writers can do as good jobs for

the air as they do for the screen. Another startling innovation on the Oakie show is that the playlets will be written first, and then guest stars who fit the parts will be picked to fill them. Usually it's the other way around—a guest star is asked to be on a radio program, and then a dramatic vehicle is dug up to fit the star. Reversing the order ought to make for better-written, better acted shows.

\* \* \*

**T**HE rumors that Louella Parsons is to leave the Hollywood Hotel show are just that—rumors—according to the best authorities. Lolly has another two

years of contract with the soup people safely tucked away in her strong-box. Besides, she sells soup only too well.

\* \* \*

**B**URNS and Allen have a skit you'll probably never hear. Like an underground river, it runs on and on and never comes to light. George wrote it more than a year ago, intending to hold it for use if the program should ever run into a last-minute emergency. The emergency has never happened, but each week George brings the sketch along to the studio, drags it out of its portfolio and changes it around a little, adding a line here, taking away a



**THEY'RE DELIGHTFUL AND  
DELICIOUS — ROLICKING  
AND REVEALING—THESE  
NOTES ON THE NEWS FROM  
OUR BROADCAST SLEUTH**



couple there. Altogether, it's been rewritten about fifty times. By this time it ought to be perfect, and probably is—so perfect it wouldn't be a bit funny if it were put on the air.

\* \* \*

**T**HE tumult and the shouting are only memories now, and this year's Packard program is running along smoothly, with Lanny Ross, Charlie Butterworth, Don Wilson, Florence George, and Raymond Paige's orchestra. The dancing feet of Fred Astaire, so much a part of your Tuesday listening last year, are absent now, and indications are that they won't be on the air at all this winter. As a matter of fact, you may not see Fred many more times in the movies, either. His contract with RKO (*Continued on page 82*)



Picture of the month is this of Walter Winchell and Louella Parsons, two columnists at least who seem to be friends.

*Hyman Fink*



Unlike Andy, Amos and his wife (Mr. and Mrs. Freeman Gosden) are still happily married. Above, watching a prize fight.



Still another party, with Charlie Winninger, the Cap'n Henry of Show Boat, Vera Marsh and Mrs. & Mr. Joe Penner.

*Hyman Fink*



# LOOK AT CANTOR!

**IN FACT, LOOK TWICE, FOR  
EDDIE'S GOT HIMSELF INTO  
A BAGDAD HAREM WITH THAT  
OLD TEASE, GYPSY ROSE LEE**

Love conquers Ali, as Eddie proves in his new picture, "Ali Baba Goes to Town"—love that is, aided by the two fetching damsels (below) whose charms would brighten up any harem. This 20th Century-Fox production features besides Eddie, June Lang, Louise Hovick (remember, the strip tease gal, Gypsy Rose Lee?), Tony Martin and Roland Young.





Right, the voluptuous damsel is Louise Hovick and don't let all those clothes fool you. She plays the role of the Sultana to Roland Young's Sultan (below). Eddie plays a Hollywood extra who falls asleep and wakes up in Bagdad a thousand years ago. The Sultan signs him up to put the country on a New Deal basis and Eddie—but need we tell more?

*Photos through courtesy of 20th Century-Fox*



The gent with the moustache is radio's own Tony Martin who makes love to June Lang while Eddie's fighting off Gypsy Rose.



# HIGHWAY

# to Happiness



Alice went to Hollywood because Rudy Vallee signed to make a picture—and arrived to find herself before the camera. Left, her newest picture with Don Ameche is proof of the distance she has come since "Now I'll Tell," with Spencer Tracy.

By PAULINE  
SWANSON

## PART TWO

**T**WO years later, when their car overturned on a rainy road at night and he lifted her limp form onto an ambulance cot, Rudy Vallee found it necessary to coax Alice Faye back to consciousness a second time.

But the first time he was laughing when she opened her blue eyes wide and asked him if she'd "made it."

Only punk kids fainted when they made their first radio broadcasts. Of course she'd made it. Didn't she always?

Alice was inclined to agree with the "punk kid" charge. Fever or no fever, mike-fright or no mike-fright, it was silly to fold up over a song when she'd been singing in public for nearly a year. She glared up at the mike with a wordless vow that this fainting business would never happen again.

That was the last round in the mike's favor. Alice sang on all of the Vallee broadcasts after that, and after a week or two she was singing into the black face of the microphone without so much as holding on.

She had just turned seventeen, but the marks of a



**NOW HOLLYWOOD GIVES HER STAR-  
DOM BUT FIRST IT HAD TO BREAK  
ALICE FAYE'S HEART—THE DRA-  
MATIC STORY OF A ROMANTIC LIFE**



trouper were beginning to show in her work. Alice had been born with rhythm; she had learned performance the hard way with the dancing girls in Chester Hale's traveling vaudeville units. Now she was learning to be star-stuff by watching Rudy Vallee.

Vallee was "tops" with an adoring public at that time. Women swooned at his matinees. College kids stopped dancing, just to listen, when his orchestra played at the Pennsylvania Roof. There were many who hazarded a bet that Rudy would be the next to fill the Great Lover's throne.

Rudy was about "tops," too, to seventeen year-old Alice Faye. He was a hard worker, frantic with the demands that the many phases of his work made upon him. But he found time to fill his role of matinee-idol graciously, and he was a generous—if hard-driving-boss. Alice watched Vallee, and was struck down with an acute case of hero worship. Hadn't he snatched her out of the chorus, decreed that she should have a personality, an opportunity, of her own?

As time went on, Vallee took more and more notice of his young protege. Alice was developing a unique song style. Rudy sang all of the sweet music, so the hot tunes fell to Alice. The fans didn't have a word for it when they wrote in to applaud "We're in the Money" or "Sleepy Time Down South," but as it turned out Alice was the first of the girl singers to "swing it."

The fan letters she received from her radio listeners and the applause of hard-boiled New York night clubbers who heard her at the Pennsylvania Roof or Club Hollywood were thrilling signs (*Continued on page 75*)

FOR SYNOPSIS OF STORY, SEE PAGE 76

They tried to make Alice look like Jean Harlow, with curves, plucked eyebrows and bleached hair. Below, with Rudy Vallee in their only film together.



Photo by Otto Dyar





# THRILLS



When he raised his head the train was gone. He had escaped—but never, he knew, would real freedom be his.

By  
**CHARLES MARTIN**

EDITOR'S NOTE: Continuing its policy of recreating memorable broadcasts on the printed page, RADIO MIRROR herewith presents the drama of William Robinson. First broadcast on the Philip Morris program—Tuesday nights over the NBC-Red network—this remarkable true story of a man who lived thirty-four years of torture, was written and produced by Charles Martin, director of *Three Minute Thrills* and *Circumstantial Evidence*.

**A** SEMICIRCLE of cold, unsympathetic faces hemmed him in. Above him, on the bench, the Federal Judge bent forward.

"William Robinson," the judge said sternly, "you have been found guilty of breaking into the United States Post office building in Shibley, Arkansas, and attempting to rob the United States mails. Have you anything to say before the Court pronounces sentence upon you?"

Now—now was his last chance. They must listen to him, believe him, before it was too late.

"Yes, Your Honor. I should like to plead that you be lenient. I'm not really a crook—that is, I have never stolen anything in my life. I was desperate—my mother, in California—she's dying and I wanted to get some money so I

**ADAPTED FROM A GREAT BROADCAST—THE  
DRAMATIC STORY OF A MAN WHO ESCAPED  
THE LAW BUT NOT HIS OWN CONSCIENCE**

could get her a doctor, she must have an immediate operation."

"We have reviewed all that in your trial."

He felt his carefully-prepared argument leaving him, breaking up against the cold wall of the Court's indifference. Stumbling, he went on, "But don't you see? If I don't get her an operation she'll die! Putting me in prison will kill her—"

"You should have thought of that before you committed your crime."

"But I didn't intend to commit a crime! I met a man in a restaurant. I told him about my mother. He said he'd help me. I went with him—and the next thing I knew I was arrested. Please—" Suddenly he felt his nails digging into the flesh of his hands—"please, if you can postpone my sentence—let me go to California and help my mother—I promise I'll come back and go (Continued on page 78)



**RADIO MIRROR •**  
**almanac**  
**SEPT. 24 TO OCT. 21**

**YOUR ALMANAC SCORES AGAIN WITH A COMPLETE  
GUIDE TO THE BROADCASTS OF ALL MAJOR FOOT-  
BALL GAMES—PLUS A DAY-BY-DAY LISTING OF  
BROADCASTING HIGHLIGHTS ON ALL THE NETWORKS**

**ALL TIME GIVEN IS EASTERN STANDARD  
(Until Midnight, Sept. 25, Eastern Daylight Saving)**



All time is Eastern Standard

- 8:00 A. M.  
NBC-Blue: Melody Hour  
NBC-Red: Goldthwaite Orch.
- 8:30  
NBC-Blue: Tone Pictures  
NBC-Red: Children's Concert
- 9:00  
CBS: Sunday Morning at Aunt Susan's  
NBC-Blue: White Rabbit Line  
NBC-Red: Orchestra
- 10:00  
CBS: Church of the Air  
NBC-Blue: Russian Melodies  
NBC-Red: Bible Highlights
- 10:30  
CBS: Romany Trail
- 11:00  
NBC: Press-radio News
- 11:05  
NBC-Blue: Alice Remsen, contralto  
NBC-Red: Ward and Muzzy, piano
- 11:15  
NBC-Blue: Neighbor Nell  
NBC-Red: Bravest of the Brave
- 11:30  
CBS: Major Bowes Family
- 11:45  
MBS: Football Talks  
NBC-Red: Henry Busse Orch.
- 12:00 Noon  
NBC-Blue: Southernaires  
NBC-Red: Hour Glass
- 12:30 P. M.  
CBS: Salt Lake City Tabernacle  
NBC-Blue: Music Hall of the Air  
NBC-Red: University of Chicago Round Table Discussion
- 1:00  
CBS: Church of the Air  
NBC-Red: Dorothy Dreslin
- 1:30  
CBS: Poets Gold  
MBS: Ted Weems Orch.  
NBC-Blue: Our Neighbors  
NBC-Red: Smoke Dreams
- 2:00  
CBS: St. Louis Serenade  
NBC-Blue: The Magic Key of RCA  
NBC-Red: Sunday Drivers
- 2:30  
CBS: Dramas of the Bible  
NBC-Red: Thatcher Coit mysteries
- 3:00  
CBS: Everybody's Music  
NBC-Blue: Broadway
- 4:00  
CBS: Spelling Bee  
NBC-Blue: Sunday Vespers  
NBC-Red: Romance Melodies
- 4:30  
NBC-Blue: Fishface, Figgsbottle  
NBC-Red: The World is Yours
- 4:45  
NBC-Blue: Modern Foods Show
- 5:00  
CBS: Silver Theater  
MBS: Singing Lady  
NBC-Blue: Metropolitan Auditions  
NBC-Red: Marion Talley
- 5:30  
CBS: Guy Lombardo  
NBC-Blue: Smilin' Ed McConnell  
NBC-Red: Sheila Barrett
- 6:00  
CBS: Joe Penner  
NBC-Blue: Grenadier Guards Band  
NBC-Red: Catholic Hour
- 6:30  
CBS: Chevrolet Program  
MBS: Tim and Irene  
NBC-Red: A Tale of Today
- 7:00  
CBS: Jeanette MacDonald  
NBC-Red: Jack Benny
- 7:30  
CBS: Phil Baker  
NBC-Blue: Ozzie Nelson  
NBC-Red: Fireside Recitals
- 7:45  
NBC-Red: Sunset Dreams
- 8:00  
NBC-Blue: General Motors Symphony  
NBC-Red: Don Ameche, Edgar Bergen, W. C. Fields.
- 9:00  
CBS: Ford Symphony  
MBS: Passing Parade  
NBC-Blue: Tyrone Power  
NBC-Red: Manhattan Merry-Go-Round
- 9:30  
NBC-Blue: Walter Winchell  
NBC-Red: American Album of Familiar Music
- 9:45  
NBC-Blue: Irene Rich
- 10:00  
MBS: Commentator  
NBC-Blue: Concert  
NBC-Red: Sunday Night Party
- 10:30  
MBS: Good Will Hour
- 11:00  
CBS: Press Radio News  
NBC-Blue: Judy and the Bunch  
NBC-Red: Orchestra
- 11:30  
Dance Music

# SUNDAY

## MOTTO OF THE DAY

By JOE PENNER

Sleep on that problem—and tomorrow morning it will be ironed out.

### Highlights For Sunday, Sept. 26

YOU'LL be in plenty of trouble with your listening today if you don't remember that last night radio put *Daylight Saving Time* behind it for another year . . . Unless your city was one of those which operated on Daylight Saving all summer, all your radio programs today come an hour later than you've been used to hearing them. . . . You'll probably be confused for a while today anyway, but don't worry—you'll soon get used to it. . . . The new fall programs are lining themselves up for your premiere inspection, with four "firsts" today. . . . At 1:30 P. M., you've your choice of two new ones—something called *Smoke Dreams*, with *The Dreamer* and *Virginio Marucci's* orchestra, plus guest stars, on *NBC-*

*Red*; and *Ted Weems'* orchestra, returning for another fall and winter season, same time on *Mutual*. . . . *Marion Talley* returns next, at five o'clock on *NBC-Red*. Half-hour program. . . . The *Chevrolet* people have a new show lined up for 6:30 this afternoon on *CBS*, but when your *Almanac* went to press nobody knew who would be starred on it. . . . It's the last broadcast (7:30, *NBC-Blue*) tonight for *Werner Janssen* and his band on the *Bakers Broadcast*. . . . next week *Ozzie Nelson* and the gang will be back. . . . Don't you want to get in on *Tim and Irene's* prize contest? Find out all about it between 6:30 and 7:00 P. M. on *MBS*. . . . It's your chance to win a beautiful silver fox fur.



Marion Talley, once of the Met Opera, returns to the air this afternoon at 5 P.M.

### Highlights For Sunday, Oct. 3

WITH a loud bang, the 1937-38 radio season gets under way today. You'd think a Presidential decree had been handed down punishing a sponsor by cutting off his head if he dared to start a radio series any day but Sunday, October 3. . . . Here's the list of debuts: *Five o'clock*, the *Silver Theater*, on *CBS*, starring *Rosalind Russell* in the first act of an original four-act play called "First Love". . . . *Five o'clock* on *NBC-Blue*, the return of the *Metropolitan Auditions of the Air* for their third year. . . . *Five o'clock* on *Mutual*, *Irene Wicker*, the *Singing Lady*, begins a weekly series of half-hour song-stories. This new show doesn't affect her four-a-week series on *NBC*. . . . *Five-thirty* on *NBC-*

*blue*, *The Time of Your Life*, starring *Sheila Barrett*, the mimic, *Joe Rines'* orchestra, and *Graham MacNamee*. . . . Six on *CBS*, *Joe Penner's* back again. . . . Seven on *NBC-Red*, so are *Jack Benny*, *Mary Livingstone & Co.*. . . . Seven on *CBS*, *Jeannette MacDonald* bows in as a regular radio feature. . . . Seven-thirty on *NBC-Blue*, *Ozzie Nelson's* back with *Harriet Hilliard* and a new supporting star, cartoonist *Feg Murray*. . . . Seven-thirty on *CBS*, *Phil Baker* returns. . . . Eight on *NBC-Blue*, likewise the *General Motors* symphony concerts. . . . Nine on *NBC-Blue*, *Tyrone Power* starts his series of half-hour plays, replacing *Rippling Rhythm*, which went off the air last week. Whew!



Now a star, Tyrone Power returns to the radio which once gave him bit parts.

### Highlights For Sunday, Oct. 10

SPEND today, along with your *Almanac*, in listening to the shows you didn't get a chance to hear last Sunday because you were listening to others at the same time. . . . If you're a *Joe Penner* fan, you're lucky, because so far *Joe* hasn't any competition in his six-o'clock *CBS* spot. . . . Of course, *Joe's* lucky, too. . . . Little known facts about this famous duck salesman who no longer sells ducks. . . . He's the only Hungarian-born comedian of any prominence in this country. . . . Real name is *Pinter*. . . . He once was a boy soprano in the choir of *St. Paul Cathedral, Detroit*, and also sang in *Liberty Loan* drives during the World War. . . . Like *Milton Berle*, he started his career as a comedian by

winning a *Charlie Chaplin* contest. . . . Is another *Rudy Vallee* protege who made good. . . . Is married to *Eleanor Mae Vogt*, who was a dancer in *Joe's* first Broadway hit. . . . Birthday is November 11, *Armistice Day*. . . . *Rosalind Russell*, who continues her starring engagement on the *Silver Theater* at 5:00 today, is a Waterbury, Conn., gal. . . . and not English at all, in spite of her accent. . . . She's traveled extensively in Europe, though. . . . Isn't often seen around the Hollywood night spots. . . . Tried to get out of playing the part of *Craig's Wife* in the movie of that name, but couldn't, and did it so well it made her a star overnight. . . . Will be on the air for two more Sundays after today.



Hungarian-born Joe Penner (né Pinter) is the six-o'clock comedy high-light today at 6

### Highlights For Sunday, Oct. 17

WHAT would an October Sunday be without a new show or two to add the spice of variety? . . . Today there are two—a short one on *NBC-Blue* from 4:45 to 5:00 P. M., sponsored by the *Modern Food Process Co.*. . . . and a half-hour program on *MBS* at 10:00 P. M., sponsored by *Commentator Magazine*, and described as being "variety-dramatic." . . . There ought to be a birthday party on *Tim and Irene's* show on *MBS* tonight at 6:30, because it's *Irene's* birthday. . . . Her maiden name was *Noblette*, but she changed it to *Ryan* when she married *Tim*. . . . Prefers polka dot blouses and hamburgers with. . . . High time you were listening to *Sheila Barrett* in *The Time of Your Life* on *NBC-Blue* at 5:30 to-

day and every Sunday. . . . This is the first week-to-week program she's ever been on, though she's made plenty of guest appearances. . . . She's Broadway's favorite mimic, as well as London's, Paris', and Chicago's. . . . Mostly she appears in night clubs, but maybe she'll be in a stage show this winter. . . . That was one reason she decided to sign up for a regular radio program. . . . Used to mimic famous people like *Garbo* and *Tallulah Bankhead*, but has stopped doing it because she always made them sore. . . . Writes all her own material and henceforth will concentrate on mimicking everyday types. . . . Has turned down numerous moving picture offers because she wants just the right part.



Sheila Barrett brings her acid wit to radio today and every Sunday at five-thirty.



All time is Eastern Standard  
8:00 A. M.  
NBC-Blue: Morning Devotion  
NBC-Red: Good Morning Melodies  
8:15  
NBC-Blue: Island Serenaders  
NBC-Red: Malcolm Claire  
8:30  
NBC-Blue: William Meeder  
NBC-Red: Cheerio  
9:00  
CBS: Metropolitan Parade  
NBC-Blue: Breakfast Club  
NBC-Red: Fields and Hall  
9:30  
CBS: Jack Berch  
9:55  
NBC: Press Radio News  
10:00  
CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly  
NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin  
NBC-Red: Mrs. Wiggs  
10:15  
CBS: Myrt and Marge  
NBC-Blue: Ma Perkins  
NBC-Red: John's Other Wife  
10:30  
CBS: Tony Wons  
NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family  
NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill  
10:45  
NBC-Blue: Kitchen Cavalcade  
NBC-Red: Today's Children  
11:00  
NBC-Blue: The O'Neills  
NBC-Red: David Harum  
11:15  
CBS: Heinz Magazine  
NBC-Blue: Road of Life  
NBC-Red: Backstage Wife  
11:30  
CBS: Big Sister  
NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade  
NBC-Red: How to Be Charming  
11:45  
CBS: Aunt Jenny's Life Stories  
NBC-Blue: Edward MacHugh  
12:00 Noon  
CBS: Swinging the Blues  
MBS: Journal of Living  
NBC-Red: Girl Alone  
12:15  
CBS: Edwin C. Hill  
NBC-Red: The Goldbergs  
12:30  
CBS: Romance of Helen Tren  
NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour  
12:45  
CBS: Our Gal Sunday  
1:00  
CBS: Betty and Bob  
1:15  
CBS: Hymns  
1:30  
CBS: Arnold Grimm's Daughter  
NBC-Blue: Love and Learn  
NBC-Red: Words and Music  
1:45  
CBS: Hollywood in Person  
2:00  
CBS: Kathryn Cravens  
2:15  
CBS: Jack and Loretta  
2:45  
CBS: Ted Malone  
3:00  
CBS: Col. Jack Major  
NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family  
3:15  
NBC-Red: Ma Perkins  
3:30  
NBC-Blue: Let's Talk it Over  
NBC-Red: Vic and Sade  
3:45  
NBC-Red: The O'Neills  
4:00  
CBS: Bob Byron  
NBC-Blue: Carson Robison  
NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones  
4:15  
NBC-Red: The Guiding Light  
4:30  
NBC-Red: Mary Marlin  
4:45  
CBS: Dr. Allan R. Dafoe  
NBC-Red: Road of Life  
5:00  
CBS: Follow the Moon  
5:15  
CBS: Life of Mary Sothern  
NBC-Blue: Junior Nurse Corps  
NBC-Red: Dari-Dan  
5:30  
NBC-Blue: Singing Lady  
NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong  
5:45  
CBS: Funny Things  
NBC-Blue: Tom Mix  
NBC-Red: Little Orphan Annie  
6:30  
Press Radio News  
6:35  
CBS: Sports Resume  
6:45  
NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas  
7:00  
CBS: Poetic Melodies  
NBC-Blue: Hughie Barrett's Orch.  
NBC-Red: Amos 'n' Andy  
7:15  
CBS: Song Time  
NBC-Red: Uncle Ezra  
7:30  
NBC-Blue: Lum and Abner  
7:45  
CBS: Boake Carter  
8:00  
CBS: Alemitte Half Hour  
NBC-Blue: Gen. Hugh S. Johnson  
NBC-Red: Burns and Allen  
8:30  
CBS: Pick and Pat  
MBS: Let's Visit  
NBC-Blue: Campana Program  
NBC-Red: Voice of Firestone  
9:00  
CBS: Lux Theater  
NBC-Red: McGee and Molly  
9:30  
NBC-Red: Hour of Charm  
10:00  
CBS: Wayne King  
NBC-Blue: Warden Lawes  
NBC-Red: Contented Program  
10:30  
CBS: Neck o' the Woods  
11:00  
Dance Music  
11:30  
MBS: The Lone Ranger

# MONDAY

## MOTTO OF THE DAY

By CECIL B. DEMILLE

Your dreams won't come true if they're all day-dreams.

### Highlights For Monday, Sept. 27

THE kid who wants to go outdoors and play from five to six this afternoon is just a fresh-air fiend, that's all. . . . Because four of the Juvenile favorites are back today after a summer vacation. . . . At 5:15, on NBC-Blue, comes the *Junior Nurse Corps*; followed, at 5:30 on the Red, by Jack Armstrong, *All American Boy*. . . The 5:45 quarter-hour has a conflict, but what would radio be without its conflicts? . . . NBC-Red has *Little Orphan Annie*, starting her seventh consecutive year on the networks, and NBC-Blue has *Tom Mix*, who's not really a newcomer either. . . The older folks have an old favorite returning and a new star making his first appearance today, too. . . . The old favorite is *Cheerio*,

who returns this morning at 8:30—a little too early if you don't live in the eastern states. He's on NBC-Red every morning except Sunday. . . . And tonight radio takes a deep breath and puts *Brigadier-General Hugh S. Johnson* to work for it. . . . The General wouldn't sign a radio contract until he was assured that he could say whatever he liked, without fear of censoring. . . . so there's no telling what will happen. . . . His schedule's a little complicated: *Monday and Thursday, 8:00 to 8:15; Tuesday and Wednesday, 10:00 to 10:15*. . . . All broadcasts on NBC's Blue network, and no broadcast Friday. . . . The General is one of the country's most accomplished word-slingers, so expect some entertaining listening.



General Hugh S. Johnson, who starts a commentating series tonight over NBC.

### Highlights For Monday, Oct. 4

JUST as yesterday was the great day for all the new night-time shows, today fires the starting gun for the day-time, five and three broadcasts a week, programs. . . . NBC-Blue has one new show, *Carson Robison* and his *Buckaroos*, today and every Monday, Wednesday and Friday from 4:00 to 4:15 P.M. . . . and CBS has four new arrivals. . . . Tony Wons, that beloved radio figure of a few years ago, comes back on this network at 10:30 A.M. for a *Monday, Wednesday, Friday* sponsored series. . . . And you can bet he has his *Scrapbook* with him. . . . Dr. Allan R. Dafoe is back too, also *Monday, Wednesday, Friday*, at 4:45 in the afternoon. . . . After Dr. Dafoe comes *Follow the Moon*, the five-a-week

serial starring *Elsie Hitz* and *Nick Dawson* which was on the air last year—though on a different network. . . . And *Follow the Moon* is followed, in its turn, by a new network serial, *The Life of Mary Sothern*. No stranger to people in Cincinnati, *Mary Sothern* is just now hitting the networks after years of local sponsorship. . . . *Minabelle Abbott* plays Mary, *Jay Jostyn* plays Max Tilley, and *Charles Seel* plays Daddy Stratford. . . . This too is a five-a-week serial. . . . For sports addicts, CBS has the *Women's Amateur Golf Tournament*, from *Memphis, Tennessee*. . . . It's scheduled to continue for the next two days. . . . And don't forget Uncle Ezra, on NBC-Blue at 7:15.



Tony Wons returns to the air today after a year of illness—tune in CBS at 10:30 A.M.

### Highlights For Monday, Oct. 11

ONE lone newcomer to the radio parade today: a program sponsored by *Campana*, the same firm responsible for the *First Nighter*, which bows in on the Blue network of NBC at 8:30 P.M. . . . At nine tonight you have another chance to listen to *Fibber McGee* and *Molly* and their crew of comedians, who are mostly *McGee* and *Molly* under different names. . . . For instance, *Mort Toops*, who always laughs his own jokes to death, is none other than *Jim (Fibber) Jordan*. . . . *Jim* is qualified to discuss that old legend about the rainy afternoons in *Peoria*. . . . He was born there. . . . Coming from the Corn Belt, it's natural that he wants to retire some day and settle down to the life of a gentleman

farmer. . . . He's the first *Jordan* in three generations who hasn't been a farmer. . . . Was in the Army during the War, but never saw the front. . . . When he arrived in France he was taken sick and sent to the hospital. . . . On recovery was detailed to a troupe whose business it was to entertain the soldiers and keep up their morale. . . . *Jim* and his good wife *Marion*, who is *Molly*, are both avid mystery-story fans. . . . They read them in the intervals of broadcasting and taking care of their two children, *Kathryn* and *James, Jr.* . . . After you've listened to *Fibber* and *Molly*, don't forget to leave the radio tuned to the same station for the *Hour of Charm* girl orchestra, directed by *Phil Spitalny*.



Hah! It's Mort Toops, who's really Fibber McGee, playing another part on his show.

### Highlights For Monday, Oct. 18

BACK for another year: *Warden Lewis E. Lawes*, tonight on NBC-Blue at 10:00. . . . The *Warden* has a new batch of crime stories for your entertainment—and if they all point a moral, that's so much the better. . . . *Warden Lawes* is a quiet, soft-spoken gentleman, not at all like the movies' idea of a prison governor. . . . Lives in a big house atop the hill above *Sing Sing* prison, where he can almost look down into the prison yard. . . . Wrote a play about convict life, which was produced in New York last winter. . . . But the critics didn't like it. . . . There are a couple of time changes you ought to notice, if you haven't done so already: *NBC's Farm and Home Hour* is being broadcast these days at 12:30,

E.S.T., instead of 1:30. . . . and *The Guiding Light* is on the air at 4:15, NBC-Red. . . . *Personal Column* has been replaced by *Road of Life*—NBC-Red at 4:45. . . . Your Almanac specially recommends for Monday listeners: *Col. Jack Major*, 3:00 P.M., CBS; *Carson Robison* and his *Buckaroos*, 4:00 P.M., NBC-Blue; *Funny Things*, 5:45, CBS; *Boake Carter*, 7:45, CBS; *Burns and Allen*, 8:00, NBC-Red; and the *Lux Theater*, 9:00, CBS. . . . There's also *Carl Carmer* and his fascinating folklore on CBS at 10:30. . . . Carmer ought to be a detective. . . . he finds out so many amazing things about these United States—and tells them in such an entertaining way.



Twenty Thousand Years in Sing Sing, and Warden Lawes, return at 10 tonight.



All time is Eastern Standard  
 8:00 A. M.  
 NBC-Blue: Morning Devotions  
 NBC-Red: Good Morning Melodies  
 8:15  
 NBC-Blue: Dick Leibert  
 NBC-Red: Malcolm Claire  
 8:30  
 NBC-Red: Cheerio  
 9:00  
 CBS: Dear Columbia  
 NBC-Blue: Breakfast Club  
 NBC-Red: Fields and Hall  
 9:30  
 CBS: Richard Maxwell  
 MBS: Journal of Living  
 10:00  
 CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly  
 NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin  
 NBC-Red: Mrs. Wiggs  
 10:15  
 CBS: Myrt and Marge  
 NBC-Blue: Ma Perkins  
 NBC-Red: John's Other Wife  
 10:30  
 NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family  
 NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill  
 10:45  
 NBC-Blue: Kitchen Cavalcade  
 NBC-Red: Today's Children  
 11:00  
 CBS: Mary Lee Taylor  
 NBC-Blue: The O'Neills  
 NBC-Red: David Harum  
 11:15  
 CBS: Heinz Magazine  
 NBC-Blue: Road of Life  
 NBC-Red: Backstage Wife  
 11:30  
 CBS: Big Sister  
 NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade  
 NBC-Red: Mystery Chef  
 11:45  
 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Life Stories  
 MBS: Myra Kingsley  
 NBC-Blue: Edward MacHugh  
 NBC-Red: Hi Boys  
 12:00 Noon  
 NBC-Red: Girl Alone  
 12:15 P. M.  
 CBS: Edwin C. Hill  
 NBC-Red: The Goldbergs  
 12:30  
 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent  
 NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour  
 12:45  
 CBS: Our Gal Sunday  
 1:00  
 CBS: Betty and Bob  
 1:15  
 CBS: Hymns  
 1:30  
 CBS: Arnold Grimm's Daughter  
 NBC-Blue: Love and Learn  
 NBC-Red: Words and Music  
 1:45  
 CBS: Hollywood in Person  
 2:15  
 CBS: Jack and Loretta  
 2:30  
 CBS: Dalton Brothers  
 NBC-Blue: Music Guild  
 NBC-Red: It's a Woman's World  
 2:45  
 CBS: Ted Malone  
 MBS: Beatrice Fairfax  
 3:00  
 CBS: Theater Matinee  
 NBC-Blue: Airbreaks  
 NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family  
 3:15  
 NBC-Red: Ma Perkins  
 3:30  
 CBS: Concert Hall  
 NBC-Red: Vic and Sade  
 3:45  
 NBC-Blue: Have You Heard  
 NBC-Red: The O'Neills  
 4:00  
 CBS: Bob Byron  
 NBC-Blue: Club Matinee  
 NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones  
 4:15  
 NBC-Red: The Guiding Light  
 4:30  
 NBC-Red: Mary Marlin  
 4:45  
 NBC-Red: Road of Life  
 5:00  
 CBS: Follow the Moon  
 5:15  
 CBS: Life of Mary Northern  
 NBC-Blue: Junior Nurse Corps  
 5:30  
 NBC-Blue: Singing Lady  
 NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong  
 5:45  
 CBS: Children's Corner  
 NBC-Blue: Tom Mix  
 NBC-Red: Little Orphan Annie  
 6:30  
 Press-Radio News  
 6:35  
 CBS: Sports Resume  
 6:45  
 NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas  
 7:00  
 CBS: Poetic Melodies  
 NBC-Blue: Easy Aces  
 NBC-Red: Amos 'n' Andy  
 7:15  
 CBS: Song Time  
 NBC-Red: Vocal Varieties  
 7:30  
 CBS: Helen Menken  
 NBC-Blue: Lum and Abner  
 8:00  
 CBS: Mark Warnow  
 NBC-Blue: Husbands and Wives  
 NBC-Red: Johnny Presents  
 8:30  
 CBS: Al Jolson  
 NBC-Blue: Wayne A. Guest  
 NBC-Red: Edgar King  
 9:00  
 CBS: Al Pearce  
 NBC-Blue: Ben Bernie  
 NBC-Red: Vox Pop—Parks Johnson  
 9:30  
 CBS: Jack Oakie  
 NBC-Blue: Grand Central Station  
 NBC-Red: Lanny Ross  
 10:00  
 CBS: Your Unseen Friend  
 NBC-Blue: Gen. Hugh S. Johnson  
 10:30  
 NBC-Blue: Past Masters  
 NBC-Red: Jimmie Fidler  
 10:45  
 NBC-Red: Vic and Sade

# TUESDAY

## MOTTO OF THE DAY

By MARK WARNOW

People will read anything, except the handwriting on the wall.

### Highlights For Tuesday, Sept. 28

TODAY the *Camel* show swings back into its winter set-up . . . Expands itself to a full hour. . . Adds *Jack Oakie* and the faculty and student-body of *Oakie-Dokey College*. . . Said faculty includes *Georgie Stoll's* orchestra, *Meyer Alexander's Swing Chorus*, and various and sundry guest professors and visiting alumni. . . Behind the scenes is *George Marion, Jr.*, big-shot screen scenarist, who is doing the writing for the program, and it ought to be very, very good. . . *Benny Goodman*, back in *New York* after a summer in *Hollywood* and on the road, contributes his usual scholarly discussion of *Su- wing music*. . . All at 9:30, *E.S.T.*, on the *CBS* hookup. . . Another guy who has just returned to *New York* after

spending the hot months battling around the country is *Al Pearce*. . . His sponsors had *Al* and the bunch on tour, whipping up friendly relations with *Ford dealers*—they hope-a-hope. . . First program from *New York* is on *CBS* tonight at 9:00, just preceding the *Oakie-Goodman* session. . . There's a brand-new show making its bow tonight, too—*Grand Central Station* on *NBC-Blue*. . . *It's just bad luck* that it's on at the same time as *Jack Oakie*—9:30 to 10:30 . . . You'll have to take your pick. . . *Grand Central Station's* setting is *New York City's* great railway terminal, and each week's play goes behind the scenes of the dramas enacted there, into the lives of the people involved.



President Jack Oakie of Oakie-Dokey College dons cap and gown for a new term.

### Highlights For Tuesday, Oct. 5

IF you want it, you can have some more golf today. . . *CBS* is in the second day of broadcasting the *Women's Amateur Golf* championship rounds at *Memphis, Tennessee*. . . Better listen today, because tomorrow, when the *World's Series* begins, you're going to be too busy listening to it. . . Tonight two of the biggest of big-name bands go into new dance spots, and radio does its duty by bringing you the festivities. . . *Glen Gray* and the *Casa Loma* boys go into the *Hotel New Yorker*, with an *NBC* wire to your living-room. . . And *Jimmy Dorsey* goes into the *Congress Hotel* in *Chicago*. . . *Jimmy* favors a *CBS* remote control arrangement. . . No space last Tuesday to tell you about the cast of

that new *Grand Central Station* show, 9:30 on *NBC-Blue*. . . *Rosaline Greene* and *Ned Wever* are playing leading roles in the weekly sketches, supported by *Clayton Collyer*, *Erik Roif*, *John Brown* and *Charles Cantor*, all well known for swell work in other shows, in important parts. . . *Rosaline*, you know, is also the announcer for the *Hour of Charm Monday nights*, and was *Mrs. Roosevelt's* announcer when the *First Lady* was on the air. . . Was also the first woman to write, produce, direct, and act in a half-hour radio show. . . Until recently, *Ned Wever* was *Irene Rich's* leading man. . . Tall and dark, he writes songs for a hobby. . . "Trouble In Paradise" was one of his hit tunes.



Rosaline Green takes leading feminine roles in the *Grand Central Station* sketches, *NBC*.

### Highlights For Tuesday, Oct. 12

IT'S *Columbus Day*. . . Not a holiday exactly, but the networks will be taking notice of it just the same. . . Did you know that: This is not Christopher Columbus' birthday, but the day he sighted land in the New World? Nobody knows just when he was born, except that it was between *August 26* and *October 31, 1451*. . . That *Columbus* probably wasn't really looking for *India* when he started sailing westward? His agreement with the Spanish rulers didn't say a word about *India*. . . just mentioned "certain islands in the sea of which *Columbus* knew." . . Apparently he didn't, because when he landed on an island the natives called *Guanahani* on *October 12, 1492*, he didn't know what it was, and finally

decided it was part of *Asia*. . . He called this island *San Salvador*, and authorities today are still squabbling over what island it was. . . Tonight's the night to listen to *Helen Menken* in *Second Husband*, *CBS* at 7:30. . . *Joseph Curtin*, who plays *Grant Cummings*, the title role in this serial, was born in *Cambridge, Massachusetts*, *July 29, 1910*. . . Did directing and acting in the *Lobero Theater* in *Santa Barbara, California*. . . Was with *Maude Adams* and *Otis Skinner* in "The Merchant of Venice". . . Came to radio in 1934 to play in *Roses and Drums*. . . Has blue eyes, dark brown hair and a fair complexion. . . Owns two *Welsh terriers*, named *Jonsie* and *Walk-up*.



Joseph Curtin is leading man for *Helen Menken* tonight at 7:30 in *Second Husband* show.

### Highlights For Tuesday, Oct. 19

YOUR diallights for the day: *Heinz Magazine*, 11:15 A.M., *CBS*; *Farm and Home Hour*, 12:30 P.M., *NBC-Blue*; *Dalton Brothers*, 2:30, *CBS*; *Pepper Young's Family*, 3:00, *NBC-Red* (also 10:30 A.M., *NBC-Blue*); the *Concert Hall*, 3:30, *CBS*; *Follow the Moon*, 5:00, *CBS*; the *Singing Lady*, 5:30, *NBC-Blue*; *Lowell Thomas*, 6:45, *NBC-Blue*; *Easy Aces*, 7:00, *NBC-Blue*; *Al Jolson*, *Parkyakarkus*, and *Martha Raye*, with a guest star, 8:30, *CBS*; *Lanny Ross*, *Charlie Butterworth*, and *Florence George*, 9:30, *NBC-Red*; and for a rousing, stimulating night-cap, *General Hugh S. Johnson*, 10:00, *NBC-Blue*. . . About time you were being told something about the stars of *Follow the Moon*. . .

*Elsie Hitz*, who plays *Jean Page*, is a *Cleveland* gal, and has been on the stage since she was fourteen, on the air since 1927. . . You remember her best as *Gale Page* in *Dangerous Paradise*. . . For a long time has appeared almost exclusively on the air with *Nick Dawson*, who is *Clay Bannister* in *Follow the Moon*. . . Nick began his radio career as an executive in the business end of the field, was drafted into acting because his voice was exactly what was needed in a series of sketches. . . Was in the war. . . Got in the army by disguising an appendix scar with grease-paint. . . Was wounded by shrapnel and today the roof of his mouth is built on a silver plate.



*Elsie Hitz* plays *Jean Page* in *CBS' five-a-week serial, Follow the Moon*, at 5:00 P.M.



All time is Eastern Standard  
8:00 A. M.  
NBC-Blue: Morning Devotions  
NBC-Red: Good Morning Melodies  
8:15  
NBC-Blue: Island Serenaders  
NBC-Red: Malcolm Claire  
8:30  
NBC-Blue: William Meeder  
NBC-Red: Cheerio  
9:00  
NBC-Blue: Breakfast Club  
NBC-Red: Fields and Hall  
9:30  
CBS: Jack Berch  
10:00  
CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly  
NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin  
NBC-Red: Mrs. Wiggs  
10:15  
CBS: Myrt and Marge  
NBC-Blue: Ma Perkins  
NBC-Red: John's Other Wife  
10:30  
CBS: Tony Wons  
NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family  
NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill  
10:45  
NBC-Blue: Kitchen Cavalcade  
NBC-Red: Today's Children  
11:00  
CBS: Heinz Magazine  
NBC-Blue: The O'Neills  
NBC-Red: David Harum  
11:15  
NBC-Red: Road of Life  
NBC-Red: Backstage Wife  
11:30  
CBS: Big Sister  
NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade  
NBC-Red: How to Be Charming  
11:45  
CBS: Aunt Jenny's Life Stories  
MBS: Myra Kingsley  
NBC-Blue: Edward MacHugh  
NBC-Red: Hello Peggy  
12:00 Noon  
CBS: Cheri; Three Notes  
MBS: Journal of Living  
NBC-Red: Girl Alone  
12:15  
CBS: Edwin C. Hill  
NBC-Red: The Goldbergs  
12:30  
CBS: Romance of Helen Trent  
NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour  
12:45  
CBS: Our Gal Sunday  
1:00  
CBS: Betty and Bob  
1:15  
CBS: Betty Crocker  
1:30  
CBS: Arnold Grimm's Daughter  
NBC-Red: Words and Music  
NBC-Blue: Love and Learn  
1:45  
CBS: Hollywood in Person  
2:00  
CBS: Kathryn Cravens  
2:15  
CBS: Jack and Loretta  
2:45  
CBS: Ted Malone  
MBS: Beatrice Fairfax  
NBC-Blue: Peggy Wood  
3:00  
CBS: Manhattan Matinee  
NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family  
3:15  
NBC-Red: Ma Perkins  
3:30  
CBS: Current Questions  
NBC-Red: Vic and Sade  
3:45  
CBS: Concert Hall  
NBC-Red: The O'Neills  
4:00  
NBC-Blue: Carson Robison  
NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones  
4:15  
NBC-Red: The Guiding Light  
4:30  
NBC-Red: Mary Marlin  
4:45  
NBC-Blue: Road of Life  
CBS: Dr. Allan R. Dafoe  
5:00  
CBS: Follow the Moon  
5:15  
CBS: Life of Mary Sothorn  
NBC-Blue: Junior Nurse Corps  
NBC-Red: Dari-Dan  
5:30  
NBC-Blue: Singing Lady  
NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong  
5:45  
CBS: Funny Things  
NBC-Blue: Tom Mix  
NBC-Red: Little Orphan Annie  
6:00  
NBC-Red: Allen Prescott  
6:30  
Press-Radio News  
6:35  
CBS: Sports Resume  
6:45  
NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas  
7:00  
CBS: Poetic Melodies  
NBC-Blue: Easy Aces  
NBC-Red: Amos 'n' Andy  
7:15  
CBS: Song Time  
NBC-Red: Uncle Ezra  
7:30  
NBC-Blue: Lum and Abner  
7:45  
CBS: Boake Carter  
8:00  
CBS: Cavalcade of America  
NBC-Red: One Man's Family  
8:30  
CBS: Eddie Cantor  
MBS: Ed Fitzgerald  
NBC-Blue: Sidney Skolsky  
NBC-Red: Wayne King  
9:00  
CBS: Andre Kostelanetz  
NBC-Blue: String Symphony  
NBC-Red: Town Hall Tonight  
9:30  
CBS: Beauty Box Theatre  
10:00  
CBS: Gang Busters, Phillips Lord  
NBC-Blue: Gen Hugh S. Johnson  
NBC-Red: Your Hit Parade  
11:00  
Dance Music  
11:30  
MBS: The Lone Ranger

# WEDNESDAY

## MOTTO OF THE DAY

By EDDIE CANTOR

A hunch is like a piano—no good unless you know how to play it.

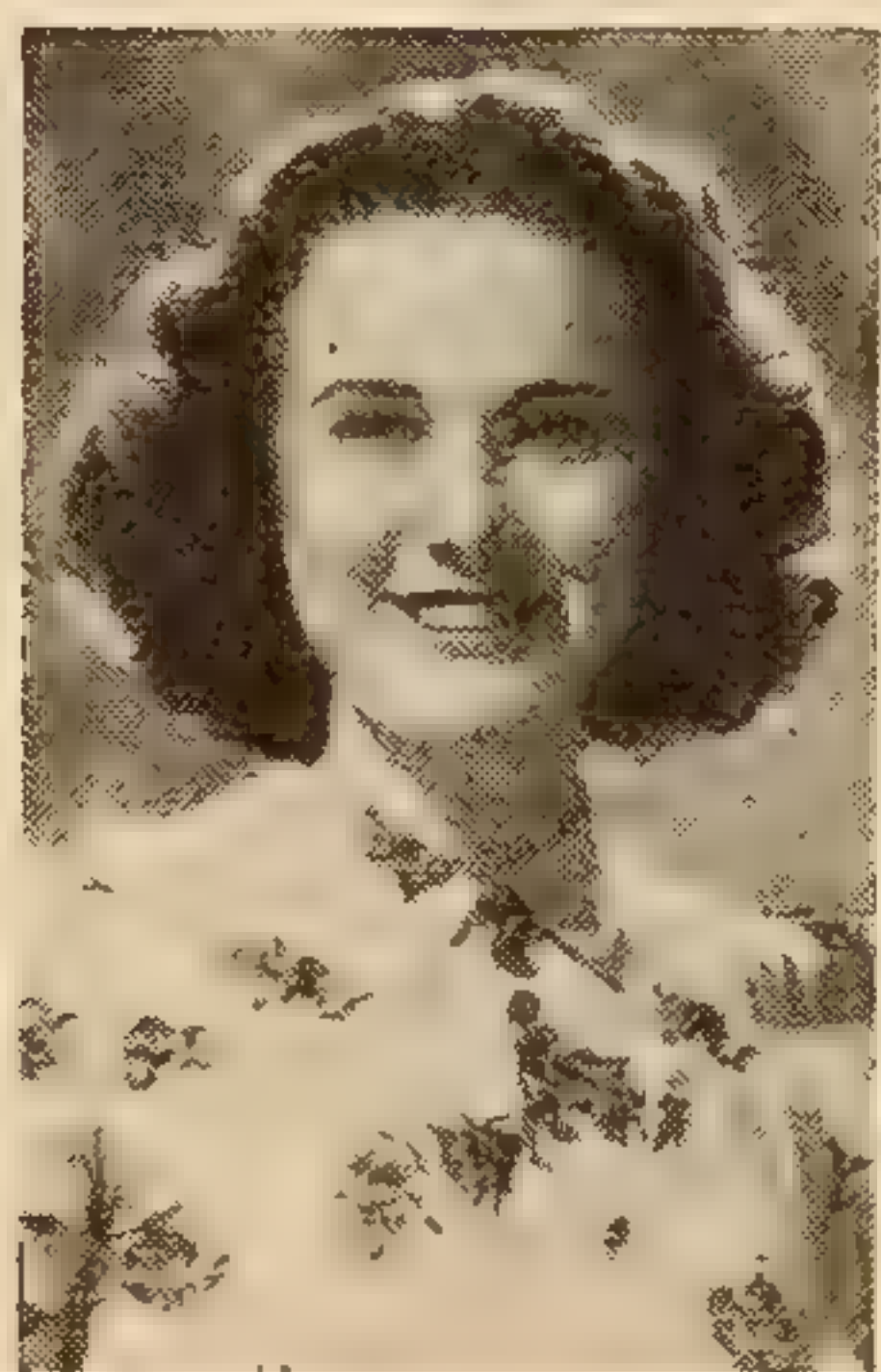
### Highlights For Wednesday, Sept. 29

CONSIDERATE-LIKE, Eddie Cantor is doing something tonight for the benefit of everybody who likes Charlie McCarthy and W. C. Fields as well as they do Eddie himself. . . . Instead of staying on Sunday nights at the same time as the McCarthy-Fields-Ameche-Eddy combine, Eddie has taken over a new time, tonight and every Wednesday at 8:30, on CBS. . . . And tonight he gives his first program in the new spot, after a two-week absence from the air. . . . Your Almanac welcomes Eddie back, thanks him for his courtesy and good judgment in changing his air time, and expects you all to do the same. . . . Deanna Durbin, Pinky Tomlin, Saymore Saymore, Jimmy Wallington,

and Jacques Renard and his orchestra are all with Eddie on the show. . . . Only Bobbie Breen is missing. . . . Bobbie is busy with pictures and personal appearances, but your Almanac is laying bets he'll be back on the air, probably in a program of his own, before so very long. . . . Andre Kostelanetz' Chesterfield show starts on its new winter set-up tonight at 9:00 over CBS. . . . Each week Kosty will have a different guest star, starting tonight with John Charles Thomas. . . . The maestro promises some new and startling musical arrangements for the future, too. . . . He won't keep his orchestra always the same size, but will enlarge it or reduce it according to the evening's program. . . . He'll offer both popular and classical music.



Eddie Cantor starts his Wednesday-night series of comedy programs this evening.



With Cantor tonight, Deanna Durbin is also the star of another smash movie success.

### Highlights For Wednesday, Oct. 6

IF you're a baseball fan and there's a radio anywhere near, your boss isn't going to get much work out of you today, because the *World's Series* begins and NBC and CBS are both on hand to tell you about it. . . . Those knots of people on the street, grouped around taxicabs haven't been attracted there by an accident; they're just listening to the radio. . . . Somewhere, in spite of the baseball interest, CBS is still planning on sandwiching in an account of the third and last day's play in the *Women's Amateur Golf* tournament in Memphis. . . . Your Almanac certainly doesn't know where or when they'll do it. . . . Somebody realized, not long ago, that there wasn't a single Hollywood gossip-col-

umnist on the air Wednesday nights, so tonight at 8:30 some new sponsors are rushing in to remedy the error. . . . Sidney Skolsky is their choice for gossip-extraordinary. . . . Sid is an old newspaper hand, but this is his initial try at air work. . . . NBC-Blue is the network, if you must have your information about the latest deeds and misdeeds of the movie-ites. . . . One movie-ite who got her start in radio and is on the air tonight has just done a very good deed indeed. . . . She's Deanna Durbin, with Eddie Cantor at 8:30 on CBS, and the good deed is her work in "*One Hundred Men and a Girl*." . . . Kostelanetz' guest star tonight is Jose Iturbi.

### Highlights For Wednesday Oct. 13

TODAY and Friday are the only two days of the week you can hear one of the new serials. . . . Called *Hello Peggy*, it's on at 11:45 A. M. on the NBC Red network. . . . Each episode is about the same characters, but tells a complete story in itself. . . . Eunice Howard and Alan Bunce are the two leading characters, playing Peggy and Ted Hopkins, and Jackie Kelk and Andy Donnelly play a couple of ram-bunctious hotel bellboys. . . . Eunice is a striking blonde. . . . Likes solitary hikes, milk, and salads. . . . Alan used to be a prominent stage actor, but now devotes most of his time to radio. . . . You've heard him in *Pepper Young's Family*, *John's Other Wife*, *David Harum*, the *True Story Court*, and

Personal Column of the Air. . . . For some reason or other, he specializes in playing romantic young doctors on the air. . . . Whenever there's such a part going, Alan's sure to be called for it. . . . Has brown eyes and red-brown hair. . . . Is married to Ruth Nugent, daughter of the veteran actor, J. C. Nugent, and once toured with her in Australia and New Zealand. . . . Don't forget *Walter O'Keefe* and *Town Hall Tonight* at 9:00 o'clock on NBC-Red. . . . Walter will have more "dramateurs". . . . At 9:30, if you're in the mood for singing, switch to CBS and *Jessica Dragonette*. . . . The guest star tonight on the *Chesterfield* show, 9:00 on CBS, is an old air favorite—Nino Martini.



Eunice Howard plays a switchboard girl in the two-times-a-week serial, *Hello Peggy*.



Dark-eyed Fran Carlon plays important parts in two of your favorite daytime serials.

### Highlights For Wednesday, Oct. 20

HAVE you read the story on page 11 in which Dale Carnegie tells you how radio can help you win friends and influence people? . . . If you haven't, read it now. . . . Then let your Almanac help you to pick out the programs to practice on, and make it a Dale Carnegie day. . . . As a starter, if you're a woman, listen to *Kitchen Cavalcade*, NBC-Blue at 10:45 A.M. . . . That'll help you win the friendship of your husband, if nothing else. . . . And here are others that'll help you put Mr. Carnegie's advice into practice: *Edwin C. Hill*, CBS, 12:15. . . . *Farm and Home Hour*, NBC-Blue, 12:30. . . . *Kathryn Cravens*, CBS, 2:00. . . . *Peggy Wood Calling*, NBC-Blue, 2:45. . . . *Current Questions*,

CBS, 3:30. . . . *Sports resume*, CBS, 6:35. . . . *Lowell Thomas*, NBC-Blue, 6:45. . . . *Cavalcade of America*, CBS, 8:00. . . . *Frank Black's String Symphony*, NBC-Blue, 9:00. . . . *General Hugh Johnson*, NBC-Blue, 10:00. . . . *Alistair Cooke*, NBC-Red, 10:45. . . . There's plenty of food for thought in that lineup to keep you busy for a day. . . . If you've taken time out from these programs, some of which are pretty weighty, for listening to two of your favorite serials, you've probably heard *Fran Carlon*. . . . She's Bunny Mitchell in *The Story of Mary Marlin*, NBC-Blue at 10:00 A.M. and NBC-Red at 4:30 P.M. . . . and also the English Eileen Moran in *Today's Children*, NBC-Red at 10:45 A.M.



All time is Eastern Standard

8:00 A. M.  
NBC-Blue: Morning Devotions  
NBC-Red: Good Morning Melodies

8:15  
NBC-Blue: Dick Leibert  
NBC-Red: Malcolm Claire

8:30  
NBC-Red: Cheerio

9:00  
CBS: Music in the Air  
NBC-Blue: Breakfast Club  
NBC-Red: Fields and Hall

9:30  
MBS: Journal of Living

10:00  
CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly  
NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin  
NBC-Red: Mrs. Wiggs

10:15  
CBS: Myrt and Marge  
NBC-Blue: Ma Perkins  
NBC-Red: John's Other Wife

10:30  
NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family  
NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill

10:45  
NBC-Blue: Kitchen Cavalcade  
NBC-Red: Today's Children

11:00  
CBS: Mary Lee Taylor  
NBC-Blue: The O'Neills  
NBC-Red: David Harum

11:15  
CBS: Heinz Magazine  
NBC-Blue: Road of Life  
NBC-Red: Backstage Wife

11:30  
CBS: Big Sister  
NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade

11:45  
CBS: Aunt Jenny's Life Stories  
MBS: Myra Kingsley  
NBC-Blue: Edward MacHugh  
NBC-Red: Hi Boys

12:00 Noon  
CBS: Merry-makers  
NBC-Red: Girl Alone

12:15 P. M.  
CBS: Edwin C. Hill  
NBC-Red: The Goldbergs

12:30  
CBS: Romance of Helen Trent  
NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour

12:45  
CBS: Our Gal Sunday

1:00  
CBS: Betty and Bob

1:15  
CBS: Hymns:

1:30  
CBS: Arnold Grimm's Daughter  
NBC-Blue: Love and Learn  
NBC-Red: Words and Music

1:45  
CBS: Hollywood in Person

2:15  
CBS: Jack and Loretta

2:45  
CBS: Ted Malone  
MBS: Beatrice Fairfax  
NBC-Blue: Peggy Wood

3:00  
CBS: Theater Matinee  
NBC-Blue: NBC Light Opera  
NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family

3:15  
NBC-Red: Ma Perkins

3:30  
NBC-Red: Vic and Sade

3:45  
NBC-Red: The O'Neills

4:00  
CBS: Howells and Wright  
NBC-Blue: Club Matinee  
NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones

4:15  
CBS: Novelteers  
NBC-Red: The Guiding Light

4:30  
NBC-Red: Mary Marlin

4:45  
NBC-Red: Road of Life

5:00  
CBS: Follow the Moon

5:15  
CBS: Life of Mary Sothorn  
NBC-Blue: Junior Nurse Corps  
NBC-Red: Turn Back the Clock

5:30  
CBS: Elsie Thompson  
NBC-Blue: Singing Lady  
NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong

5:45  
CBS: Children's Corner  
NBC-Blue: Tom Mix  
NBC-Red: Little Orphan Annie

6:30  
Press-Radio News

6:35  
CBS: Football Scores

6:45  
CBS: George Hall's Orch.  
NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas

7:00  
CBS: Poetic Melodies  
NBC-Blue: Easy Aces  
NBC-Red: Amos 'n' Andy

7:15  
CBS: Song Time  
NBC-Red: Vocal Varieties

7:30  
CBS: We, The People  
NBC-Blue: Lum and Abner

7:45  
NBC-Blue: Cabin in the Cotton

8:00  
CBS: Kate Smith  
NBC-Blue: Gen Hugh S. Johnson  
NBC-Red: Rudy Vallee

9:00  
CBS: Major Bowes Amateurs  
NBC-Red: Show Boat

9:30  
NBC-Blue: Helen Traubel

10:00  
CBS: Floyd Gibbons  
MBS: Witch's Tale  
NBC-Red: Kraft Music Hall

10:30  
CBS: March of Time  
NBC-Blue: Piccadilly Music Hall

11:05  
CBS: Dance Music  
NBC-Blue: Dance Music  
NBC-Red: John B. Kennedy

11:15  
Dance Music

# THURSDAY

## MOTTO OF THE DAY

By BOB BURNS

Walking on the beaten path is good if you don't mind crowds.

### Highlights For Thursday, Sept. 30

THE big news of the day is that Kate's back.... The friendly Miss Smith is once more on the air at her old time, 8:00, on her old network, CBS, but with a new sponsor.... Jack Miller's orchestra, Ted Collins, and Henny Youngman are all on the show with her, plus assorted guests and special attractions.... Kate's been vacationing all summer, and ought to be in fine fettle for another winter of entertaining.... You probably thought you knew all about Kate, but did you know that she was christened Kathryn Elizabeth, or that she studied to be a nurse?.... That she has been inducted into the Winnebago tribe of the Sioux Indians, and christened by them "Hom'b-o-goo-win-ga?"

.... Which means "Glory of the Morn.".... Her exact weight is 235 pounds.... Has never been in an airplane and never intends to set foot in one.... If she can't get where she wants to go by train, she stays home.... Wears silver-rimmed specs when she's rehearsing.... Can move those 235 pounds across a tennis court with astounding speed, and is no slouch at swimming and golfing.... Always has her lunch (which invariably includes fried chicken) brought to rehearsals in a wicker basket.... Learns all her songs by hearing them played over once on a piano.... At 9:30 tonight NBC-Blue hopes to present its long-delayed production of Bernard Shaw's "Back to Methuselah."



Kate Smith, the South's own songbird, returns to the air tonight at 8 on the CBS network.



Gabriel Heatter stars on We, the People, as it returns to the air at 7:30 this evening.

### Highlights For Thursday, Oct. 7

ONE of last year's most fascinating shows, *We, the People*, returns to the air tonight—and at a much more convenient time for most listeners than that which fell to its lot last winter.... Listen to it at 7:30 over the Columbia network.... Phillips Lord, who originated the idea for the show, isn't on it this year.... His place is being taken by Gabriel Heatter, who did such a good job subbing when Phil took a vacation last spring.... Gabe always drops his suspenders off his shoulders when he sits down at the mike.... Is addicted to loose-fitting clothes anyway.... Loves his home on Long Island and hates night-clubs.... Gets frightfully nervous when he rides in a car somebody else is driving,

and as a result hates taxi-cabs.... so almost goes crazy when he has to get someplace in a hurry.... Is the editor of the steel industry's trade magazine, *The Shaft*.... Has two children, a son, *Buddy*, nineteen, who wants to be a poet; and a daughter, *Maida*, twenty-one, who is an art student.... Not long ago Gabe learned that Maida was saving her pennies to buy a Ford.... Without saying anything he went to work.... One night when Maida got home she found a Packard roadster standing in front of the house.... It was wrapped in cellophane and had a bottle of champagne tied to the steering wheel. Gabe smokes lots of cigars, but usually throws one away after he's puffed on it five minutes.

### Highlights For Thursday, Oct. 14

RUDY VALLEE'S broadcasting tonight at 8:00 o'clock from Hollywood—the second of three programs he plans on putting on the air from there.... It's a long time since Rudy saw Hollywood.... Wonder how he likes the old town?.... Meanwhile, your Almanac's sort of interested in a comedian who's featured on the show which competes with Rudy—Henny Youngman, on Kate Smith's program.... Your Almanac is regretfully compelled to say that last year, when he was on the air, Henny wasn't very funny.... Yet's when he's on the stage he panics the people who can see him.... Has he learned microphone technique since then?.... You're the only judge that counts.... Henny

started entertaining when he was only nine, appearing in various amateur shows.... Wanted to be a dramatic actor, but his looks always made audiences laugh instead of cry.... Studied the violin for five years, but admits he's like Jack Benny—playing it is no proof that he studied it.... Is married and has one child.... Is a very light sleeper.... Isn't superstitious, which he proves by knocking on wood whenever he steps on the stage to do his act.... Is so generous with his money that he's a soft touch for a sob story.... Lives in Brooklyn instead of New York for only one reason—he likes it quiet.... He's under a long term personal contract to Kate, so you'll be hearing him a lot.



Henny Youngman's the comedian on the Kate Smith show tonight and every Thursday.



Gertrude Berg is the brilliant woman who writes *The Goldbergs* and acts in it too.

### Highlights For Thursday, Oct. 21

RECOMMENDED for day-to-day listening for people who want their serials homely, true to life, excellently acted, nicely sentimental, and not too much burdened with thrills and melodrama: *The Goldbergs*, on NBC-Red at 12:15 P.M. every day except Saturday and Sunday.... It'll never get you so excited you're sitting on the edge of your chair, but it'll keep you coming back for more just the same.... Mrs. Gertrude Berg, who writes the scripts and acts the part of Mollie, doesn't need the money her radio and movie work brings her but she works just as hard as if she did.... Has just finished writing a movie for Bobbie Breen.... Has two children of her own, *Harriet*, eleven, and *Cherney*

*Robert*, fourteen.... She's accompanied, wherever she goes, by her secretary.... Is never known to lose control of her temper or her poise, but in rehearsals knows exactly what she wants from her players and invariably gets it.... Under another name, belongs to a women's club on New York's East Side, none of whose members know who she really is.... The other members are all typical East Side women, none of them very well-off financially, and Mrs. Berg makes a hobby of doing what she can to help them.... As well as studying them to gain inspiration for her radio shows.... Writes all her scripts in longhand in a penthouse study on New York's Central Park West.



All time is Eastern Standard

8:00 A. M.  
NBC-Blue: Morning Devotions  
NBC-Red: Good Morning Melodies

8:15  
NBC-Blue: Island Serenaders  
NBC-Red: Malcolm Claire

8:30  
NBC-Blue: William Meeder  
NBC-Red: Cheerio

9:00  
NBC-Blue: Breakfast Club  
NBC-Red: Fields and Hall

9:30  
CBS: Jack Berch

10:00  
CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly  
NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin  
NBC-Red: Mrs. Wiggs

10:15  
CBS: Myrt and Marge  
NBC-Blue: Ma Perkins  
NBC-Red: John's Other Wife

10:30  
CBS: Tony Wons  
NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family  
NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill

10:45  
NBC-Blue: Kitchen Cavalcade  
NBC-Red: Today's Children

11:00  
CBS: Heinz Magazine  
NBC-Blue: The O'Neills  
NBC-Red: David Harum

11:15  
NBC-Blue: Road of Life  
NBC-Red: Backstage Wife

11:30  
CBS: Big Sister  
NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade  
NBC-Red: How to Be Charming

11:45  
CBS: Aunt Jenny's Life Stories  
MBS: Myra Kingsley  
NBC-Blue: Edward MacHugh  
NBC-Red: Hello Peggy

12:00 Noon  
MBS: Journal of Living  
NBC-Red: Girl Alone

12:15  
CBS: Edwin C. Hill  
NBC-Red: The Goldbergs

12:30  
CBS: Romance of Helen Trent  
NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour

12:45  
CBS: Our Gal Sunday

1:00  
CBS: Betty and Bob

1:15  
CBS: Betty Crocker

1:30  
CBS: Arnold Grimm's Daughter  
NBC-Blue: Love and Learn

1:45  
CBS: Hollywood in Person

2:00  
CBS: Kathryn Cravens  
NBC: Music Appreciation

2:15  
CBS: Jack and Loretta

2:45  
CBS: Ted Malone  
MBS: Beatrice Fairfax

3:00  
NBC-Blue: Radio Guild  
NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family

3:15  
NBC-Red: Ma Perkins

3:30  
NBC-Red: Vic and Sade

3:45  
NBC-Red: The O'Neills

4:00  
CBS: Bob Byron  
NBC-Blue: Carson Robison  
NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones

4:15  
NBC-Red: The Guiding Light

4:30  
NBC-Red: Mary Marlin

4:45  
CBS: Dr. Allan R. Dafee  
NBC-Red: Road of Life

5:00  
CBS: Follow the Moon

5:15  
CBS: Life of Mary Sothorn  
NBC-Blue: Junior Nurse Corps  
NBC-Red: Dari-Dan

5:30  
NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong

5:45  
CBS: Funny Things  
NBC-Blue: Tom Mix  
NBC-Red: Little Orphan Annie

6:30  
Press-Radio News

6:35  
CBS: Sports Resume

6:45  
NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas

7:00  
CBS: Poetic Melodies  
NBC-Red: Amos 'n' Andy

7:15  
CBS: Song Time  
NBC-Red: Uncle Ezra

7:30  
NBC-Blue: Lum and Abner

7:45  
CBS: Boake Carter  
NBC-Red: Bughouse Rhythm

8:00  
CBS: Hammerstein Music Hall  
NBC-Blue: Varsity Show  
NBC-Red: Cities Service Concert

8:30  
CBS: Hal Kemp's Orch.  
NBC-Blue: Death Valley Days

9:00  
CBS: Hollywood Hotel  
NBC-Blue: Robert Ripley  
NBC-Red: Waltz Time

9:30  
NBC-Blue: Jack Haley  
NBC-Red: True Story Court

10:00  
CBS: Song Shop  
NBC-Blue: Tommy Dorsey Orch.  
NBC-Red: First Nighter

10:30  
NBC-Red: Jimmie Fidler

10:45  
NBC-Red: Dorothy Thompson

11:05  
CBS: Dance Music

11:30  
MBS: The Lone Ranger

# FRIDAY

## MOTTO OF THE DAY

By TED MALONE

Find your pleasure in doing a favor, not in the thanks you get.

### Highlights For Friday, Sept. 24

OPEN and doing business is a new kind of shop, *The Song Shop*, on CBS tonight and every Friday at 10:00. . . . *Kitty Carlisle*, *Frank Crumit*, and *Gus Haenschen's* orchestra are the stars of this new show, which lasts forty-five minutes at a session, instead of the usual fifteen, thirty or sixty. . . . This is the program *Gus Haenschen* thought up many months ago, sold to Coca-Cola, but could never put on the air because of difficulty in clearing time, getting the right talent, and what not. . . . Now, after all that build-up, it better be good. . . . *Kitty Carlisle*, the lovely brunette singing star, is no stranger to you—you've seen her in the movies and maybe on the stage. . . . Remember her singing "Alone" with

*Allan Jones* in the *Marx Brothers'* picture, "A Night at the Opera"? . . . She was born in New Orleans of wealthy parents and was raised in social and diplomatic circles abroad. . . . Over there, they taught her how to walk and talk like a lady, and how to conceal her thoughts and emotions. . . . Result was that when she began to act she had a "dead pan" which expressed no emotion at all, and had to work like a trooper to overcome the handicap. . . . speaks *French, Italian and German* fluently, as well as singing them. . . . Was a favorite singing pupil of *Lotte Lehman's* teacher, *Mme. Kaszowska*. . . . Was the star of last year's hit Broadway musical show, "White Horse Inn," and may make a movie of it.



Listen to Kitty Carlisle singing tonight on the Song Shop, on CBS at ten o'clock.



Frank Crumit is the jovial master of ceremonies on the Coca-Cola show at 10:00.

### Highlights For Friday, Oct. 1

COLLEGES have settled down to another year of—well, if you happen to be going to college you call it work; if you don't, you call it play. . . . So the *Varsity Show* returns to the air tonight at eight o'clock on the NBC-Blue network. . . . The *University of Alabama* was picked for the honor of being the first campus to be broadcast from this year. . . . All you *Alabama U.* grads, gather round. . . . *John Held, Jr.*, who emceed the *Varsity* proceedings last year, is among the missing this year. . . . Maybe he graduated. . . . The explanation is that there were enough amateur emcees on every campus to keep the show going. . . . Further collegiate atmosphere is lent to the day by *Paul Douglas*, who turns

from baseball to football on his sports resume on CBS at 6:35. . . . Paul will concentrate on the pigs' paraders until December. . . . For an exhaustive schedule of football broadcasts, turn the page and see the *Saturday* section of your Almanac. . . . *Horace Heidt* starts his series of sustaining late-at-night broadcasts from the *Biltmore Hotel* tonight. . . . MBS, exclusively. . . . *Frank Crumit*, the genial master of ceremonies on the Coca-Cola show at 10:00 tonight on CBS, is an amateur psychologist, and finds plenty of material for his hobby in his fan mail. . . . He wanted to be an opera singer when he left college. . . . Instead, he became a popular vaudeville singer. . . . You hear him on *Heinz Magazine* too.

### Highlights For Friday, Oct. 8

AFTER a couple of years of hovering around the fringes of radio. . . . doing guest appearances. . . . appearing briefly on *Show Boat*. . . . *Jack Haley* comes into his own as a full-fledged star comedian tonight. . . . He's top man on the *Log Cabin* show, which bows in at 9:30 on the NBC Blue network. . . . It was really his success in "Wake Up and Live" with *Winchell* and *Bernie* which brought him to radio's attention. . . . If he has good material on this show, you'll like him. . . . If he hasn't, it's just some more of the Haley bad luck. . . . The *Pontiac Varsity Show* tonight comes from *Purdue University*. . . . Eight o'clock, NBC-Blue. . . . If you miss hearing *Phoebe of Trouble House* now that

the program has been replaced by *Carol Kennedy's Romance*, you'll want to be on the lookout for a *Pathe* movie short which *Elsie Mae Gordon* made not long ago. *Elsie Mae* is the actress who played *Phoebe*. . . . The short is called "Radio Audition" and it's based on the monologue *Elsie Mae* did recently on the *Magazine of the Air*. . . . *Audrey Christie*, who plays *Elsie Gates* in CBS' *Big Sister* serial at 11:30 today, is holding down a stage job as well. . . . She's one of the leading characters in the Broadway hit, "The Women." . . . Don't forget the *True Story Court*, which has another gripping drama for 9:30 on NBC-Red, adapted from one of the real life stories printed in *True Story Magazine*.



Jack Haley becomes a full-fledged star in *Log Cabin* program, which starts tonight.



At the age of seventy-five, Dr. Walter Damrosch begins another series of programs.

### Highlights For Friday, Oct. 15

THE Dean of Music, *Dr. Walter Damrosch*, returns today with his valuable music appreciation courses. . . . NBC at two o'clock. . . . Don't get the idea that these programs are only for children. . . . You'll enjoy them just as much as *Junior*, and probably a lot more. . . . *Dr. Damrosch* is seventy-five years old, but refuses to admit that seventy-five is any very advanced age. . . . Says he intends to work until he doesn't feel young any longer. . . . And that's a long time yet. . . . Was born in *Breslau, Germany*, and came to America when he was nine. . . . When he was only twenty-three he was conducting German opera at the *Metropolitan* and directing the *New York Symphony* orchestra. . . . Has

written several operas, and is still writing them. . . . A new one was produced last year at the *Metropolitan*. . . . Besides *Dr. Damrosch* your Friday listening brings *Kathryn Cravens* at 2:00 on CBS. . . . *Ted Malone* on the same network at 2:45. . . . *Bob Byron* at 4:00. . . . *Amos 'n' Andy* at 7:00 on NBC-Red. . . . *Uncle Ezra* and his own radio station at 7:15 on the same network. . . . Followed by *Bughouse Rhythm* at 7:45. . . . The *Varsity Show*, from *Southern Methodist University*, at 8:00 on NBC-Blue. . . . *Hal Kemp* and *Alice Faye* at 8:30. . . . *Bob Ripley* on NBC-Blue at 9:00. . . . not to mention *Hollywood Hotel* and *Waltz Time* on CBS and NBC-Red at the same time, and *Jimmie Fidler* at 10:30.



All time is Eastern Standard

8:00 A. M.  
NBC-Blue: Island Serenaders  
NBC-Red: Good Morning Melodies

8:15  
NBC-Blue: Dick Leibert  
NBC-Red: Malcolm Claire

8:30  
NBC-Red: Cheerio

9:00  
CBS: Roy Block  
NBC-Blue: Breakfast Club  
NBC-Red: Fields and Hall

9:30  
CBS: Fiddler's Fancy  
MBS: Journal of Living

9:55  
Press Radio News

10:00  
CBS: Eton Boys  
NBC-Blue: Breen and De Rose  
NBC-Red: Charioteers

10:15  
CBS: Richard Maxwell  
NBC-Blue: Raising Your Parents  
NBC-Red: The Vass Family

10:30  
CBS: Let's Pretend

10:45  
NBC-Blue: Bill Krenz Orchestra

11:00  
CBS: Fred Feibel  
MBS: Ed Fitzgerald  
NBC-Blue: Patricia Ryan

11:15  
NBC-Blue: Minute Men  
NBC-Red: Nancy Swanson

11:30  
CBS: Compinsky Trio  
NBC-Red: Mystery Chef

11:45  
NBC-Red: Melody Men

12:00 Noon  
NBC-Blue: Call to Youth  
NBC-Red: Continentals

12:30  
CBS: George Hall Orch.  
NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour  
NBC-Red: Rex Battle's Orch.

1:05  
NBC-Red: Happy Jack

1:30  
CBS: Buffalo Presents  
NBC-Blue: Our Barn  
NBC-Red: Campus Capers

2:00  
CBS: Football  
MBS: Football  
NBC-Red: Your Host is Buffalo

2:30  
NBC-Blue: Don Fernando Orch.  
NBC-Red: Golden Melodies

2:45  
CBS: Tours in Tone

3:00  
CBS: Down by Herman's  
NBC-Red: Walter Logan

3:30  
CBS: Waltzes of the World  
NBC-Red: Week End Review

4:00  
NBC-Blue: Club Matinee

5:00  
NBC-Blue: Variety Show  
NBC-Red: Vagabond Adventures

5:30  
NBC-Red: Kaltenmeyer's Kindergarten

5:45  
CBS: Children's Corner

6:05  
NBC-Blue: Nickelodeon  
NBC-Red: Top Hatters

6:30  
Press-Radio News

6:35  
CBS: Football Scores  
NBC-Blue: Whither Music  
NBC-Red: Alma Kitchell

6:45  
CBS: Melodies of Yesterday  
NBC-Red: The Art of Living

7:00  
NBC-Blue: Message of Israel  
NBC-Red: El Chico Revue

7:30  
NBC-Blue: Uncle Jim's Question Bee  
NBC-Red: Jimmy Kemper

8:00  
CBS: Saturday Swing Session

8:30  
CBS: Johnny Presents  
NBC-Red: Linton Wells

9:00  
CBS: Professor Quiz  
NBC-Blue: National Barn Dance

9:30  
CBS: Your Pet Program  
NBC-Red: Special Delivery

10:00  
CBS: Your Hit Parade  
NBC-Red: Jamboree

10:15  
MBS: George Fischer

11:00  
Dance Music

# SATURDAY

## MOTTO OF THE DAY

By DON AMECHE

Glamour is often bought with counterfeit coin.

### Highlights For Saturday, Sept. 25

AN autumn Saturday is just naturally a football Saturday, so your Almanac is going to devote a lot of Saturday space from now on to telling you where you can tune in the major games . . . A few tips about the list in the next column . . . If the games are broadcast over a full network, only the name of the network is listed . . . Otherwise, the individual stations are noted . . . All games, unless otherwise noted, begin at approximately 2:00 P.M., the time being that of the region in which the game is being played. . . . To Ted Husing, as usual, CBS gives the honor of announcing its network games, and he starts the season off by describing the Ohio State-Texas Christian clash at Columbus, Ohio.



The soprano star of the Pet program, returning tonight to the air, is Mary Eastman.

The day's football broadcasts:  
Ohio State-Texas Christian. CBS network and WHK WHKC WADC WSPD  
Cornell-Penn. State. WOR WTAG WTIC WJAN WFBL WHKC WGR WIBX WNBW WESG WOKO KYW Holy Cross-St. Anselms. WEEK WORC WDRC WPRO WMAS  
Boston College-Northeastern. WBZ WBZA  
Pittsburgh-Ohio Wesleyan. WCAE WFBC WTBO WLEU  
Richmond-Randolph-Macon. WRVA  
Virginia-Hampton-Sydney. WRNL WCHV WLVA WBTM WGH WDBJ WWSA  
Louisiana State-Florida. WJAX WIOD WRUF



Ted Husing opens the football season with the Texas Christian-Ohio State game, CBS.

### Highlights For Saturday, Oct. 2

BEFORE proceeding to the business of the day, which is football, remember that the Pet program returns to CBS tonight after a summer layoff . . . Time is 9:30, and the stars are Mary Eastman and Gus Haenschen's orchestra, Bill Perry, tenor, The Serenaders, and Frank Gallup, announcer . . . All this makes Haenschen a busy orchestra leader, with a show every Friday and Saturday night. . . . Mary Eastman is a Kansas City girl and a tropical-fish-collector . . . Strange as it may seem, she has a "voice double"—a young lady who has the same name, is a soprano, and has the same tastes in music as Mary . . . They correspond regularly . . . Incidentally, the Mutual system is exactly three years old today.

The day's football broadcasts:  
Nebraska-Minnesota. CBS network.  
Drake-Notre Dame. NBC network.  
Carnegie Tech-New York University. WOR KDKA  
Yale-Maine. New England network and WMCA  
Iowa State-Northwestern. Mutual.  
Cornell-Colgate. WTAG WTIC WJAR WFBL WHKC WGR WIBX WNBW WESG WOKO  
Pennsylvania-Maryland. WCAU WHP WBRE WGBI WCBA WBAL WPG WKOK WJEJ  
Washington & Lee-Richmond. WBTM WCHV WDBJ WGH WLVA WRNL WRVA WWSA  
S. Carolina-Georgia. WFBC WRDW WSB WTOC

### Highlights For Saturday, Oct. 9

AFTER the day's football games, which you'll find in the next column, maybe you'll want to settle down to some Hollywood gossip . . . George Fischer, on the Mutual network at 10:15 P.M., is the lad who can give it to you . . . A native New Yorker, he's an adopted son of California . . . He moved to San Francisco when he was thirteen. . . . Went into radio when he was in high school, broadcasting a daily news bulletin from a local newspaper office by remote control . . . Has been on the air more than three thousand hours in the past five years. Five feet, ten inches tall, he weighs 160 pounds and is dieting to gain weight. . . . He's married, to Margot Yoder, former pianist.



Quin Ryan is the Mutual network's standby to announce football games. He's on today.

The day's football games:  
Notre Dame-Illinois. Mutual network.  
Pitt-Duquesne. WOR WCAE WLEU WFBG WTBO  
Holy Cross-Georgetown. WEEI WORC WDRC WPRO WMAS  
Syracuse-St. Lawrence. WGY WSYR WHAM WBEN  
Princeton-Cornell. WESG WFBL WGR WHEC WIBX WNBW WOKO  
Purdue-Carnegie Tech. KDKA  
F. & M.-Drexel. WGAL WORK  
Gettysburg-Lafayette. WEST  
Duke-Tennessee. WRVA WBT WDNC  
V. M. I.-Davidson. WBTM WCHV WDBJ WGH WLVA WRNL WWSA  
Georgia-Clemson. WSB WTOC WRDW  
Ohio State-Southern California. WADC WHK WHKC WSPD



Hollywood Whispers are whispered into your ear over Mutual by gossip Geo. Fischer.

### Highlights For Saturday, Oct. 16

QUIN RYAN, who announces all the football games broadcast over the Mutual network (Purdue-Northwestern is his game today) claims to be radio's oldest inhabitant . . . He was on the air in 1924, broadcasting as part of his duties of working on the Chicago Herald and Examiner. . . . Quin is a contraction of Quinlan . . . He broadcast the games in which Red Grange became a great football star. . . . Also, with Graham McNamee, the first world's series to go on the air . . . He's married, to Roberta Nangle of the Chicago Tribune society staff. . . . Has a unique broadcast over WGN, Chicago, in which he interviews couples who come to the county clerk to apply for marriage licenses.

The day's football broadcasts:  
Purdue-Northwestern. Mutual system  
Carnegie Tech-Notre Dame. WOR WTAG WTIC WJAR WCAU WHP WBRE WGBI WCBA WKOK WPG KDKA WGY WHAM WBEN WFBG WLEU WBZ WBZA WTBO  
Cornell-Syracuse. WFBL WSYR WHEC WOR WIBX WNBW WESG WOKO  
Holy Cross-Georgia. WEEI WORC WDRC WPRO WMAS  
F. & M.-Muhlenburg. WGAL WORK  
Virginia-Maryland. WBAL WBTM WCHV WDBJ WGH WLVA WRNL WWSA WJEJ  
Georgia Tech-Duke. WBT WDND WSB WTOC WRDW  
Florida-Sewanee. WJAX WIOD WRUF

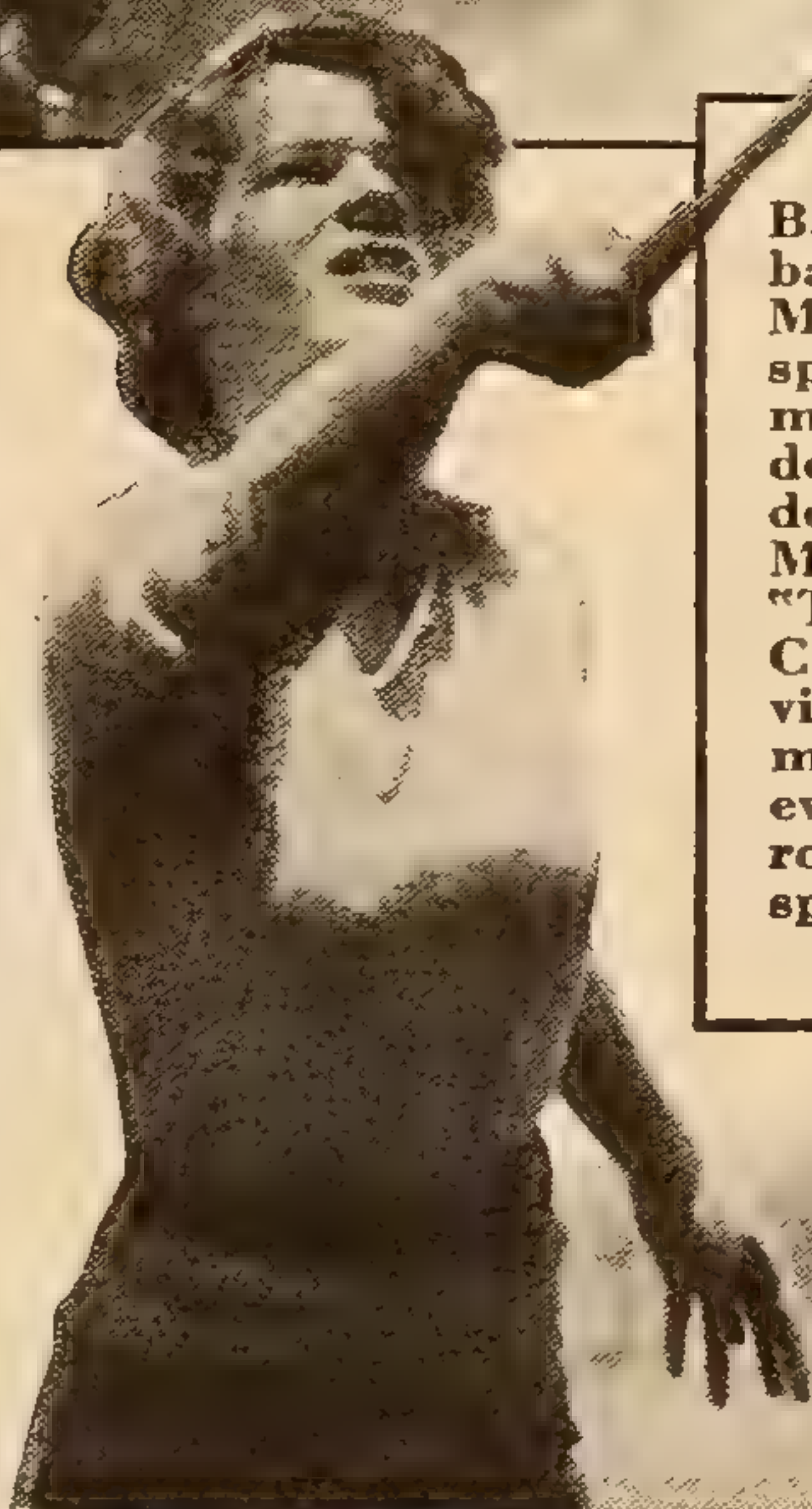


# Now—this new Cream brings to Women the Active "Skin-Vitamin"

*Applied right on the Skin—  
this special Vitamin helps  
the Skin more directly*

**"IT'S WONDERFUL," says  
Mrs. C. Henry Mellon, Jr.**

one of the first women to use  
Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Cold  
Cream. "It's wonderful," she  
says. "My skin is so much bright-  
er—and finer textured. The new  
cream is even better than before.  
Congratulations to Pond's—and  
to all women."



Badminton and horse-  
back riding are Mrs.  
Mellon's favorite  
sports. Both of them  
mean the out-of-  
doors. And the out-of-  
doors dries your skin.  
Mrs. Mellon says:  
"The new Pond's Cold  
Cream with 'skin-  
vitamin' in it keeps  
my skin better than  
ever. It's never dry or  
rough now, in spite of  
sports."

**T**HIS NEW CREAM does more for the  
skin than ever before! It contains  
a certain vitamin found in many  
foods—the "skin-vitamin."

When you eat foods containing this  
vitamin, one of its special functions is  
to help keep skin tissue healthy. But  
when this vitamin is applied right to  
skin, it aids the skin more directly.

Here is great news for women!

First doctors found this out. Then  
Pond's found a way to put "skin-  
vitamin" into Pond's Cold Cream.  
Now everyone can have Pond's new  
"skin-vitamin" Cold Cream!

**Famous beauty cream now has  
"Something More"**

Pond's Cold Cream has always been  
more than a cleanser. Patted into

the skin, it invigorates it, keeps it clear,  
soft, free from skin faults.

But now this famous cream is better  
than ever for the skin. Women say its  
use makes their pores less noticeable,  
softens lines; best of all, seems to give a  
livelier, more glowing look to their skin!

**Same jars, same labels, same price**

Already this new Pond's "skin-vitamin"  
Cold Cream is on sale everywhere.

The cream itself has the same pure white  
color, the same delightful light texture.

But remember, as you use it, that Pond's  
Cold Cream now contains the precious  
"skin-vitamin." Not the "sunshine" vita-  
min. Not the orange-juice vitamin. Not  
"irradiated." But the vitamin which espe-  
cially helps to maintain healthy skin—skin  
that is soft and smooth, fine as a baby's!

**SEND FOR  
THE NEW CREAM!**

**TEST IT IN 9 TREATMENTS**

Pond's, Dept. 8RM-CL  
Clinton, Conn. Rush  
special tube of Pond's  
new "skin-vitamin"  
Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with  
samples of 2 other Pond's "skin-vitamin" Creams and  
5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose  
10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Street \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Copyright, 1937, Pond's Extract Company



**YOU HOLD AN ACE  
UP YOUR SLEEVE IF  
YOU KNOW THE PART  
HANDS PLAY IN THE  
GAME OF GLAMOUR**

*Peggy Wood broadcasts at  
2:45 on NBC-Blue every  
Wednesday and Thursday.*



## BEAUTY TRICKS IN YOUR HAND

When you're an actress, like Peggy Wood, you learn what so many women forget—your hands are as important as your face.

**T**HERE'S a rule for beauty so neglected that few women are aware of its existence—and yet, if you don't observe it, you might as well not bother to wash your face, for you can't be really beautiful until you give your poor forgotten hands their due.

You may manicure your nails, polish them with the new shades, let them grow fashionably long, but without the kind of care I mean you still haven't reached first base in your quest for lovely hands.

You can take Peggy Wood's word for that, and you couldn't have a better authority! She comes to radio with years of highly successful experience in operetta, drama and

**By JOYCE  
ANDERSON**

films as a background, and so well has she learned how to make the most of her hands that hundreds of photographs have been made of them and famous sculptors have modeled them.

"I'm so accustomed to using my hands," Peggy told me recently, "that I'm still gesturing in front of the mike. I don't believe, however, that it hurts my broadcasts, because the complete effectiveness of your speech depends so much upon whether or not you've learned freedom of the hands.

"Certainly, natural and appropriate gestures make it much easier to get your ideas across, but even more than that they help you speak better in (Continued on page 61)

**RADIO MIRROR BEAUTY PAGE**





## HERE'S A BRAND-NEW KIND OF COMFORT FOR YOUR HOME THIS WINTER!

**B**ITTER cold days or chilly days—you can keep the heat in your home exactly *right* with a Duo-Therm oil-burning circulating heater!

*Burns High—Burns Low—Perfectly!* Duo-Therm gives you “regulated” heat—just the right heat for any weather—without smoke, fuss or sputter! Turn it on full—and it will keep you cozy in the bitterest cold. Or you can throttle it down to “just take the chill off.”

*A Dial-Turn Does It!* You don't burn lots of oil when a little will do! Turn the handy dial—get just the heat you want. A little for mild days—more for cold days—and a flood of moist, healthful heat for zero weather!

*Heats the Room—Not the Chimney!* Duo-Therm's full

“floating flame” sends *more* heat into the room! It doesn't send as much heat rushing up the chimney as do heaters that burn with a long, pointed, wasteful flame. And with its special “waste-stopper,” tests prove the Duo-Therm to be the most economical oil heater you can buy!

*Cleaner Heat! A Cleaner Home!* Burning less expensive fuel oil—available anywhere—the Duo-Therm gives clean, silent, odorless heat. Saves curtains, woodwork, laundry. Banishes soot, smoke, dirt and ashes.

*Send the Coupon!* Or ask your Duo-Therm dealer for full information. Three beautiful finishes. There's a Duo-Therm just the size you need—choose the model that just suits you. Low prices! Easy payments!

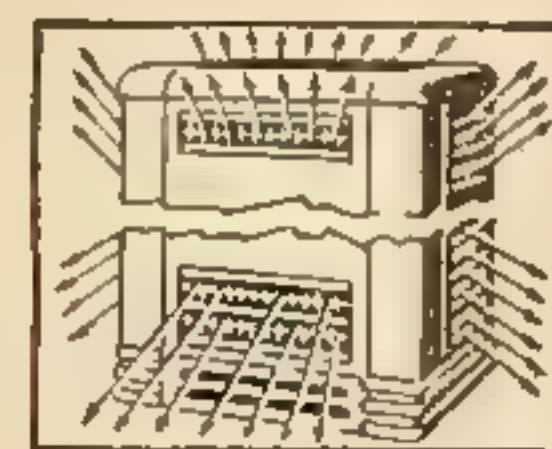
**EASY  
PAYMENTS!**  
See Your  
Dealer!

# DUO-THERM

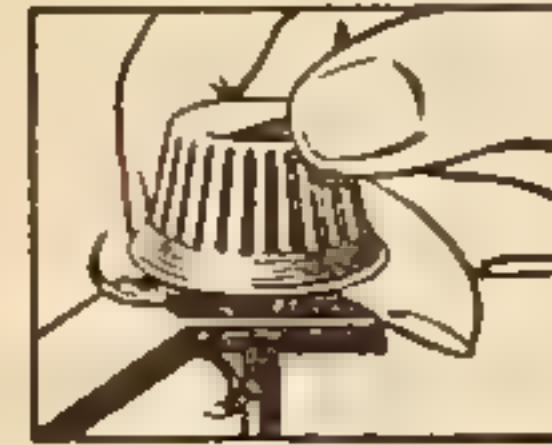
OIL-BURNING *Circulating* HEATERS

DUO-THERM DIVISION, MOTOR WHEEL CORPORATION, LANSING, MICH.

### ONLY DUO-THERM has all these modern features!



**Duo-Therm's Heat Guides** are scientifically designed to heat your house at “body levels” and to set up a circulation that leaves no cold spots.



**Duo-Therm's Heat Regulator**—Simple as turning a dial! All the heat you want on cold days, just enough to take the chill off on milder days.



**Duo-Therm's Patented Dual-Chamber Burner**—Greatest clean-fire range of any burner! Silent, clean, odorless—from pilot light to maximum heat!



**Duo-Therm's Waste-Stopper** prevents heat from rushing up the chimney, sends more heat into the room. Saves oil!



**Duo-Therm's Full Floating Flame** means better combustion, more heat per gallon, greater economy!

**Safe!**—Duo-Therm heaters are listed as standard by Underwriters' Laboratories.

DUO-THERM DIVISION  
Dept. M-711, Motor Wheel Corp.,  
Lansing, Michigan  
Please send me information on the Duo-Therm  
Circulating Heaters.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

I would also like to know about ☐ Duo-Therm  
Oil-burning Ranges ☐ Water Heaters ☐ Furnaces  
☐ Trailer Heaters ☐ Radiant Heaters



# LIFESAVERS FOR WIVES

His real name's Allen Prescott, but you know him as "The Wifesaver," who's helped you with your budget and kitchen worries.

**MAKE KITCHEN HOURS  
FLY BY USING TIME-  
SAVING SHORT-CUTS  
THIS THANKSGIVING**

**By Mrs. MARGARET SIMPSON**

**H**AVE you a wifesaver in your home? Of course you have, girls—twice every week. He's Allen Prescott and his household hints, which range all the way from making a family budget to the final disposition of all the items that budget allows you to buy, are something you should all be thankful for this Thanksgiving season.

The Wifesaver program, like Topsy, "jest grew." It began back in the days when Allen was one of three news commentators on a New York radio station and there wasn't always news enough to go around. On the days when there were no murders or transatlantic flights or visiting movie stars to talk about, Allen used to chuck in a few household hints to fill up his time on the air and the first thing he knew, women were writing in from all over the country with new suggestions. Every time he broadcast a recipe or a way to remove grass stains from Junior's white linen knickers, dozens of listeners were reminded of their favorite recipes or stain removers and passed them on to Allen, and before long the news broadcasts were sidetracked and the Wifesaver program was born. Maybe your own letter helped to create the Wifesaver; maybe your suggestion is one that Allen read over the air this morning while I watched him broadcast at NBC.

In case you're not so good about filing away all those notes you take while listening to the Wifesaver, he has given me some suggestions that will put you in a Thanksgiving mood. First, of course, we're concerned with the turkey.

"If," says the Wifesaver, "after taking your turkey in hand he doesn't seem so tender as some in the bush, wrap him in (Continued on page 87)



**RADIO MIRROR COOKING PAGE**



"FRANKLY, I DON'T SEE WHY  
ANY WOMAN WOULD RISK  
A SUBSTITUTE FOR KOTEX\*"



## THE PROOF IS IN THE WEARING!

Wherever you go . . . whatever you do . . . \*Kotex Sanitary Napkins  
stay Wondersoft . . . Can't Chafe . . . Can't Fail . . . Can't Show

### Only Kotex has 3 types

Because one-size napkin will not do for every woman—  
no more than one-size hat, dress or pair of shoes. Besides  
women's personal needs are different on different days.  
Only by trying "All 3"—Regular, Junior and Super Kotex  
—can you meet each day's exact needs!



\*Trade Marks Reg.  
U. S. Patent Office

KOTEX\* SANITARY BELTS are designed to wear with Kotex  
Sanitary Napkins. These narrow-type belts adjust to fit the figure.  
Dainty, secure clasps prevent slipping. Three types: "De Luxe",  
"Wonderform" and "Featherweight" . . . priced for any purse.



# WHAT DO YOU WANT TO KNOW?



The Three Marshalls, Peggy, Kay and Jack, have a new style of swing harmony all their own. These youngsters from Alabama are heard regularly over the NBC network.

**M**OTHBALLS for the famous false whiskers of Sherlock Holmes, my dear Watson! That sums up the verdict radio actor Richard Gordon pronounced in a recent newspaper interview when he declared he would never again give his popular radio portrayal of the No. 1 sleuth of fiction.

"I'm typed in producers' minds as 'that fellow who plays Holmes,'" said Gordon.

But, if the radio audience can't have Sherlock, it can have Gordon. This versatile actor is now playing the title role in the Thatcher Colt Mysteries, Tetlow in Follow the Moon, and Mr.

Jerome in Pepper Young's Family. He also appears frequently in Radio Guild productions.

Cheer up, **R. R. Siegler**, and you other Sherlock fans. There is always the possibility that even if Mr. Gordon has abandoned Sherlock, some other fellow may don gumshoes and monocle and bring Holmes out of retirement.

**A. Josephine Gees, Baltimore, Md.**—The Voice of Experience, silent these past months, will be heard again, starting September 27, over forty stations, including WLW, as a transcription program, sponsored by Lydia Pinkham. Five quarter-hours weekly is the present plan.

**Mr. Joseph Carey, Freeland, Pa.**—Rudy Vallee has been married twice. His first wife, who has since remarried, was Leonie Cauchois McCoy.

**Myrtle M. Bennett, Galveston, Tex.**—Vinton Haworth, who captured the radio audience's affections as the original Jack Arnold of Myrt and Marge, is under contract to RKO Pictures. He has made six pictures for this company, "China Passage" and "Riding on Air" the most recent. You can write him care of RKO, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

**C. P. Lunneen, Aurora, Ill.**—The Major Bowes Amateurs are interviewed before the program and the information obtained used by the Major in planning his broadcast, but scripts are not employed during the actual broadcast.

**Mrs. Williams, Malden, Mass.**—Rita Johnson appearing in Columbia Workshop plays as a member of the cast—not as monologist. The Workshop is an experimental theater of the air but is a regular program, not a class for would-be actors. Miss Johnson was on Broadway this past winter in George M. Cohan's play, "Fulton of Oak Falls." The Leland Powers School is a popular training school for the stage, in Boston.

**Janet Leland, New York City**—There's no Conrad Thibault fan club registered with this department, but I'm printing your request in the fan club section in hopes of luring one into the open. If you have been reading your RADIO MIRROR (Continued on page 72)

## Answers to Professor Quiz' Twenty Questions on Page 3

1. Gracie Allen—it's a rivalry, even if it is a friendly one.
2. Two pianos.
3. A juggler.
4. He's bet \$2,000 that his next child, which is on its way, will be a girl.
5. Harriet Foster, formerly his secretary.
6. Any salesman with a good stock of canary-yellow sweaters.
7. His camp, The Lodge, on Lake Kezar, Maine.
8. Frank Black, Francia White, Rosaline Greene, Johnny Green, and Glen Gray.
9. Les Tremayne—leading man of First Nighter.
10. None—they're both Eddie Cantor.
11. Charlie Winner, in his role of Show Boat's Cap'n Henry.
12. "Have You Forgotten?" by Dana Suesse.
13. "Folks."
14. "She's" really a man.
15. His Crossley popularity rating went above Winchell's recently.
16. Because the end of the drama is never put on the air.
17. Rudy Vallee's.
18. Thirteen—it always brings her luck.
19. His mother, Mrs. Evelyn Offield.
20. His wife—she used to be Dorothy Wesley, swimming star.



# In Your Hat—

(Continued from page 23)

in hats?

JOHN: The crownless, or invitation-to-the-boll-weevil hat is definitely *out*. This is coronation year. Crowns are back to stay. Comes the revolution, no hats at all. But right now, crowns are the thing.

VALLEE: You mean the women are going to wear hats with bird's nests and cherries and stuff on top?

JOHN: No, not at all. The hats of tomorrow will still be simple, uncomplicated affairs. But positively air-tight.

VALLEE: Now, here's a point. Hats are paid for by husbands. Don't you consider the husband's point of view?

JOHN: No! A thousand times no.

VALLEE: John, how do you do it? What's your philosophy of hatting?

JOHN: My partner, Frederic Hurst, and I make hats that people will talk about. Our hats are conversation pieces.

VALLEE: Don't you have any rules?

JOHN: One rule. Anything goes—provided it's in good taste.

VALLEE: Yes, that's a very good rule of thumb.

JOHN: That's just what it is, even if the thumb is at the nose sometimes.

VALLEE: I don't believe you take this hat business very seriously.

JOHN: I decided a long time ago that women generally make a very painful procedure out of buying a hat. They worry and consider and fuss. We decided early in the formative years of our shop that when ladies came in to buy hats, we'd not only give them the hat they want, but we'd give them a good time getting it. We have a good time—we talk over what they want—exchange ideas—and accomplish something. But we don't do it in the same manner some people conduct an autopsy.

VALLEE: How about a few really serious pointers for the girls for the fall season?

JOHN: As I said, crowns are featured. Feathers are coming back in high variety. Expose the hair in front, not in back—just the opposite from last year. Draw the material back flat across the forehead, and raise it from the middle of your head. Don't raise it from the front of your nose. A crown high from the back of the head makes a face look younger.

VALLEE: Is there something in particular in colors the gals ought to know?

JOHN: Yes, the new color is furnace red, a color I blended by using wine red with a lot of orange.

VALLEE: Are we going to have to combat veils again this year?

JOHN: More than ever, I'm afraid. Veils will be worn in all lengths, on all hats. They do something for a girl.

VALLEE: Yes, they make her look as if she had a dirty face.

JOHN: Yes—or measles! But they love it.

VALLEE: What about men's hats?

JOHN: Men's hats are like stewed sauerkraut. They should be rehashed and rehashed for twelve months before they are ripe for wearing. I've got one myself—I've worn it for five years.

VALLEE: That's the beauty of a man's hat. A couple of bucks and you're fixed up for a couple of years!

JOHN: You know, Rudy, the way you keep talking about prices is highly suspicious.

VALLEE: I have the welfare of humanity at heart, that's all. I hate to think of the money you people make.

JOHN: In your hat, Rudy, in your hat! Good night, and thanks.

**SUSAN:** Hear that, Matilda? She's been crying ever since the bridge club left.



**MATILDA:** She heard the girls whispering. It would break my heart, too, if anybody said my clothes had tattle-tale gray.

**SUSAN:** But the poor thing works so hard. It's not her fault.



**SUSAN:** It's that lazy soap she uses. It leaves dirt behind. We ought to tell her how we got rid of tattle-tale gray.

**MATILDA:** Sh-h-h! That's why I've been saving this ad about Fels-Naptha Soap. Let's slip it under her door.



**SUSAN:** Wait, Matilda—does that ad say how Fels-Naptha's richer golden soap and lots of naphtha chase out every speck of dirt?

**MATILDA:** Yes indeed, Susan. But keep still—or she'll hear us.



**FEW WEEKS LATER**

**GUEST:** But, Doris, these linens look brand-new! How do you ever get them so white?

**DORIS:** Sh-h-h! Two sly little birdies showed me how to banish tattle-tale gray with Fels-Naptha Soap. I haven't thanked them yet, but, as a bit of a reward, I'm treating them to the movies!

COPR. 1937, FELS & CO.

## BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY" WITH FELS-NAPTHA SOAP



# Disappointing Rough Hands

made  
**Soft, White and  
Young!**

HANDS LOOK OLD when the skin cells lose their special beautifying moisture. But Jergens soon replaces the lost moisture, because it goes into the skin.



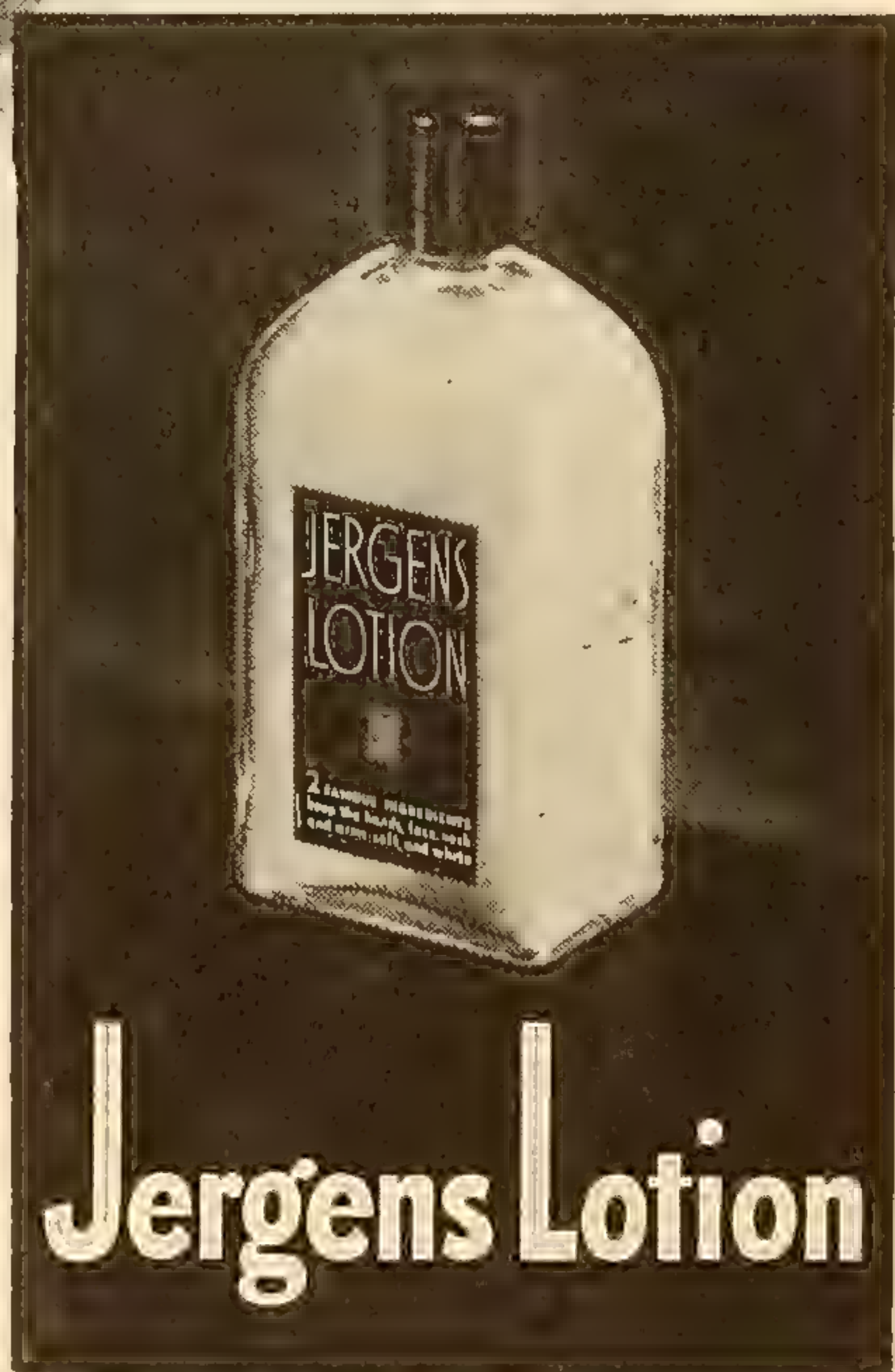
NOW **"WE'RE GOING  
TO BE MARRIED"**

**Y**OUNG, soft hands—romantic hands—have a rich supply of moisture in the skin cells.

Look out! Wind, cold, even ordinary use of water—tend to dry out that moisture. Then your hands are soon like old hands—rough, much coarser!

Jergens Lotion helps prevent this, because it *sinks in*, replaces lost moisture. Of all lotions tested, Jergens goes in the most completely. Even neglected hands soon regain youthful softness! Jergens' two ingredients are used by many doctors to make harsh, rough or chapped skin soft and white. For lovely hands—use Jergens every time you've had your hands in water. Only 50¢, 25¢, 10¢—\$1.00 for the large economy size—at any beauty counter.

• WALTER WINCHELL tells all every Sunday night...NBC Blue Network...Coast-to-Coast



**FREE!** PURSE-SIZE JERGENS!

See for yourself at our expense how Jergens soaks into the skin—soon softens and whitens dry, rough hands.

#### MAIL THIS COUPON

Andrew Jergens Co., 1735 Alfred St., Cincinnati, O.  
(In Canada, Perth, Ontario.)

I'd like to try Jergens Lotion. Please send me—free—my purse-size trial bottle.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

## How Radio Can Help You Win Friends and Influence People

(Continued from page 11)

years of personal contact with the men and women to whom he taught public speaking had convinced him of this, long before an exhaustive survey made by the University of Chicago had established the fact beyond any doubt.

Carnegie isn't a doctor, so he could offer no advice to help in the achievement of the first desire, but he had learned a great deal that was useful in achieving the second.

He himself used to be self-conscious, convinced of his own inferiority, afraid to assert himself in company. A farm boy whose parents were too poor to give him well-cut and good-looking clothes, he had gone to college and found himself unable to fit in with the people he admired because he was too painfully conscious of his personal appearance.

Yet today, entirely through his own efforts, he has become financially well off, an entertaining talker, a man of great poise and assurance. And by teaching you the lessons he has learned in the past forty years, he can revolutionize your life, just as he revolutionized his own—just as he has already revolutionized the lives of thousands who have been his pupils or have read "How to Win Friends and Influence People."

How does he do it? By giving them the courage to be themselves, and to express themselves fully, without hedging or fear! By showing them how to break through timidity and make full use of the gifts they are born with!

**H**E proved to me, that afternoon, that even the things of everyday experience can play their part in helping the individual to express himself.

"Radio is not just a medium of entertainment," he told me. "With its unprecedented variety, it is in itself a complete course in modern education. More than any other modern invention, it can help you to help yourself. But you must know how to use it."

"Look at the radio stars themselves. Why do you think of Bing Crosby or Kate Smith as your friend? Because they are doing something for you—they are giving you pleasure. Naturally, you know they are being paid for doing this, but that is beside the point. Listening to your favorite star, you don't think of how much money he is being paid—you think, instead, of the pleasure he is giving you."

"That's the core of this business of making friends, and the first and greatest lesson radio can teach you. *Do something for others!* There isn't a reason in the world why anybody should be interested in you, unless you first prove that you are interested in others, and the best and surest way to prove this is to do things for other people."

"The more you do for others, the more friends you will have. I don't mean that you must do material things for them. The radio stars don't do that. But you must give them pleasure. If it's a question of the pleasure of other people as opposed to your own, consider others first. They may not realize it, but unconsciously they will be connecting you with their own enjoyment, and they will think of you as a person they like."

"Always remember, that, everyone in the world wants to talk about things that concerns him personally, or, failing that, about things that happen to interest him. And this makes it imperative, if you wish



to have a wide circle of friends, to widen your field of interest, also so that no matter what subject a new acquaintance is interested in you will stand a reasonably good chance of being equipped to converse with him on that subject.

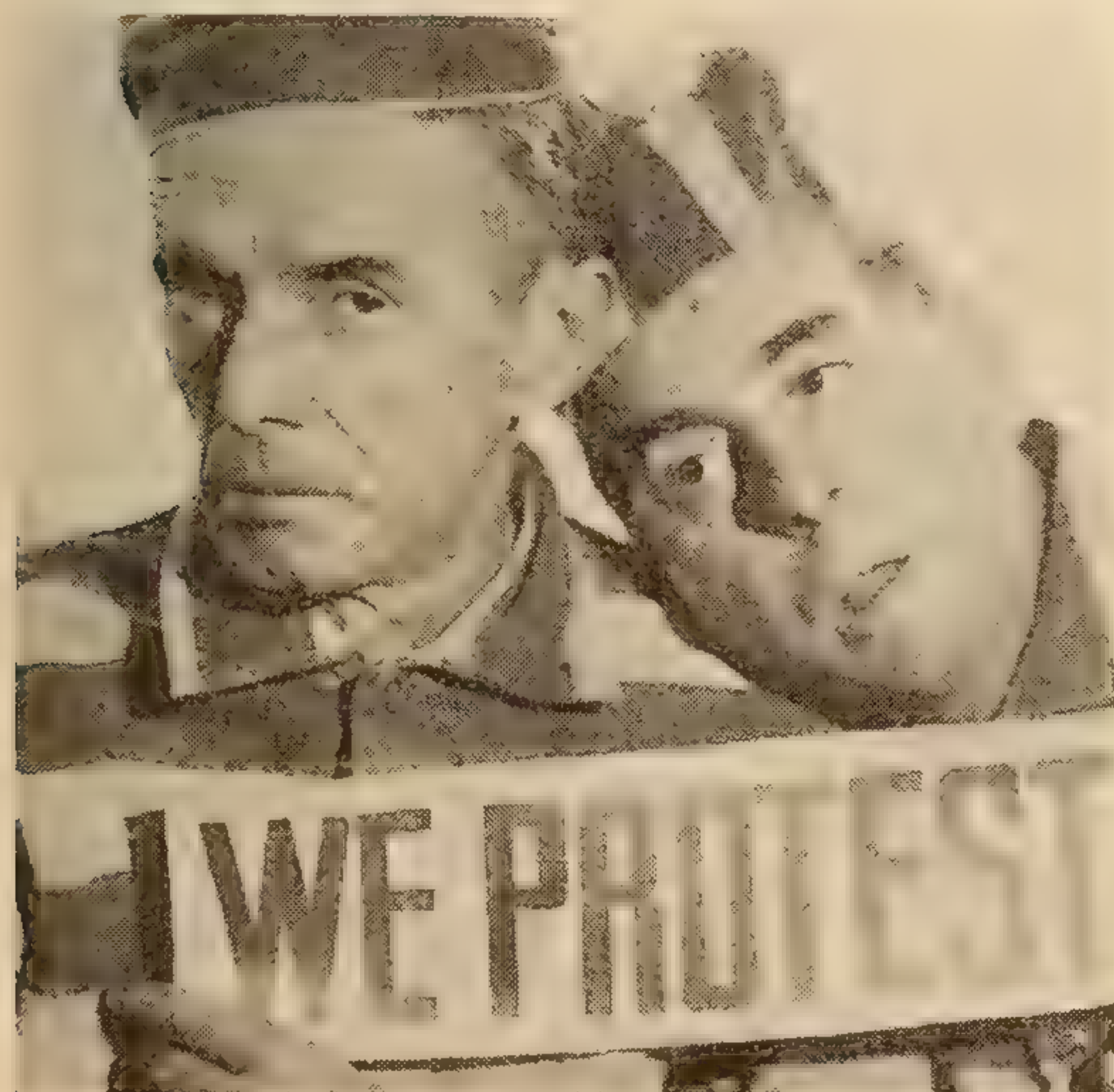
"Radio stands ready to help the busy person do this. Perhaps you haven't time to read all of your newspaper every day, plus a good current-events magazine every week, but you surely can find time to listen to two fifteen-minute broadcasts of news and comment. In addition, whenever you have half an hour to spare, there is practically certain to be some excellent educational program on the air—the University of Chicago Round Table Discussion, America's Town Meeting of the Air, the Magic of Speech programs, the March of Time, Dr. Walter Damosch's music appreciation hours, the American School of the Air—the list is long enough to fit any time of any day in the week.

**T**OO many people don't really listen to the radio, as they would to a teacher who was actually present in the flesh. You must make a conscious effort to assimilate and remember what you hear. For instance, suppose you are listening to Lowell Thomas talk on the Sino-Japanese situation. Concisely and briefly, he gives you the picture of the latest developments in the Far East. Now, if you are a business man, try to remember the substance of Thomas' words until the next day, and then discuss the subject at lunch with a friend. If you are a housewife, remember it until you meet a friend the next afternoon. Or discuss it with another member of the family.

"At first, no doubt, your attempts to re-create the gist of what you have heard will not be successful, but persevere and you will find your ideas coming more easily, becoming colored with your own opinions, and altogether you will begin to lose the conscious effort you put into your radio listening at first.

"But—there's a warning here, too. Don't practice this method of broadening your interests with people who are not already your intimate friends. Remember that the average person is interested only in what concerns him personally, and your first fumbling attempts at reforming what you have heard will only bore him. A friend, however, is interested in you for your own sake, and will be as interested as you are.

"Perhaps you can listen to certain programs, like the March of Time and America's Town Meeting of the Air, together with a few friends, and then talk about what you have heard afterward. If you can get a good argument, so much



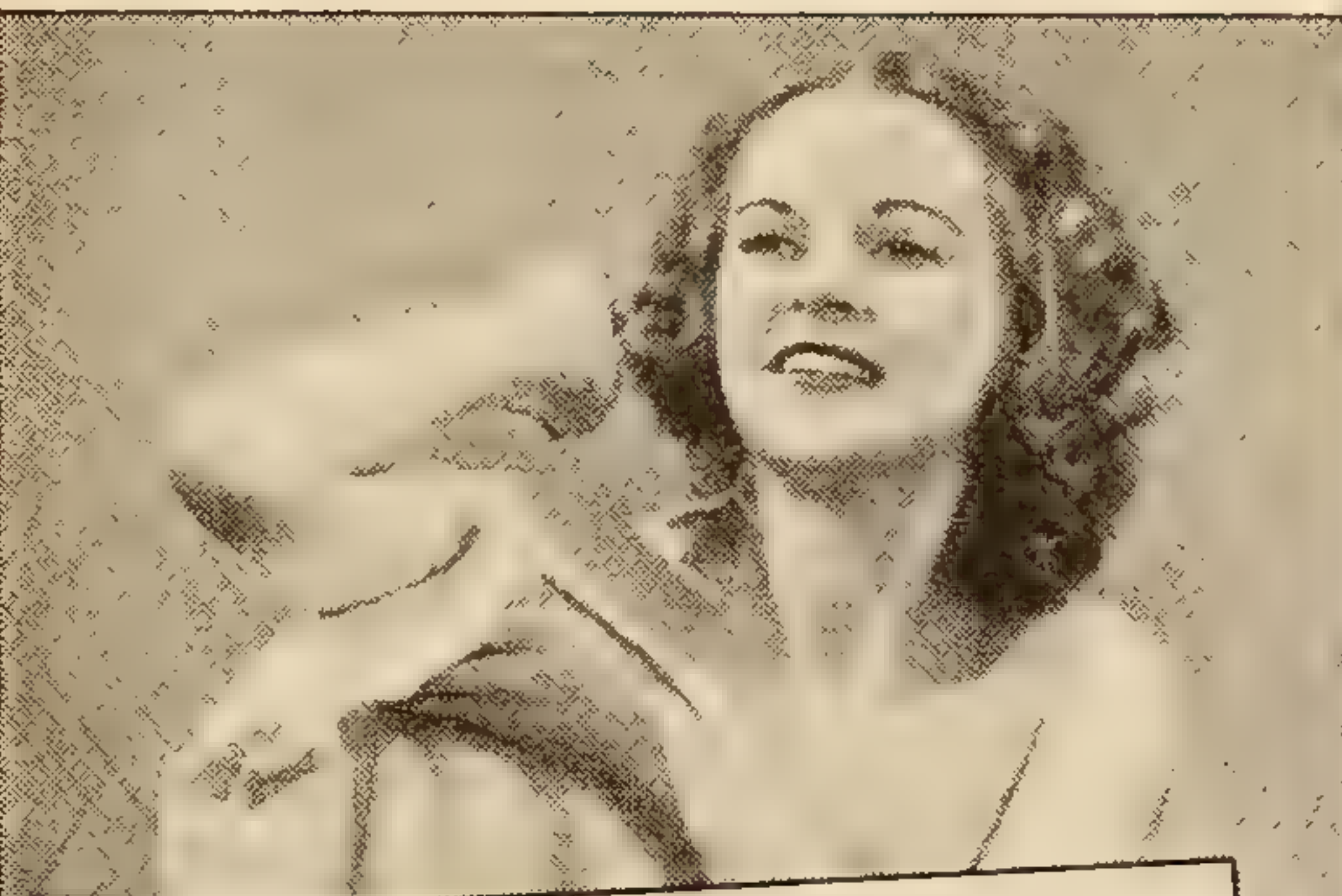
Those perpetual arguers, Tom Howard and George Shelton, supply the comedy for the NBC Sunday Night Party.

# Lady in danger..

## OF LOSING HER MAN!



Isn't it a shame she doesn't know  
this lovelier way to avoid offending?



**BEFORE EVERY DATE**, wise girls bathe with Cashmere Bouquet. For this deep-cleansing, perfumed soap not only keeps you sweet and clean, but also alluringly fragrant. No need to worry about body odor, when you bathe with Cashmere Bouquet.



**YOU FEEL MORE GLAMOROUS** when you guard your daintiness this lovelier way. Long after your bath, Cashmere Bouquet's flower-like perfume still clings lightly to your skin—keeping you so completely safe from any fear of offending!



**SO ALLURING TO MEN**—Cashmere Bouquet's lingering fragrance! But remember that only a rare perfume like Cashmere Bouquet's has that special *lingering* quality. Only Cashmere Bouquet Soap brings you the lovelier way to avoid offending!



**NOW ONLY 10¢**  
at all drug, department,  
and ten-cent stores

**MARVELOUS FOR  
COMPLEXIONS, TOO!**

This pure, creamy-white soap has such a gentle, caressing lather. Yet it removes every trace of dirt and cosmetics—keeps your skin alluringly smooth, radiantly clear!

**TO KEEP FRAGRANTLY DAINTY—BATHE WITH PERFUMED  
CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP**



THE NEW YORK SUN

# FOODS HIGHEST IN SIX YEARS

Survey Shows Has

BUT WHAT A HELP TO GET A DELICIOUS NOURISHING DISH LIKE THIS—FOR LESS THAN 3¢ A PORTION!

HERE'S a great way to beat these rising food costs! Have delicious Franco-American Spaghetti several times a week. Serve it as a main dish for lunch or Sunday supper, or as a side dish for dinner. It's marvelous to make left-overs go further—it turns them into nourishing, attractive, money-saving dishes.

But be sure you get Franco-American. This is no ordinary ready-cooked spaghetti! Just wait till you taste that appetizing cheese-and-tomato sauce, made with eleven different savory ingredients. Your family will never get tired of Franco-American. It's a great work-saver, too! You just heat and serve—it's on the table in a jiffy. A can holding from three to four portions is usually no more than 10¢—that's less than 3¢ a portion.

Free recipe book gives 30 different appetizing ways to serve delicious Franco-American that will save you time and money. Send for it now.

## Franco-American SPAGHETTI

Made by the Makers of Campbell's Soups

MAY I SEND YOU OUR FREE RECIPE BOOK? SEND THE COUPON, PLEASE!



THE FRANCO-AMERICAN FOOD COMPANY, Dept. 411, Camden, New Jersey. Please send me your free recipe book: "30 Tempting Spaghetti Meals."

Name (print) \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

the better. There's nothing like a little anger and excitement to loosen a man's tongue and make him able to express himself forcefully.

"Another thing you should watch as you listen to these programs, particularly the current events talks, is the pronunciation of proper names, like Chiang Kai-shek, or Stalin. For some reason, incorrect pronunciation, even more than poor grammar, stamps its user as an uneducated person. The leading commentators go to great pains to get the correct pronunciation of these names, and it will help you to fix the sound of them in your mind, just as you fix the other facts you hear.

"Remember, there's no educational program out of which you can't get something potentially useful to you. Maybe you know nothing about gardens, for instance, and care less—but on the other hand, perhaps your boss' wife is a garden enthusiast, so a few minutes spent listening to the CBS program called Your Garden and Mine may possibly pay for themselves many times over.

THEN there are the many programs of good music, and the talks about music which are given during the intermissions. You may find that great music bores you at first," Carnegie smiled, and added, "I confess it did me. But if you listen to it often enough, you will find eventually that you have stored up an understanding of it which will make music a positive joy.

"All the time, as you listen to educational and musical programs, you are broadening your mental outlook, cultivating your own inborn capacity to be an interesting and distinctive person. Your knowledge of the facts of current history is enabling you to form your own opinions, and to state them with the conviction and assurance that knowledge brings with it."

"How about that matter of opinions?" I asked him. "Without meaning to, I often find myself taking as the truth the opinions different commentators express over the air, without bothering to examine them. How can one avoid that?"

"To begin with," Carnegie replied, "you must distinguish between facts and opinions. When a commentator tells you that such-and-such a number of Chinese were killed in Shanghai, that a warship was blown up, that some other specific thing has happened, that's a fact, and can be taken without examination. But if that same commentator goes on to infer certain opinions from those facts—if he should say, for instance, that the United States ought to intervene in the Sino-Japanese situation—that's an opinion, and you should bring all the other facts in your possession to bear upon the problem before you agree or disagree with him."

Even the popular programs, designed purely for entertainment, have their lesson for the person who wishes to live a fuller, more satisfactory life.

"Let the popular entertainers serve as inspirations to you," he told me. "More and more, I'm afraid that modern people are depending upon outside sources for their pleasure, instead of finding it in themselves—so don't be satisfied with listening to a dance band on the air, but let it inspire your interest in a certain instrument, so that you want to learn to play that instrument yourself. Then, as you study the piano, or the saxophone, listen to your favorite performers and try to learn from them. And then you and the radio will be working in partnership to make you a more distinctive person. You may not learn to play well—it doesn't matter. You will be creating your own pleasure, and adding to your own capacities—and thereby becoming more interesting to others as well as to yourself.

"The radio commentators can teach you how to speak in public, too—provided you know something about the art to begin with. You must have the primary knowledge first. George Gershwin, a composer, could listen to a great symphony and learn things that would help him to write better music—but I could listen to music for a year, and still I wouldn't be able to write a simple song.

"It's the same in public speaking. If you've already learned a little about how to express your ideas in public, either from lessons or from actually doing it, which is much better, you will have the knowledge that enables you to look past the speaker's words and discover how he is obtaining his effects.

"Boake Carter can show you how to express your ideas forcefully and dramatically, Edwin C. Hill how to improve your phrasing and diction, Lowell Thomas how to make every sentence and word count. Dr. Walter Damrosch, of the Music Appreciation broadcasts, and the Rev. Harry Emerson Fosdick have the two most perfect enunciations I have ever heard on the air. All these men, and many others, can help you build upon your previous knowledge of public speaking. But you must co-operate with them by being ready, and thoughtful enough, to profit by the lessons they can give you."

CARNEGIE leaned forward then, and spoke emphatically. "But there's one thing you must remember, always. Don't try to imitate anyone! Don't try to reproduce Edwin C. Hill's or Boake Carter's mannerisms, don't try to tell funny stories like Bob Burns or Jack Benny. Those mannerisms, those tricks of speech that make Burns and Benny funny, belong to the men who use them. They are part of their inborn personalities—the result of their personalities.

"Use the radio to help you liberate the real you. Use it to gain knowledge, and the confidence and freedom that come from knowledge. Above all, be yourself to the fullest extent. Do this, and you will find your radio is helping you to win new friends and influence people!"

In a Future Issue—A new type of feature for everyone who listens to the Pepper Young Family program or who likes a good story. Read PEPPER YOUNG STEPS OUT by Elaine Sterne Carrington, author of these broadcasts, who proves she knows boys and humor



# Beauty Tricks in Your Hand

(Continued from page 52)

a purely physical way. They help you to breathe properly and to take a little more time in choosing the exact word for your meaning. Hands are of no use to you in this connection if you use the arm from the elbow. The first thing a young actress learns is the cardinal rule: *Unpin your arms from the elbows!* As in playing golf, the full movement must be from the shoulder."

**I** WISH that I could give you Peggy's gestures as she talked, for she's the perfect example of the principle she teaches. Throughout our conversation, she was rehearsing for the starring role in a stage play, catching her cues off stage and making quick entrances through doors and down stairways which were as yet only intriguing chalk lines on the bare boards of the theater. Letter-perfect in her role, she'd make her exit and pick up the same idea she had to leave hanging in midair, and during all this rush and excitement, every thought—on or off stage—was clearly and persuasively expressed in both voice and action. But let her tell you herself some fascinating tricks for using your hands.

"You see," she emphasized, "an actress must learn at the very start to do this unobtrusively. Eventually, she should be able to perform a whole play with her hands, so that even the very deaf can understand. And there is nothing about which young people—including actresses—are so self-conscious! This is particularly true of youngsters in their teens, for arms and legs seem to grow much faster than the rest of the body. Her hands then loom on the owner's consciousness like

huge hams which she's anxious to conceal, so she does the worst thing possible—tries to hide them!

"If you find that carrying a handkerchief seems to help, try carrying an *imaginary* handkerchief—gracefully. Even better is the trick taught me by a stage veteran in my early days in the theater. The really graceful fundamental position for your hands is to have the middle and fourth fingers always together. This actor told me that he was trained for this by carrying a match between the knuckles of these fingers close to the palm, practicing all the gestures—appeal, welcome, terror, and so forth, as taught in the Delsarte method—until he could do them naturally without dropping the match. This could well be adapted to everyday life, for nothing makes the hand look more compact and slender, at one and the same time.

**E**VERY girl wants white hands and there's a little trick for this, too. With elbows raised to shoulder height and hands extended above the head, twist your hands rapidly from the wrist—like a shimmy. The whole feeling should be one of relaxation, though done vigorously. This gets the congested blood out of the hands and makes them as white as possible. Try it some time when your hands are tired, or swollen with heat!

"Bright polish makes the hands look whiter, too, and there are so many shades available today that there is one for every taste and costume. Of course, these should be chosen with discretion. I can still see the hands of a girl I passed in the station this morning. She was wearing a slate-

blue nail polish. It's possible that this was very effective with a striking gown the night before, but in the cold light of day it looked as though her hands had mortified.

**T**HIS is also true of unusually long nails, which simply are not practical—and look it. If you want your fingers to look longer, there are so many ways of achieving that effect with your manicure.

"Naturally, I'm assuming that every girl is taking good care of the materials with which she works—conscientiously grooming the hands themselves, as well as learning to handle them gracefully. Such little things as using a hand lotion after every washing and frequently massaging your hands with cream, rubbing them vigorously for several minutes with a washing motion, are essential to beauty. The nails should be buffed regularly, too, so that they have a high polish even before the enamel is put on. This is most important to the circulation, for the health of the nails. And—one more tip—if your nails are splitting and getting brittle, try drinking more tomato juice and milk!"

*Did you get my perfect manicure regimen in a previous issue? It's something you should have as the very beginning of hand beauty. If you'd like a practical manicure chart which is easily and quickly referred to, just send a stamped, self-addressed envelope with your request to Joyce Anderson, RADIO MIRROR, 122 East 42nd Street, New York City.*

## YES, I'M STILL SINGLE



DO YOU LIKE TO BE SINGLE, MISS ELLEN?

TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH, JUDY, I DON'T! I'D LOVE TO HAVE A LITTLE GIRL LIKE YOU!

THEN WHY DON'T YOU DO WHAT MAMA SAID? SHE SAID YOU WOULDN'T STILL BE SINGLE IF YOU ASKED THE DENTIST ABOUT YOUR BREATH

MY BREATH! WHY, JUDY! IS THAT...

RECENT TESTS PROVE THAT 76% OF ALL PEOPLE OVER THE AGE OF 17 HAVE BAD BREATH. AND TESTS ALSO PROVE THAT MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM BECAUSE...

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20¢ LARGE SIZE  
Giant Size, over twice as much, 35¢



# The Wickedest Star in

## Radio

(Continued from page 19)

"No!" I declaimed passionately. "I swear by the stars above that your smile is like a rose wet with the morning dew."

Carole came back with "Then you *do* love me! Oh, Charlie, say that you do! Tell me that you love me!"

This was a "quickie." Whew. "Well what I meant to say was that . . ." I hedged. "That is, you—I mean both of us . . ." But Carole couldn't be stopped.

"Charlie, I fell madly in love with you the first time I heard you talk."

It must have been a wood tick. My neck itched. "My, my, my," I said, looking around to see if help were near, "isn't it nice that we're friends?"

"Friends!" shrieked Carole. "This is real, undying love. You love me, don't you?"

"Ahem, now," I parried. "Let's be sensible about this thing—"

"But you do love me?"

"What I really had in mind was a lemonade," I answered. When things get too warm I always turn the subject to lemonade. Dottie Lamour doesn't like a sour turn in the conversation at all. "I like lemonade, all right," she told me once, "but not with you."

**B**UT Carole couldn't be halted with lemonade or any other kind of aid. "Lemonade!" she moaned. "How can I think of that with you so near and with this passionate, burning love for you?"

Poor girl. "You'll meet someone else," I told her hopefully.

"There can never be another," she said in broken tones. "I must have you, hold you, crush you to me. Without you I shall perish! I shall follow you to the end of the world, and scream out my love for you!"

Really, these Hollywood women. They're so impulsive. My, my, my.

At first I thought Miss Ann Sothern was going to be different. Not that she isn't a blonde too, but for a while it looked as though we could meet on a higher plane.

We talked culture, and I asked her to appear with my streamlined Shakespeare Company.

"When it comes to streamlines, you're not so bad yourself, Babe," I said to Miss Sothern. There's nothing like a deft, well-phrased compliment to break the ice.

I went so far as to offer Miss Sothern the part of *Juliet* opposite my *Romeo*. That was all she needed, alas.

"Bring on the balcony. 'Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo?'" she quoth.

"Are you still looking for me?" I quipped.

"All my life I have been looking for you, my perfect Romeo . . . and at last, I have found thee." We were really getting somewhere now.

"Thou certainly hast, sugar. Wilt thou kiss me?" I suggested.

"I wilt . . . honey-lam," said Ann (lapsing into her Sothern accent.)

"If thou wilt, I wilt. Woo!" said I, suiting the action to the word.

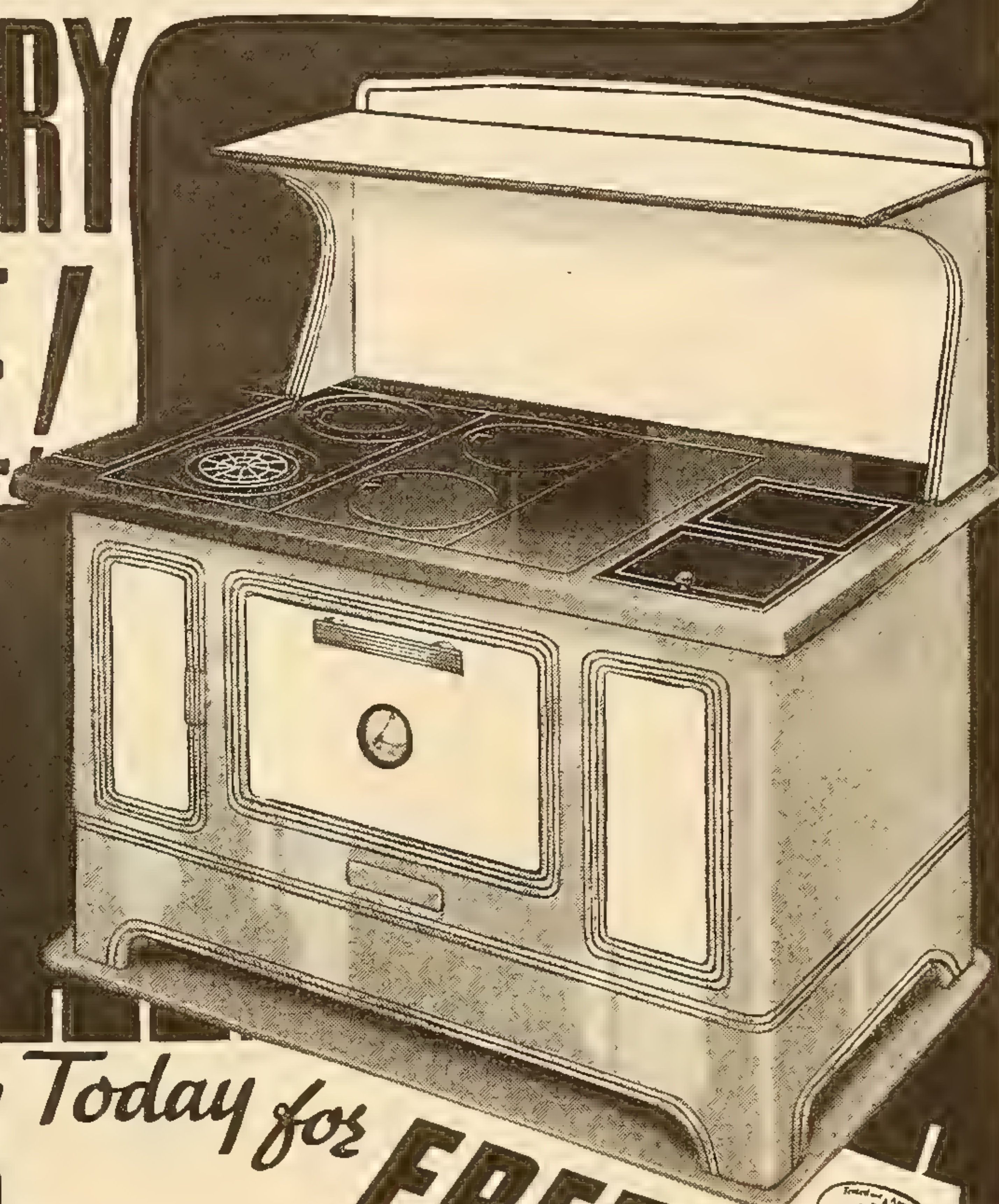
A gleam came into Miss Sothern's blue eyes. "All right, then, it's settled," she said. "I play *Juliet*."

"And I play you!" said I, cinching it. That left Bergen to play solitaire. Hot-chachacha.

The purpose of my streamlined Shakespeare Company was to carry "Hamlet" to every hamlet in America, in trailers. "I'd look cute playing the balcony scene from

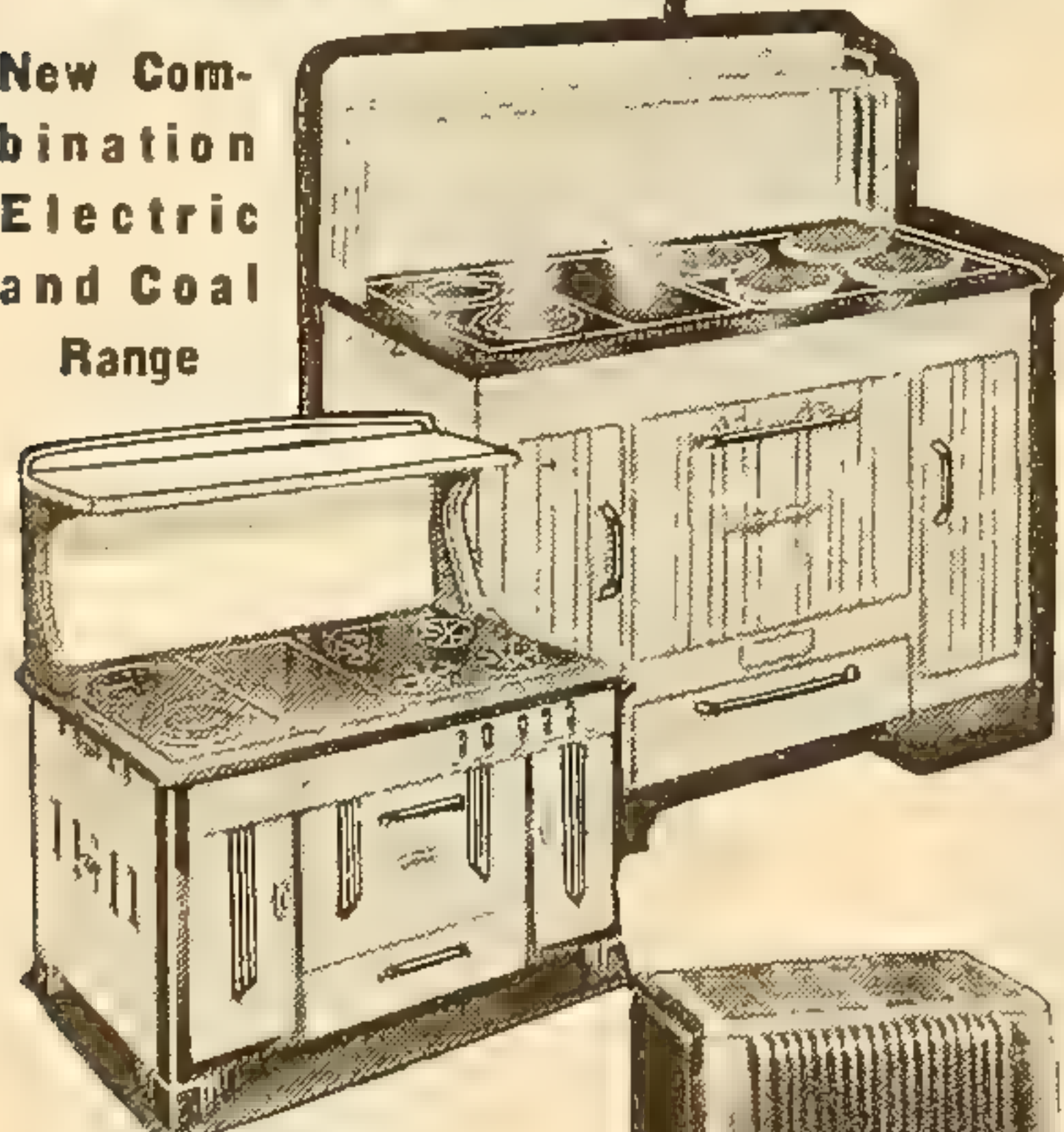
THEY SAID A STOVE LIKE THIS WOULD COST A LOT--BUT IT DIDN'T. I GOT IT AT THE

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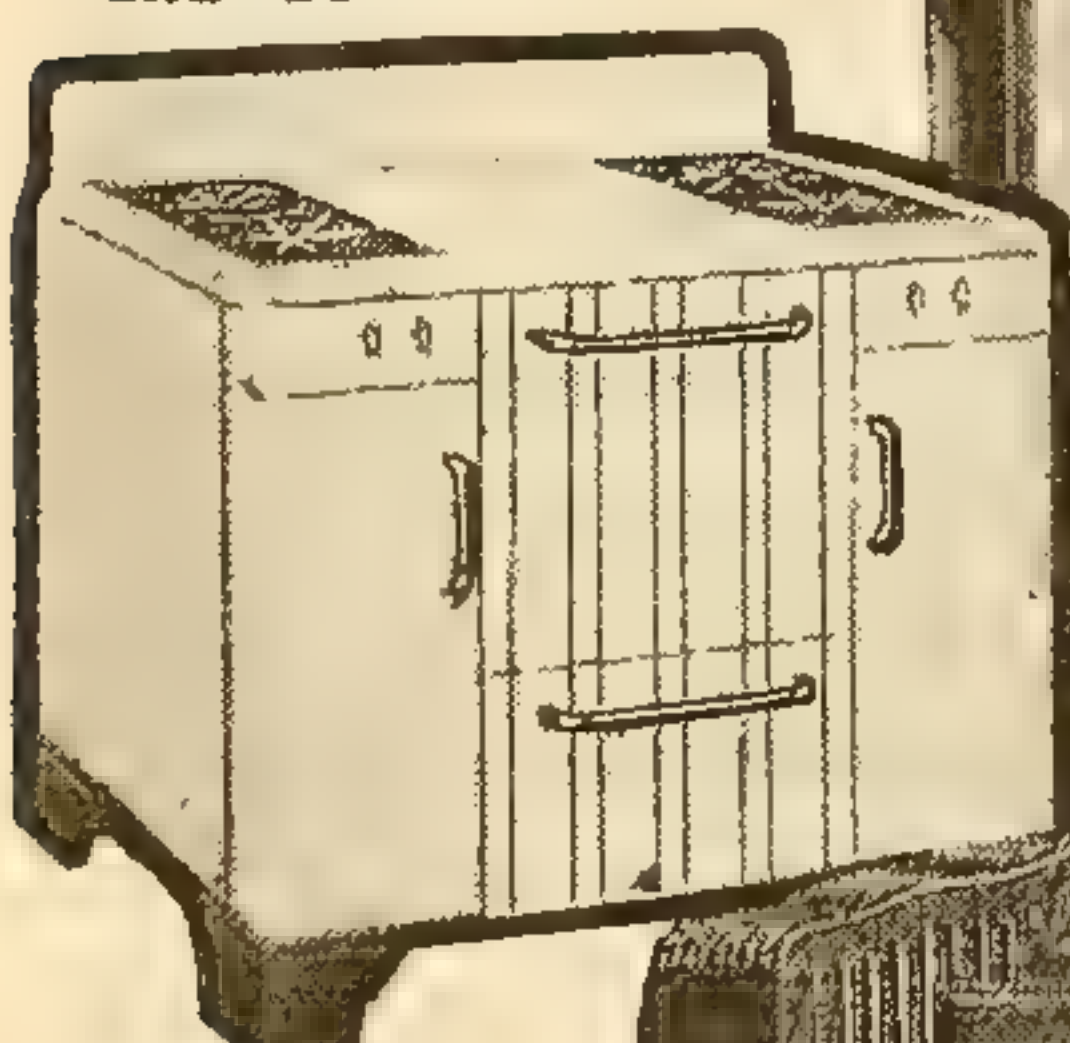


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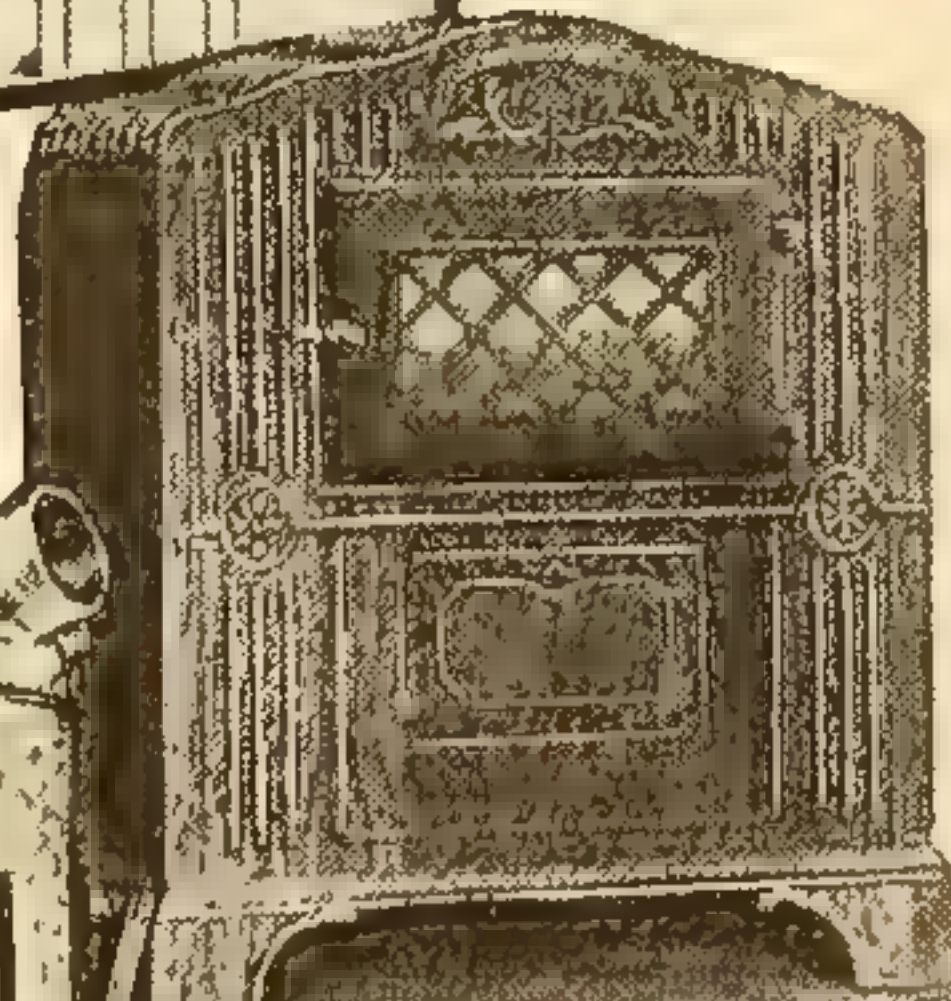
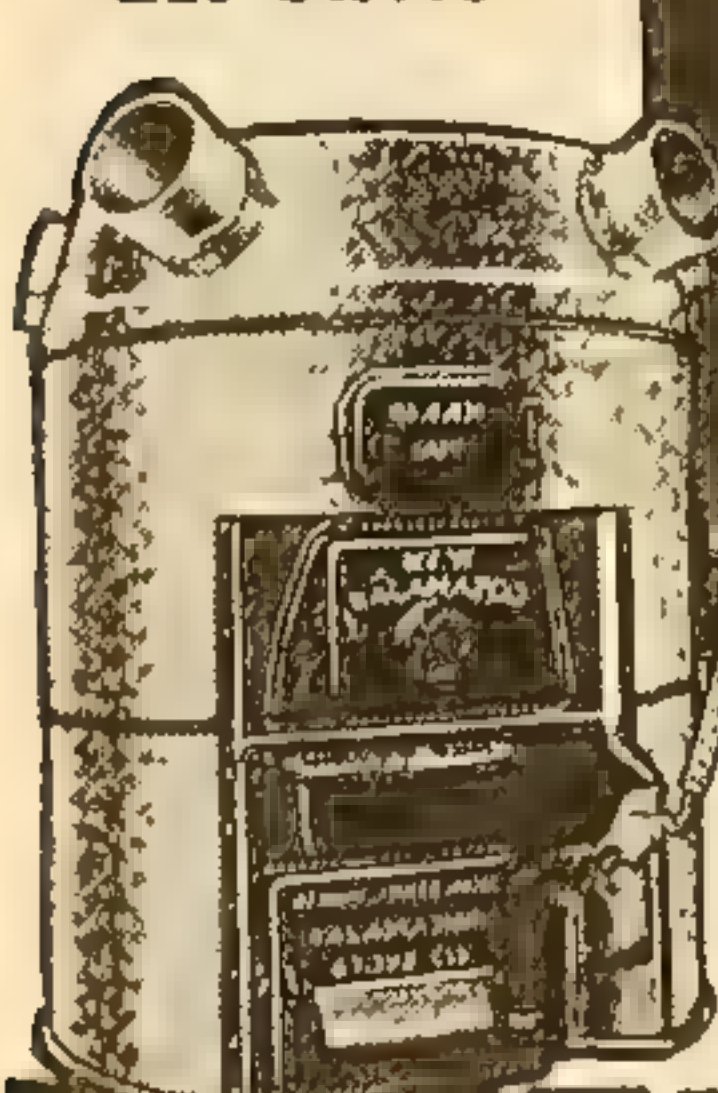
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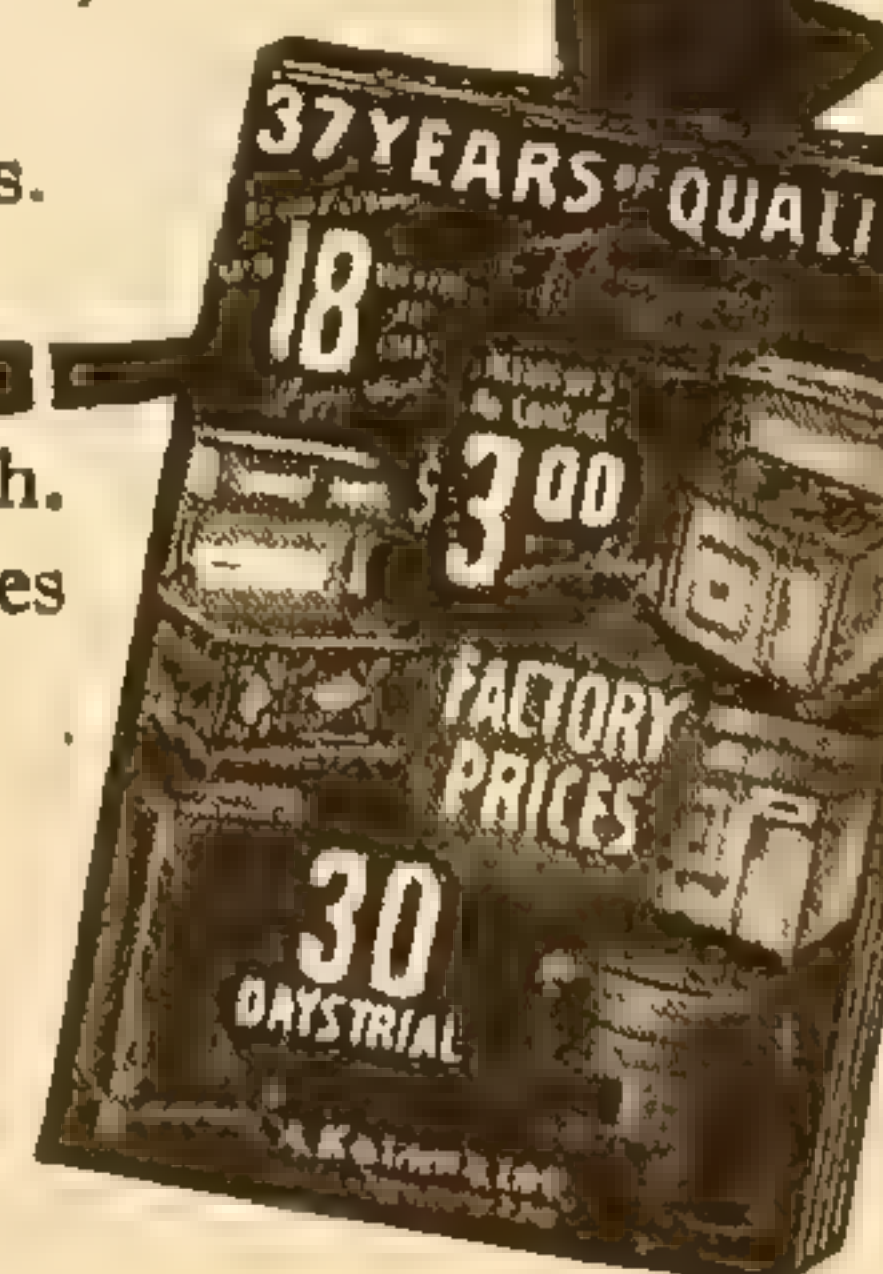
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the back door of a trailer," Ann said.

That girl would look cute anywhere, and I told her so.

"Oh," cried Miss Sothern, clasping her hands. "I love the way you do Shakespeare . . . I love the way you sing . . . I love the way you act . . . I love . . ."

That was a little too thick, with Dottie Lamour also signed up for the Shakespeare Company, and standing right next to me at the moment. And most of the blondes know how I feel about Dottie. About her husband, Herbie Kay, for that matter.

"Oh, a double feature!" cried Ann, looking searchingly at me when I explained about Dottie. "And what does Miss Lamour play?"

"Dorothy plays *Demi-tasse* in 'The Merchant of Venice,'" I told Ann. "We're cutting down the part of *Portia* so that Dottie is playing *Half-Portia*. It's a condensed version—just the cream of the play."

But Ann was not to be soothed. She asked when the company departed. I had to confess. I hadn't the trailer yet.

"Now, if you'd like to contribute \$10,000 toward buying it . . ." I suggested.

"Only \$10,000, *Romeo*?" she asked softly.

"Only \$10,000, *Juliet*," I replied, just as softly.

"Miss Sothern to you—and you dig up the ten thousand dollars!" she hurled at me. But I still respect Ann—Miss Sothern, I mean—even if we can't do business together. She says that I remind her of her childhood, when her Poppa used to spank her with a big stick.

**Z**ASU PITTS is another one of my little friends. Poor Zasu, she says herself that she's "too backward to be forward" and therefore never has any luck in love.

I suppose I might have been a little more helpful about her, but I thought I'd give Bergen a break. He seems lonely when he's not talking through my hat, so I thought a nice wife like Zasu would be just the thing for him. I didn't realize until too late that Miss Pitts has a husband, but she uses her maiden name for professional purposes. I had everything arranged except the date of the wedding.

Bergen, of course, was a little reluctant. "What is this? Wait a minute," he kept saying.

And Zasu stood there twisting her hands helplessly, saying, "Oh my . . . this is so sudden."

"Well, what kind of man do you want if you don't want Bergen?" I asked her.

"Oh," wailed Zasu, "he should be rather . . . sort of . . . kind of . . . in a way . . ."

"That's Bergen," I said with finality. "Miss Pitts, have you ever known real love?"

"In a way . . . You see . . ." she murmured.

"Come clean, Zasu. Don't you believe marriage is a wonderful thing?"

"Indeed I do," she answered. "I think love is just lovely, and so romantic . . . And it's not that I couldn't be very happy with Mr. Bergen, but I don't think my husband would like it!"

I'm through helping Bergen to be a lady's man. If he hasn't the *je ne sais quoi* (I forget how my *la belle* French teacher—she was a nice girl, too, come to think about it—translated that one) that attracts women, I can't be bothered with helping him to develop it.

Not that he isn't the soul of honor, no matter what other bad traits he may have. Why, he just came in and peeked over my shoulder to see what I had written, and he said: "Now, Charlie, you had better tell the truth about Miss Lombard. Why she acted with such abandon when you two first met. You'll be giving every-

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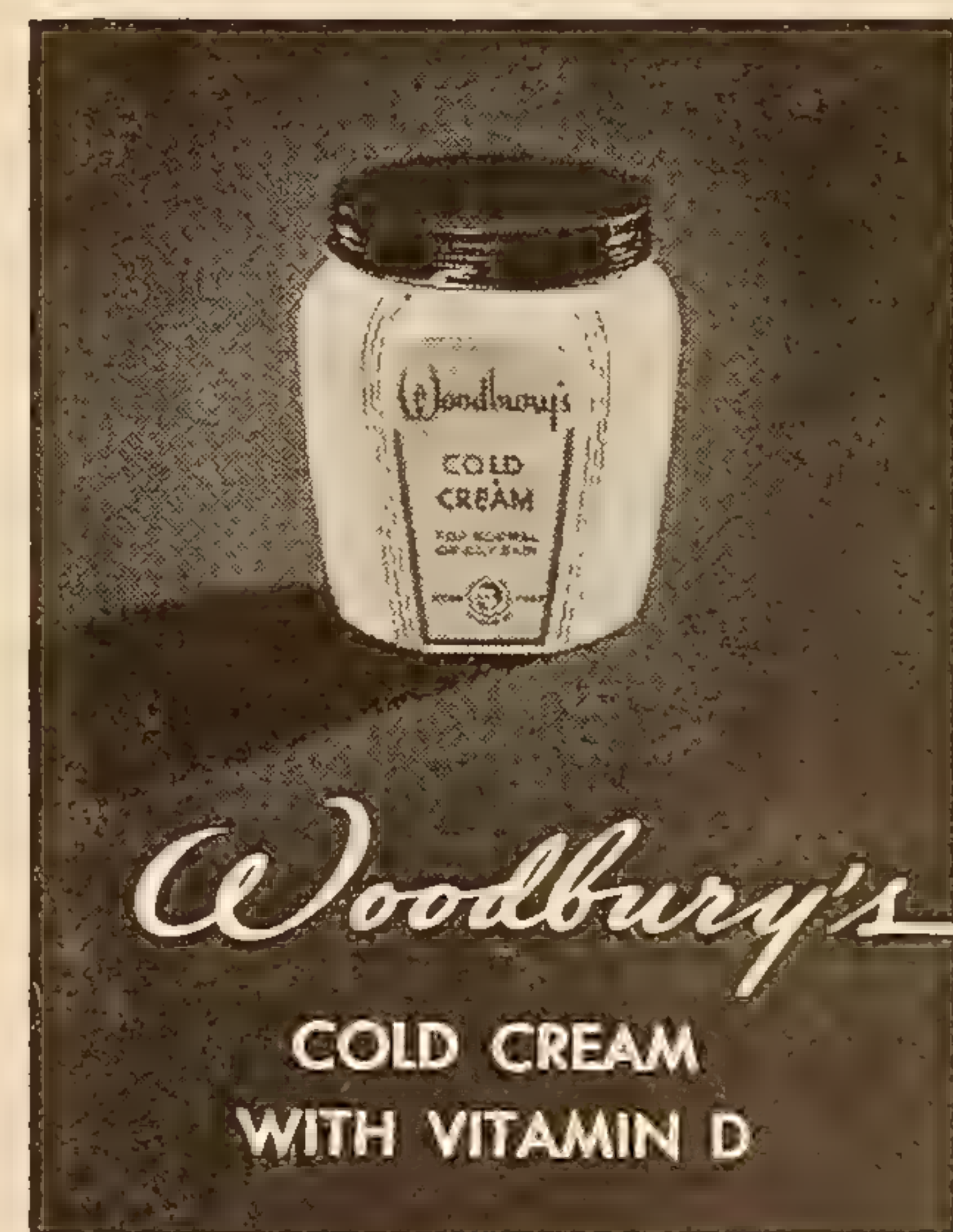
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*Don't think cold weather  
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**T**HE first chilly days of fall and winter should bring this warning to women: *Don't take it for granted, now that summer is past, that you have no further need to worry about perspiration.*

It's true, you may not need to worry about perspiration moisture. Few of us are troubled with an annoying amount of moisture in cold weather. But perspiration odor — that's a different story!

Heavier clothing, tighter sleeves shut air away from the underarms. Tense indoor recreations in overheated rooms are apt to result in unpleasant underarm odor.

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To be sure of protection that lasts all day, use Mum *after* your bath.

Takes just half a minute. Smooth a bit

of Mum under this arm, under that — and you're ready for your dress. No bother of waiting for it to dry and rinsing off.

**Harmless to clothing.** Use Mum any time and don't worry about your clothing. The American Institute of Laundering has awarded Mum its Textile Approval Seal as being harmless to fabrics.

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**Does not prevent natural perspiration.** Mum does just what you want done — prevents disagreeable odor *without* interfering with the perspiration itself.

Make Mum a year 'round habit, *winter and summer*, and you can dismiss all fear of perspiration from your mind! Bristol-Myers Co., 630 Fifth Ave., N. Y.



**USE MUM FOR THIS, TOO.** Mum is a proved friend to women in another way — for its protective deodorant service on sanitary napkins.

**MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION**

body the wrong impression about her."

I suppose I had better, too. Honesty does pay dividends, I know, although I never get a chance to spend any of Bergen's and mine. All I get is put away in a green felt-lined box when Bergen is through with me, and he has all the fun of buying fizz-water.

It was this way about Miss Lombard. When Bergen learned that she was to be a guest on our Sunday evening Chase and Sanborn Hour on NBC, he went (alone, mind you, leaving me home to pine—that's a good one!) to her white Bel-Air palace and asked her how much ribbing she would stand.

He almost got his feet tangled up in that white goat skin rug in her living room, but anyway he escaped with the idea that Miss Lombard was a pretty regular sort of girl with a good sense of humor. So then he sat down and wrote all that dialogue for Carole and me. I still think he gave her all the best lines, but maybe he was just being polite.

**I** HAD an idea before I came to Hollywood that the glamour girls had no humor. Gadzooks, I thought to myself, Bergen is going to have himself a time when he starts kidding those guest artists. Because he won't have me saying pretty nothings to anyone. But so far he hasn't met one star who couldn't take it.

Miss Constance Bennett *asked* to be given a rough going-over—verbally, of course, of course. And she got it. Mister W. C. Fields even told a joke about her blood being used in a transfusion to save a child's life, and the child froze to death. My, oh my. I didn't think Connie would permit that one, but she did.

Connie and I didn't have a chance to get together in that broadcast, but I'm hoping she'll return. I know she likes me because she told me that I looked better every day. Before I had a chance to tell her that I bet she told all the dummies that, Mister Fields interrupted, which was not a very gentlemanly thing to do.

"Why shouldn't he?" he growled. "He's just had a new paint job."

Just as if I were a wagon or a barber pole. Sometimes Mister Fields is a trial to me. But if you look at it from his viewpoint, I may be a wooden cross for him to bear.

But I don't care. No matter what happens, I still have my memories. They keep me busy nights when I am shut up in my little felt-lined box. Ah, shall I ever forget gazing into the blue of Sonja Henie's eyes and asking her, with my heart in my mouth:

"When you fall down, do you always land Sonja side up?"

Ah me, life as well as love is full of ups and downs.

But definitely.

Another TRUE ADVENTURE by Floyd Gibbons will be in the next issue of RADIO MIRROR. You won't miss it if you like real life drama and human interest.



# The Blind Can See; the Deaf Can Hear

(Continued from page 14)

hear nor see.

I think I know how Steve felt. For once I lay five endless days in a hospital bed myself, wondering if I would ever see again. But I could hear. Steve could not.

Then followed a period of which Steve is now rather ashamed. He became morose and mean, making every one who came near him feel that they were directly responsible for his condition.

Finally, one day, some one pressed Steve's hand lightly. He could tell his visitor was a woman. Then she placed a large piece of cardboard in Steve's left hand. Holding the index finger of Steve's right hand she slowly printed on the cardboard in large capital letters:

M-Y N-A-M-E I-S P-L-A-N-T-N-E-R  
"It is hard to explain what those four words meant to me," Steve says. "I had actually had a message transmitted to me! I am not ashamed to confess I cried a little."

Yes sir, after months of darkness and silence Steve understood something that some one tried to tell him.

The woman who sent that first message to Steve's brain was Miss Mary Louise Plantner, a wealthy young woman interested in social work. Day after day she spent countless hours at Steve's bedside patiently tracing letters on cardboard with one of his fingers. Fortunately, they were soon able to improve on this method.

It happened this way: A doctor, using one of his own fingers experimentally printed "HELLO" on Steve's chest. And Steve understood. That gave him an idea, the first he had had since he had been stricken. The very next day he was reading the letters as they were traced on the back of his hand by Miss Plantner.

Then they really went to work. Within three months of intensive study they mastered four grades of Braille. In another month they had the Morse code down pat. Then the combined abbreviation of Braille and the code were used to speed up their "conversation." They became so clever at it that sometimes an entire day went by without their spelling out one single word. There was B for "be", C for "can", D for "do", DD for "doing", X for "how are you?"

Steve was now ready for more advanced work. He was eager to learn to "read" by placing his fingers on the speaker's lips and throat. But he was too old to get into the famous Perkins Institute at Watertown, Mass. However, Miss Plantner arranged to take lessons from some of the instructors during their off hours.

Just at this time Steve's voice turned sour. For a time he could not speak above a whisper. Fear of losing the power of speech gave him the creeps. But Miss Plantner refused to become discouraged. With the help of those Perkins' teachers, a physician and a woman who taught in a school for the deaf, she restored Steve's confidence. And Steve's voice was not long in following.

Three years later Steve and Miss Plantner were in London. They were induced to appear in a neighborhood theater for eleven weeks. Later they moved downtown to the Strand. One night an interview by a reporter for the London Times took place on the stage instead of the regular program. Near the end of the interview, Steve took his hand from the reporter's face for a moment and accidentally touched some queer-shaped metal-

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**39c AND \$1.10**



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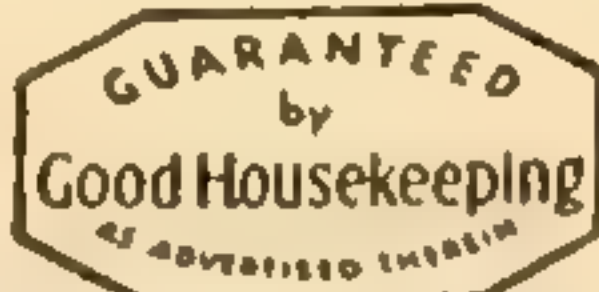
## Buy 15¢ CLOPAYS

AT 5 AND 10c AND NEIGHBORHOOD STORES EVERYWHERE

**Only CLOPAYS Have These Amazing Advantages\***

\*IMAGINE having fresh, lovely-looking shades at every window *all the time*, for a fraction of what it used to cost! Yes, you can! Actually get 10 window shades for the price of one . . . and they *look like costly linen*! Wear 2 years and more. No wonder thousands of women everywhere are switching to 15c CLOPAYS . . . the gorgeous new window shades made of an amazing new cellulose material that looks like costly linen. CLOPAYS won't crack, won't pin-hole, won't fray or curl. Everybody mistakes them for expensive shades . . . yet CLOPAYS cost only 15c . . . in full

6-foot lengths . . . ready to attach to old rollers in a jiffy with CLOPAY's patented gummed strip . . . that needs no tacks or tools . . . Buy beautiful 15c CLOPAYS at 5 and 10c and neighborhood stores everywhere. Your choice of many lovely patterns and plain colors. Ready to attach to roller, only 15c each. Roller and brackets, 15c extra. Write for FREE color samples . . . to CLOPAY CORP., 1290 York Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.



**CLOPAY 15¢**  
WINDOW SHADES

lic object. Within a few minutes he was told it was a microphone and that the entire interview had been broadcast by the British Broadcasting Company. They had been afraid he would become nervous if he had known about it at the beginning.

Well sir, Steve never did have mike fright. He explains it himself by saying it is because he can't see the darn thing.

At the theater performance people wrote questions which were answered by Miss Plantner and Steve. One night some one asked Steve what he would do if his hearing was suddenly restored.

"I would immediately become a thorough nuisance to a most gracious lady," was Steve's answer. "I would seek out Miss Jessica Dragonette and camp on her doorstep until she consented to sing 'Alice Blue Gown' for at least one entire afternoon. For that was the last song I ever heard."

The ensuing tour through Europe and Russia took Steve within half a mile of the location of that outpost in Siberia where all his troubles began.

All the way back home Steve kept thinking about how successful, according to Miss Plantner, had been the radio broadcasts of their programs in London. His voice, she had said, was pleasing. Well, it was the only thing he had left. If it went over on this microphone thing maybe he ought to do something about it.

**W**ELL sir, in Chicago Steve looked up my good old pal Charlie Lyon, the radio announcer. Charlie was interested and friendly. And Steve really did have a voice that clicked. Charlie coached Steve for almost a month on microphone technique, how to govern his voice. And then he got Steve an audition at the Chicago studios of a national network.

Those men who heard the audition did not learn that Steve was blind and deaf until a minute before he began to talk. And they were amazed at the way he put it over. And Steve sat there trembling with weakness, for he had no way of knowing whether he had been good, or otherwise. That is, not until Charlie Lyon went in to tell him.

Today Steve is out in Lincoln, Nebraska, with the Central States Broadcasting Company. But on a certain mid-summer night he stood beside me in a Columbia studio in New York while I broadcast the story of his adventure. And Jessica Dragonette was there, too. And she was there to sing for Steve. For, despite the boast he had made in London, Steve had never had the courage to look up Miss Dragonette. But she knew about him because he did write her a letter. And others had told her about this man with a consuming urge to again hear her sing "Alice Blue Gown". She was there to sing it while this admirer "listened" with his finger tips on her throat.

Well, boys and girls, it was a big moment in my life that night when I took Steve's sensitive right hand and placed the fingers over my lips and throat. You see, I don't think it had ever been done over the air. I said, "Ready, Steve?"

CARTRIGHT: Ready, Floyd, I can hear you.

GIBBONS: Miss Dragonette is standing right here beside you, Steve. Perhaps she would be willing to sing "Alice Blue Gown" again for you.

MISS DRAGONETTE: I'd be very happy to, Floyd.

GIBBONS: May I place his fingers on your throat? I'm sure it won't interfere with your singing. You see, I want Steve to hear the song he heard you sing on that tragic day eleven years ago.

MISS DRAGONETTE: Certainly, Floyd.  
GIBBONS: There.



Steve's fingers were as light as feathers on the fair throat of the great singer. There was wonder, and worship, on his face as Miss Dragonette sang the first few soft notes of her song. And Steve, concentrating his rare sense of touch so as not to miss a single, delicate vibration, looked like a person must look when he sees a beautiful vision. There was something almost ethereal about that expression.

Steve's control of those fingers, whose sense would shame a Jimmy Valentine, was less certain with his voice. It broke a little when he thanked her after the last bar:

"That was beautiful, Miss Dragonette. More beautiful than when I heard you sing it eleven years ago. I can't tell you how much I appreciate your coming here tonight."

"It was a privilege," Miss Dragonette replied. "And for it I want to thank the woman whose efforts made it possible for you to be here tonight and understand."

She was referring, of course, to Mary Louise Plantner, who was listening in half way around the world. For she is now Mrs. George Thornhill, wife of a British engineer, and residing in the industrial city of Kobe, Japan.

I wish all of you could have been with me that night to witness that really moving scene in the studio. In all my years of broadcasting I had never been so touched. I saw Steve Cartright's hands tremble when he touched the white throat of Jessica Dragonette. And when she went into her song the expression on his face was happier than any I had ever seen. There seemed to be a light on it. Muscles in the corner of my jaws began to ache. I wondered how Miss Dragonette had the control to carry on without a break. I couldn't. Jean Paul King stepped in on the last minute of the broadcast, repeating the little talk I had always given before. And well at the end of the broadcast, the phone calls and the wires and the letters came pouring in. It wasn't hard for me to pick Stephen Cartright as the winner of the Grand Award of \$250.00 for the best story of the month on my Colgate program. Good luck, Steve!

A great reporter whose biggest headlines never told stories more thrilling than those he brings to the microphone, Floyd Gibbons next month writes another great True Adventure. For Gibbons' Your True Adventure program, sponsored by Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co., tune in to your nearest Columbia Broadcasting System station every Thursday night at 10:00 p.m. E.S.T.



Rudy Vallee's newest discovery—Tommy Riggs, who talks with two voices, his own and the little girl named Betty Lou.

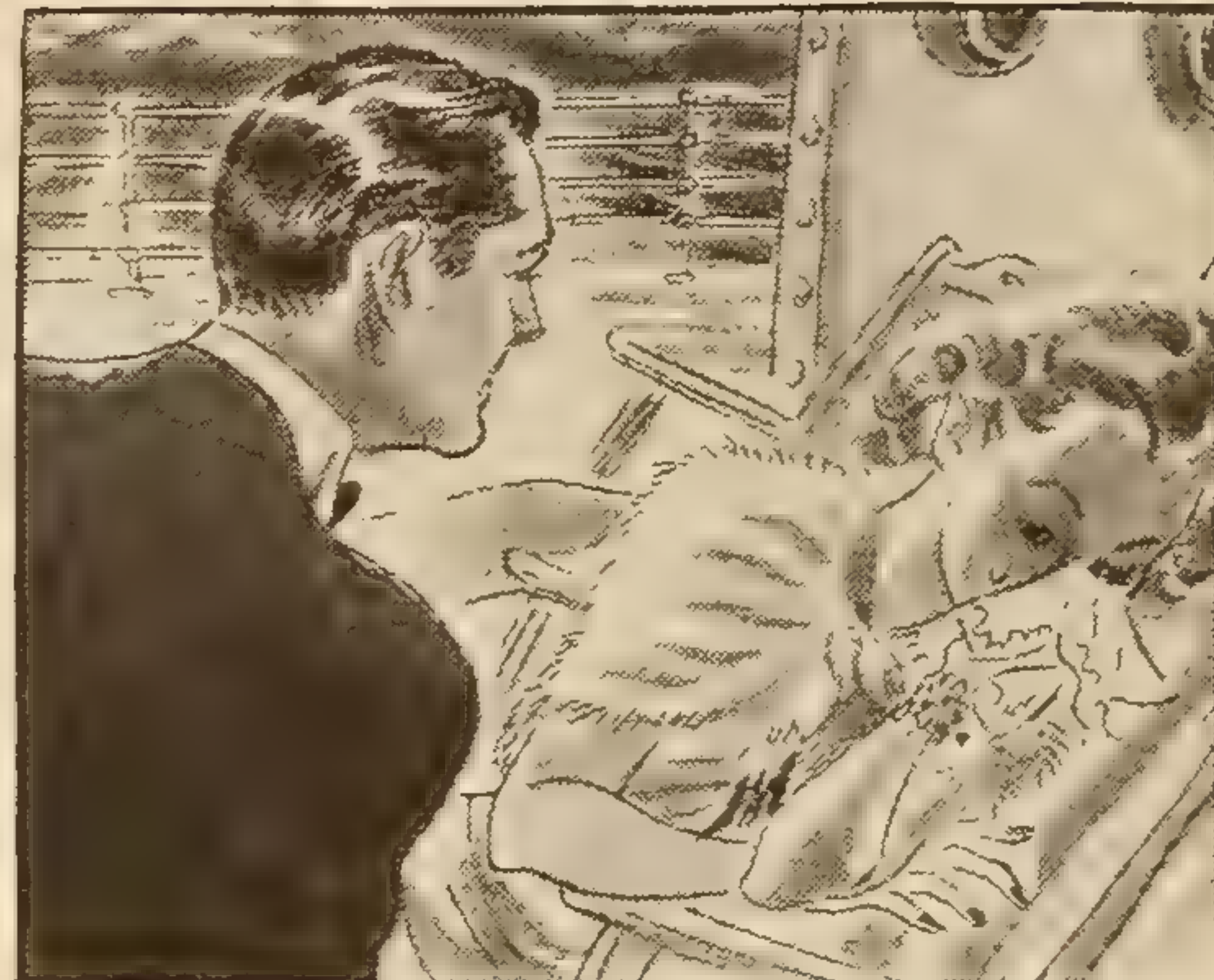
James Dunn, Columbia star now appearing in "Venus Makes Trouble".



# Jimmy Dunn drops a hint



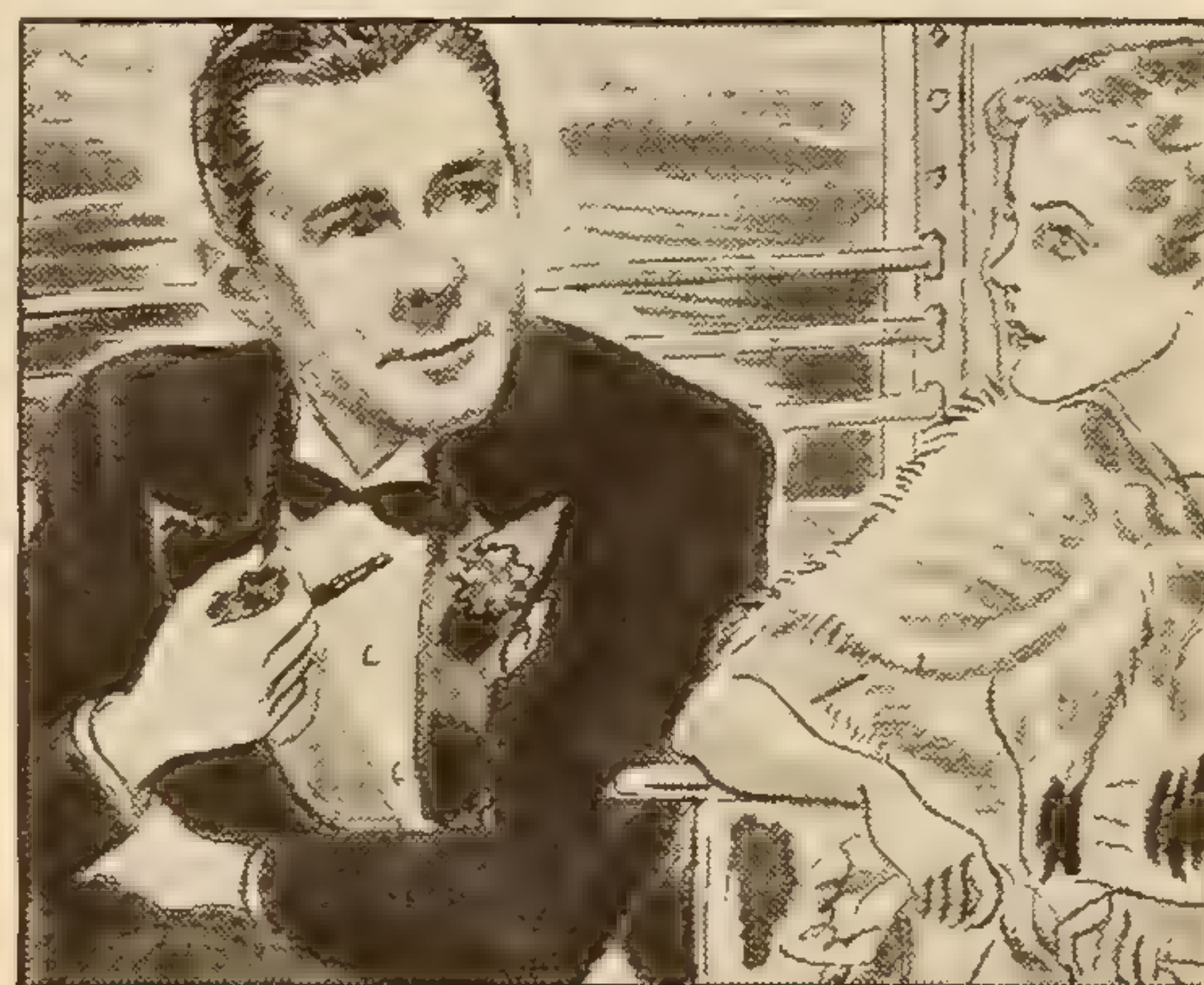
"I MET THEM ON SHIPBOARD—Tom and Sally Roberts, on their honeymoon. They seemed ideally suited . . .



"IMAGINE MY SURPRISE, then, to find Sally alone on deck one night—huddled in a corner crying her heart out . . .



"SHE TOLD ME HER TROUBLES—said Tom seemed to be tiring of her . . . He was always finding fault with her appearance and he didn't even care about kissing her any more . . .



"JUDGING TOM BY OTHER MEN—who are always repelled by dry, rough lips—I dropped a pretty broad hint about the lipstick that I've heard so many girls praising for its Beauty-Cream base . . ."



NOW THAT JIMMY DUNN HAS TOLD ME ABOUT **KISSPROOF LIPSTICK**, MY HONEYMOON WILL NEVER BE OVER! . . . THE **BEAUTY-CREAM BASE** OF KISSPROOF PROTECTS MY LIPS FROM DRYNESS . . . KEEPS THEM ALWAYS SMOOTH AND KISSABLE

Kissproof Lipstick in 5 luscious shades at drug and department stores . . . 50c

Match it with Kissproof rouge, 2 styles—Lip and Cheek (creme) or Compact (dry). Kissproof Powder in 5 flattering shades. Generous trial sizes at all 10c stores.

# Kissproof

Indelible LIPSTICK and ROUGE







## F R E E D

Woman's place was in the home!

Not many years ago, it was unthinkable that women would ever compete with men in business, in sport, in art! The ordeals of her sex made it apparently impossible.

Yet today, woman is freed. Everywhere, in every field, she competes on a basis of strict equality. Her's is a new life.

And the greatest contribution, perhaps, to this new freedom, was one woman's courage in defying tradition. She dared to say that women were not meant to suffer. She dared to claim that no wife or mother must spend one-quarter of her life wracked with pain. She dared to assert that the ordeal of motherhood could be eased.

We know now that Lydia Pinkham was right. And it is doubtful whether, throughout the entire world, any single aid to woman has won more eager gratitude than Lydia Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.\*

We have received more than a million letters blessing Lydia Pinkham

for enabling the writers to go "smiling through" the ordeals of a woman's life.

The bitter aches and pains, the terrific mental and nervous strain that so many women undergo, are often needless. As wife, mother, daughter, you owe it to those about you to test whether Lydia Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will not help you, also, to go "smiling through." Why not get a bottle today from your druggist?

\* For three generations one woman has told another how to go "smiling through" with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It helps Nature tone up the system, thus lessening the discomforts (functional disorders) which must be endured, especially during

### The Three Ordeals of Woman

1. *Passing from girlhood into womanhood.*
2. *Preparing for Motherhood.*
3. *Approaching "Middle Age."*

One woman tells another how to go "Smiling Through" with

*Lydia E. Pinkham's* Vegetable Compound

## Behind the Hollywood Front

(Continued from page 29)

### SLIPS IN THE MIKE

Commentators should be more careful and accurate in their output. The public generally considers these ether talkers as educators, as men who speak whereof they know, and the public is inclined to take their words as gospel. It is therefore important, I think, that the commentator realize his duty to the listener and strive vigorously for accuracy. Here are a few of the less important slips, but they are indicative of a carelessness that should be curbed.

John Nesbit's "... when Hollywood was an apple orchard"—which it never was ... Edwin C. Hill's "... with Custer at Little Big Horn in Wyoming"—which it isn't. Little Big Horn is in Montana. ... John B. Kennedy's reference to the work done by Naturalist Luther Burbank in the California town that bears his name—whereas Luther never saw Burbank, California, in his life.

\* \* \*

Charles Winniger is as tickled as if he'd run a nail in his foot. He just discovered that Frank (Bring 'Em Back Alive) Buck bought ten acres next to the Winniger estate in San Fernando Valley and that Buck is raising pythons on the property. Charlie is seriously considering signing the pledge—just to be on the safe side.

\* \* \*

Benny Goodman is using all his persuasion to get the Camel script writers to give him some speaking lines in his airshow, but they don't think Benny has the air personality to do much talking. And neither do I. A guy who's as good as he is at swing ought to let it go at that and give some of us less talented lads a chance.

\* \* \*

### RAISED EYEBROWS

It's reliably reported to me that Frances Farmer needs a spanking. On several occasions of late she's let nothing whatever stand in the way of a good time—for herself. If she's committed to a broadcast or a personal appearance and gets an invitation to go on a camping trip, say, she tosses away the commitment (if legally she can) and off she goes on the trip—apparently not considering the feelings of those who are left holding the bag. What really big stars are so inconsiderate?

\* \* \*

Don't be a dummy! Get a dummy!

Which is this week's recipe for sensational success. Of course the advice, admonition or suggestion (take your choice) is prompted by the skyrocketing to fame of a precocious bug-eyed lad named Charlie McCarthy, the Comedy King of the Kilocycles. To be sure, Charlie wouldn't amount to much without Edgar Bergen, because Edgar literally puts all those funny sayings into Charlie's mouth and sees to it that Charlie accompanies these wise cracks with many droll expressions. On the other hand, Charlie sees to it that Mr. Bergen drags down better than \$3,500 weekly. So they're even.

And everyone has become dummy-conscious. The movies especially, Bergen and his imp are signed to Universal and Sam Goldwyn contracts, so M-G-M imported a Viennese doll yclept (named, to you) Yorick, and on the screen when



Yorick talks, it'll be Frank Morgan's voice. Paramount is offering Mamie O'Grady, a dancing doll created by Tommy Wonder. Maybe Mamie and Charlie McCarthy will marry, and (as Fields so quaintly suggested) raise a family of clothes-pins.

Anyhow, when one entertainer or one type of entertainment is very successful, plenty of imitations mushroom. So look, this fall, for a radio show with a dummy—not the usual run of comedian but a ventriloquist's dummy—and no end of movies about them.

\* \* \*

Most critics agree that Martha Raye nearly lost her spot on the Al Jolson show because of her nervousness. Be that as it may, the lass with the large oral cavity and the hog-calling voice has become so used to audiences, large and small, that she's developing an amazing personal following. There's nothing like personal appearances to give stage presence to performers. Martha was brought up in the intimacy of night clubs and large groups of people bothered her. Last time I saw her working in a picture on the Paramount lot she was nervous as a cat because even the technical staff was there to see her perform. It's a tip to you and you and you. Whenever you can do so, appear before an audience and strive for ease. It will benefit your daily contacts with all kinds of people.

\* \* \*

Big-time radio producers this fall are tearing their hair for Big Names—and most of them are working on picture assignments. Get famous in radio and the movies'll gobble you up, you lucky thing.

\* \* \*

Lend an ear this fall to Elaine and John Barrymore performing in that clever piece, "The Animal Kingdom." Then bend an eye to the press and see the fun the caption-writers and newsmen have in reporting that stage engagement.

\* \* \*

There's some pretty stiff competition on the airlines for Jeanette MacDonald Raymond. Imagine bucking a program as popular as Jack Benny's. But Jeanette's sponsors figured that everybody doesn't like Benny, and so she'll garner an audience. While she may lose the ear of Gene's mother, who eyed the romance with a glare and who wouldn't even appear at her son's wedding, still Jeanette can count on her husband's rapt attention—and, once in a while, mine.

\* \* \*

Gracie Allen's four-year-old daughter, Sandra, complains because mamma hasn't had time to play with her lately. According to Sandra, Gracie has been busy reading what looks like the telephone directory and what Sandra calls "Gone With the Wind."

\* \* \*

Arthur Godfrey, ex-voice on the Prof. Quiz show, used to peddle cemetery lots. This winter he joins the ranks of the non-actors who find themselves cinematerial. His radio work landed him the picture contract, but how he moved from cemetery plots to radio remains a mystery to me, unless there's some connection with this occupation and the jokes of most of our radio comics.

\* \* \*

Mollie, of Fibber McGee and Molly, plays all the femme roles on the show and

## WORKED WONDERS FOR HER SKIN



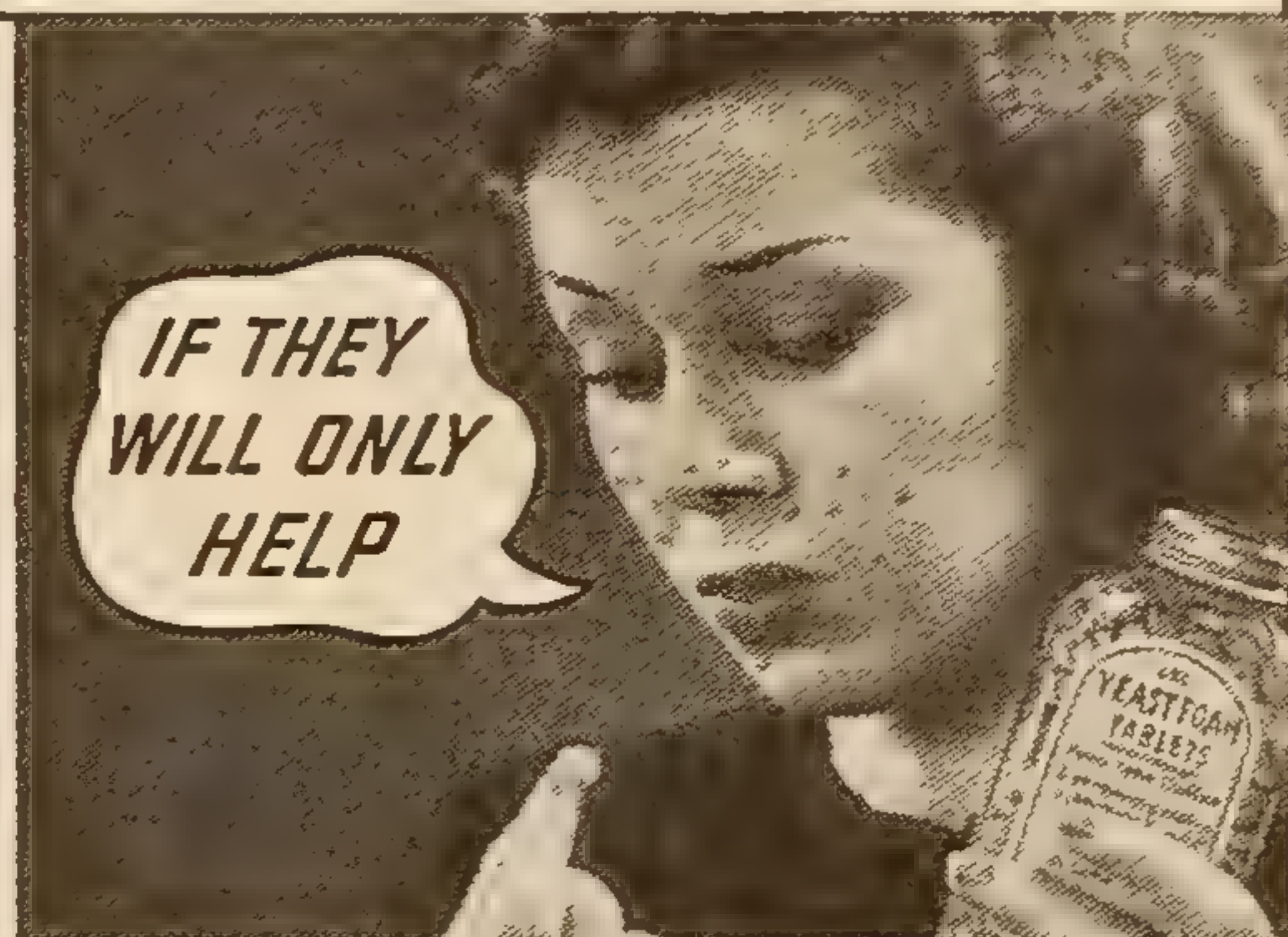
*This advertisement is based on an actual experience reported in an unsolicited letter. Subscribed and sworn to before me.*

*Anna May Dales* NOTARY PUBLIC



WHAT  
ON EARTH  
SHALL I  
DO?

*"My skin was awful. I was ashamed to even look in a mirror"*



IF THEY  
WILL ONLY  
HELP

*"Then I started taking your tablets. I've taken them for a month"*



THEY'VE  
WORKED  
WONDERS

*"I'm not afraid of a mirror now. Yeast Foam Tablets are everything you claim—if not more"*

**NOTE:** The above letter is so typical of many others that it justifies a thorough trial of Yeast Foam Tablets in similar cases of skin or complexion disorders.

**ARE** you missing good times—suffering needless embarrassment—because of a pimply, blemished skin? Then this true story from real life is meant for you! It's an actual experience, not an advertising claim.

It came to us, a simple letter written in pencil—just one of many from grateful girls who have regained their natural beauty with the aid of pleasant-tasting Yeast Foam Tablets.

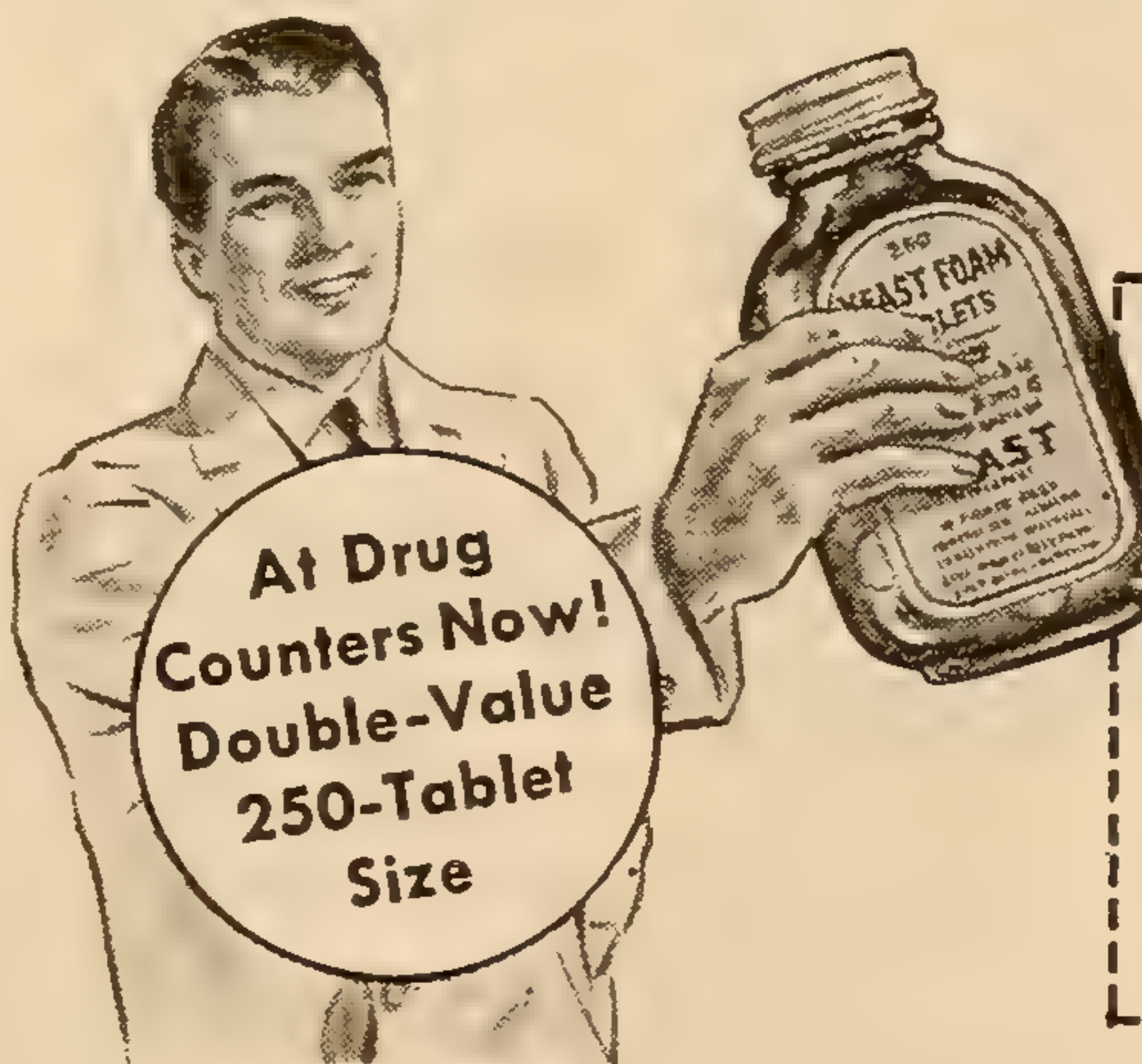
Let Yeast Foam Tablets help rid your system, too, of the poisons which are the real cause of so many unsightly skins. This pasteurized yeast is rich in precious natural elements which often stimulate sluggish

digestive organs—help to restore natural elimination—and thus cleanse the system of beauty-destroying wastes.

You'll look better—and feel better—when Yeast Foam Tablets help you as they have helped thousands of others.

Now, with this new Double-Value size bottle available at drug counters, you can actually get the full value of the 30-day course for *one-half* of the former cost! Remember to ask for the 250-tablet size of Yeast Foam Tablets—and refuse substitutes.

Ask your druggist today for Yeast Foam Tablets—and refuse substitutes.



At Drug  
Counters Now!  
Double-Value  
250-Tablet  
Size

## Free Taste Sample

RG 11-37

NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO.  
1750 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me FREE TASTE SAMPLE of Yeast Foam Tablets. I want to prove for myself that it is pleasant to take yeast in this form.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Canadian readers please send 10c to cover postage and duty.



**FUN TO  
CHEW WITH  
A PURPOSE**

**3 ways to  
mouth health**

**1.**  
ORALGENE is a firmer,  
"chewier" gum. It gives  
your mouth, teeth and gums  
needed exercise.

**2.**  
ORALGENE contains milk  
of magnesia (dehydrated).  
It helps to mouth freshness.

**3.**  
ORALGENE helps keep  
teeth clean—and fresh-look-  
ing throughout the day.  
Chew it after every meal.

**ORALGENE**  
pronounced oral gene (mouth health)  
**A DELICIOUS BEECH-NUT PRODUCT**  
SOLD WHERE BEECH-NUT GUM IS DISPLAYED



copies the "Little Girl," I betcha without  
any change, from her own daughter.

\* \* \*

### NOTES TO ANNOUNCERS

Well-informed people  
Say "gratis" and "status"  
As if these (and "stratus")  
Sounded like "mate us."

There's no 'edge' in 'education'  
Please don't say 'root' for 'rout'  
'Quin-TOO-plets,' 'hi-ber-NAY-ting'  
Make English purists pout.  
There is no 'r' in 'Washington'  
'Ack-lie-MATE' is wrong  
Take no long 'e' on 'effective'  
For these things rate you the gong.

\* \* \*

Tim and Irene have been dishing out  
some very fancy comedy on their guest  
appearances. Better I think than the  
stuff they offered on their own series a  
few months back. When they're good,  
they're very, very good, but when they  
aren't they're pediculous—but aren't all  
comics? This team needs good material—  
when they get it, Burns and Allen better  
keep stepping right along.

\* \* \*

### EXPERIMENTAL STUFF

Dwight Cooke is the lad who produces  
the Chase and Sanborn shows with Charlie  
McCarthy, Edgar Bergen, W. C. Fields,  
Dorothy Lamour, Don Ameche—you go  
on from there. Anyhow, Dwight once  
produced a show called "The Ticklish  
Corpse" in April of 1936. In this plaster,  
the actors were handed cards on which  
the synopsis of the plot was typed and  
the idea was for them to ad lib—to make  
up their speeches as they went along—  
in order to tell the story. I didn't care  
so much for that—feeling that the writ-  
er's job was important to any radio broad-  
cast and that here the actors were ex-  
pected to be writers, in a sense. But it  
was an experiment and it was original.  
Now—Dwight is doing a good job with the  
C & S show but so could you and you—if  
you had the money to buy the talent that  
appears on that show. What I wonder is  
this: Where are Cooke's flights of origi-  
nality and fancy? And is a real artist  
being spoiled by the production of a show  
that needs very little production? Or am  
I getting too worked up about it all?

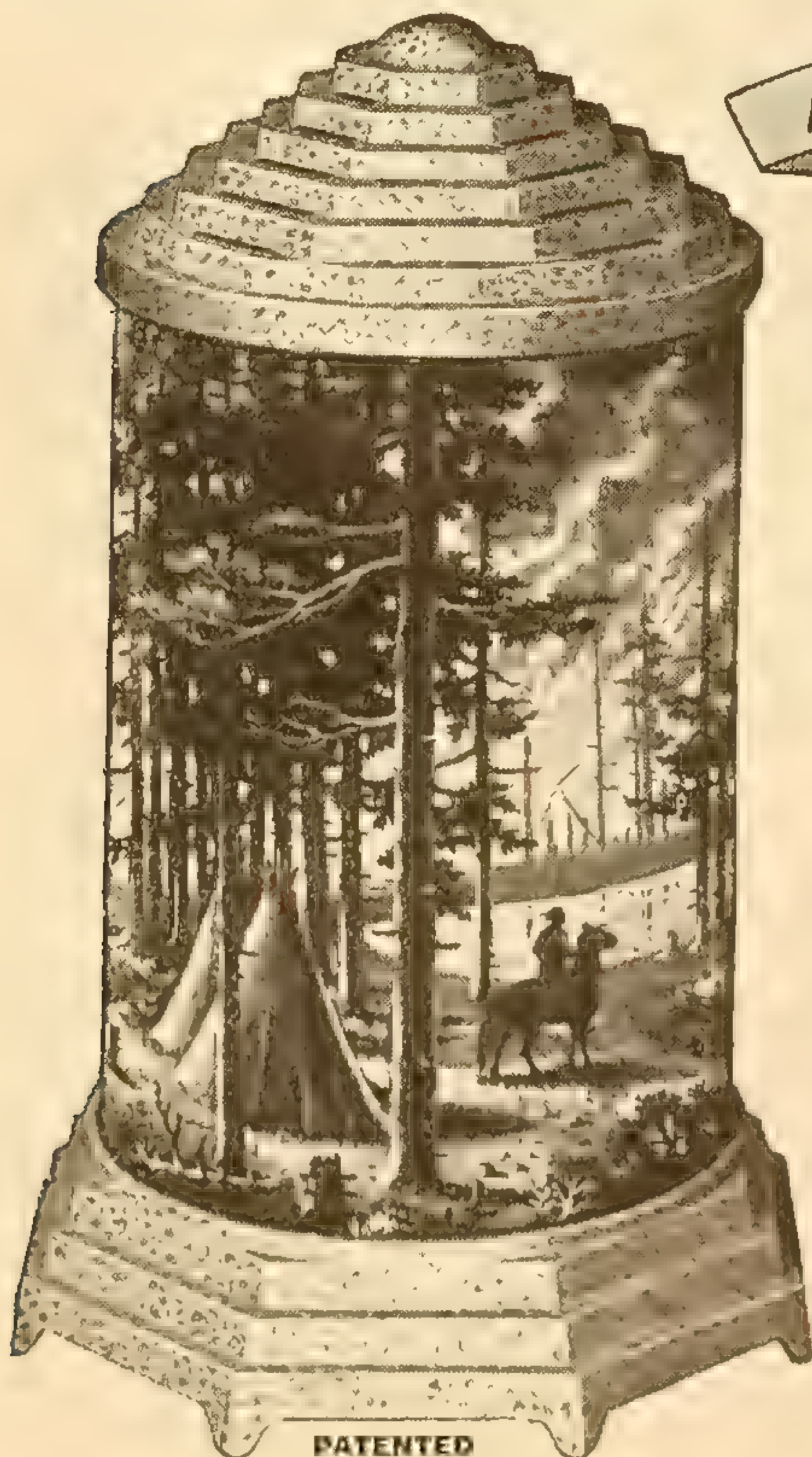
\* \* \*

The radioite I'd like to fight  
Is he who says "heith" for "height."

\* \* \*

### AMATEUR RADIO WRITERS!

The morning hours are still cluttered  
with sappy serials, burdensome sales chat-  
ter and much talk-talk of other descrip-  
tions. But there's little can be done about  
it under the present set-up. Certainly  
you've said to yourself, "I can write a bet-  
ter serial than that plaster." And no doubt  
you can. But try and sell it. Sponsors  
find it nearly impossible to buy the more  
desirable radio time (p. m.) and in pur-  
chasing programs for the morning hours  
they buy solely (with few exceptions) on  
the basis of price and not quality. The  
serials (called "strip shows") are therefore  
simply fillers for the sales messages and  
bring as little as \$3 per episode. Hardly  
profitable typewriter-pounding even for  
tyros. However, if you have patience and



**A GREAT CHRISTMAS GIFT**

## FOREST FIRE RADIO LAMP

Forest fire in full colors seems to really burn.  
Smoke and flames rise through the trees—re-  
flect on the lake. This striking effect is created by an auto-  
matic revolving cylinder inside. Amazes and delights every  
one. A novel and beautiful lamp. Picture is a handsome  
reproduction of oil painting on parchment. Artistic metal  
top and base. Full size. Complete, ready to plug in.

Now Only **\$1.00**

In Canada, \$1.50  
Duty and Postage Paid

Send \$1.00 bill or money order for prompt ship-  
ment, postage paid. PRINT your name and address plainly.  
No lamps shipped C. O. D. or on approval.

### GIFT SPECIAL

Special discount to those who  
order several. Dozen lots, \$10.  
Six, \$5.50. Shipped postpaid to  
you or to separate addresses.

**IGNITION COMPANY**  
20 Tompsett Blvd., Omaha, Nebr.

### NIAGARA FALLS LAMP

Beautiful new picture.  
Falls really seems to  
flow. Price same as  
above.



talent, it's one way of breaking into radio writing.

\* \* \*

Dorothy Lamour, whose looks are far more beautiful than her pipes, never fails to kiss Charlie McCarthy before the broadcast. Sort of good luck, you know. But I never get a break. Before writing this column, do you think I get to kiss Dorothy Lamour? You're right! I don't.

\* \* \*

VIA WIRE—Lily Pons contends that "Only the Birds Sing Free,"—that's why she refused to rehearse in front of Hollywood Bowl fans—and I don't blame her . . . Pinky Tomlin is a confirmed coke drinker, no other stimulants touch his dainty lips, so there . . . Basil Rathbone is in the doghouse with the powers-that-be on Hollywood Hotel. He missed all rehearsals, showed up at the broadcast just a little before air-time, then made frantic lads madder than ever by doing his stint without the slightest mistake . . . Irene Rich owns three homes in Hollywood—and lives in a hotel . . . Raymond Paige has such a weakness for boats and sailing that his bandmen call him "Poop-Deck Pappy", which plays hell with dignity . . . Aside to Mr. J. K. F. Stop writing those amorous letters to Frances Langford. Her sole heart interest is Ken Dolan, her manager. You haven't a chance . . . Of course, you knew that Prof. Quiz looks surprisingly like Teddy Roosevelt . . . Yes, Mr. Phil Harris is wedded, she's Marcia Ralston . . . Joy Hodges feels plenty bad these days. Particularly because Don Reed called at Universal where Joy is working—but he came to tell Barbara Reed how much he liked her—and not (As Joy hoped) to make up with her . . . Alan Christie is about to become a radio producer. Meantime, he gazes lovingly into the orbs of June Travis . . . Lily Pons won't make a picture in Hollywood unless Andre Kostelanetz continues to make his weekly visits. Which means that this grand master of music will soon be flying 40,000 miles from and to New York. Maybe the gossips have told you Eddie Cantor lost twenty-five grand playing cards last week but I'm closer to the truth. Cantor dropped \$100 . . . Old Ironpants (Some folks call him Gen. Hugh Johnson) will be on the air soon and it is only a coincidence, honest injun, that the Gen's sponsor makes headache powders . . . Seeing Frieda Inescort do a radio turn reminded me of the Scotch story in which a Scot and his daughter were on the tenth green at Carnoustie. "Isn't this your birthday, Lassie?" sez the Scot. "It is, Father," replied the gal. So the Scot smiled, picked up his ball and said, "Then I'll give you this hole" . . . Saymore Saymore has two children, nine and twelve, and she won't let 'em listen to mamma on account of she has to play such a dunderheaded femme she doesn't want the kids to lose respect for her . . . Chick Johnson (of Olsen and Johnson) has a seventeen-year-old daughter who has just signed with RKO and who is being coached by Ginger's mother, Mrs. Lela Rogers . . . That string section in Hal Kemp's orchestra was added to help Alice Faye's voice along. She wouldn't need that sort of thing if the sponsor would only let her sing the swing tunes that made her famous . . . Ken Murray and his party couldn't get into the Palomar a few nights ago on account of the gal with him was wearing slacks . . . Ben Alexander has not only been bitten by the love-bug but the darn insect has chewed him up plenty. The girl in the case is blonde Kay Williams. This affair has just blossomed again. They've been engaged, off and on, for five years now.

# JUST TOUCH BUTTON...

## LATEST 18-TUBE MIDWEST TUNES ITSELF BY ELECTRIC MOTOR!

**FACTORY-TO-YOU**  
Only **\$39<sup>95</sup>** LESS TUBES

### NEW LOW BASE PRICE CHASSIS

TODAY'S biggest radio news is **MOTORIZED Tuning**...an exclusive Midwest development! Just touch a button . . . and **FLASH** . . . its corresponding station comes in perfectly tuned . . . at the exact center of resonance. The famous Midwest factory-to-you plan, proven by 18 years of success, is just as exciting. It enables you to buy at wholesale prices—to save up to 50%—to make your radio dollar go twice as far.

### 9 Stations in 3 Seconds!

Zip...Zip...Zip... you can bring in 9 perfectly tuned stations in 3 seconds. All this happens in  $\frac{1}{3}$  second with Midwest Perfected Motorized Tuning! (See above illustrations.) (1-2) You touch button; (3) Electric motor speeds dial towards corresponding station; (4) Colorful Bull's Eye darts across dial; locates itself behind stations and "winks." (5) Dial stops itself at the station's exact center of resonance.

### Brilliant Foreign Reception

The six bands of this magnificent 18-tube set give you brilliant world-wide reception . . . over a range of 12,000 miles and more. You'll be thrilled with its marvelous 6-continent overseas reception. Secures American, Canadian, Police, Amateur, Airplane, Ship broadcasts . . . and finest Foreign programs.

### Enjoy the World's Most Advanced Radio for 30 Days In Your Home. Don't Risk A Penny!

We will send any Midwest radio you desire to your home. You use it 30 days, and compare it with other radios you have owned or heard. You are triply protected with Foreign Reception Guarantee, One-Year Warranty and Money-Back Guarantee.

### 18 Tubes For Price of 10

Why be content with an ordinary 10, 12 or 14-tube set when you can buy an 18-tube Super DeLuxe 88-feature Motorized Midwest direct from factory for the same money.

# MIDWEST

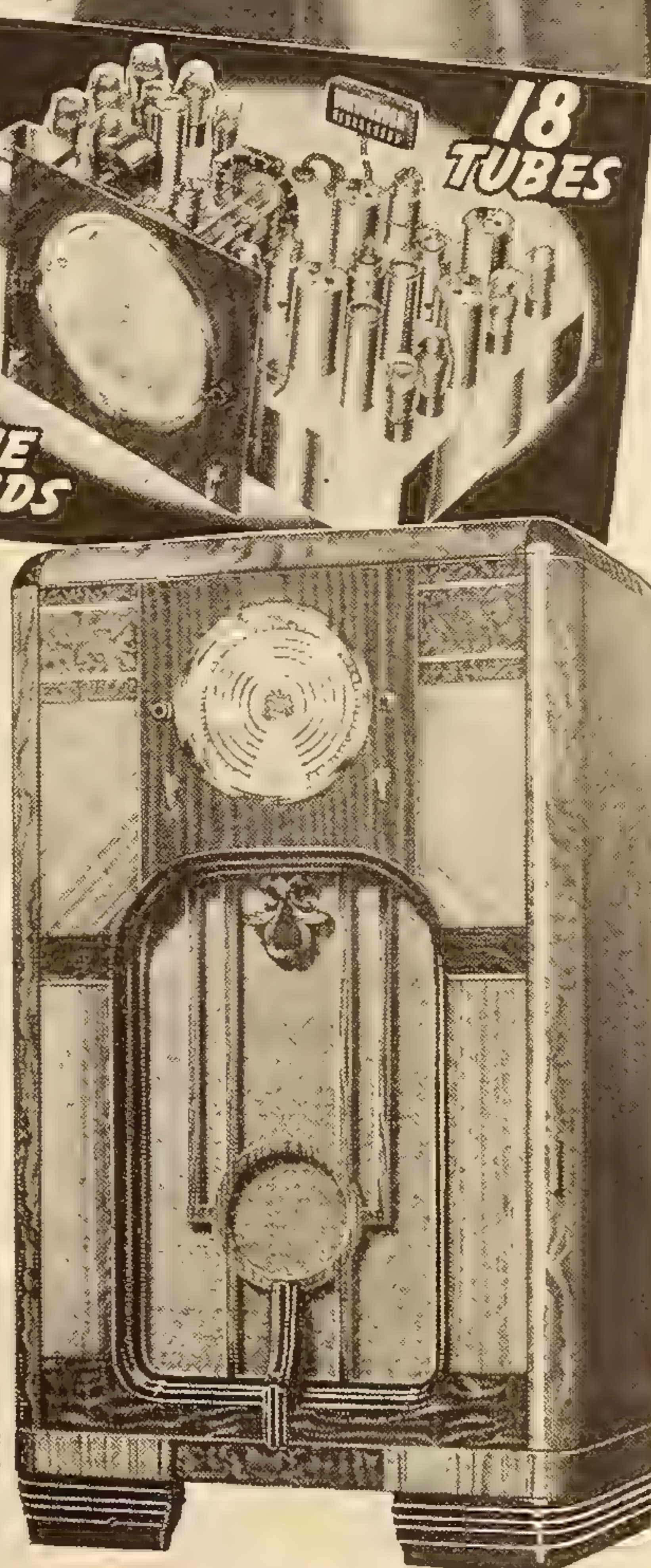
## WORLD-WIDE RADIOS

**MIDWEST RADIO CORPORATION**  
DEPT. FF-51 CINCINNATI, OHIO, U.S.A.

**PASTE COUPON ON 1¢ POSTCARD...OR WRITE TODAY!**

**MIDWEST RADIO CORPORATION**  
Dept. FF-51 Cincinnati, Ohio  
Send me your new FREE catalog and complete details of your liberal 30-day FREE trial offer.  
(Special offer and prices prevail only when dealing direct with factory by mail.)

Name.....  
Address.....  
Town..... State.....  
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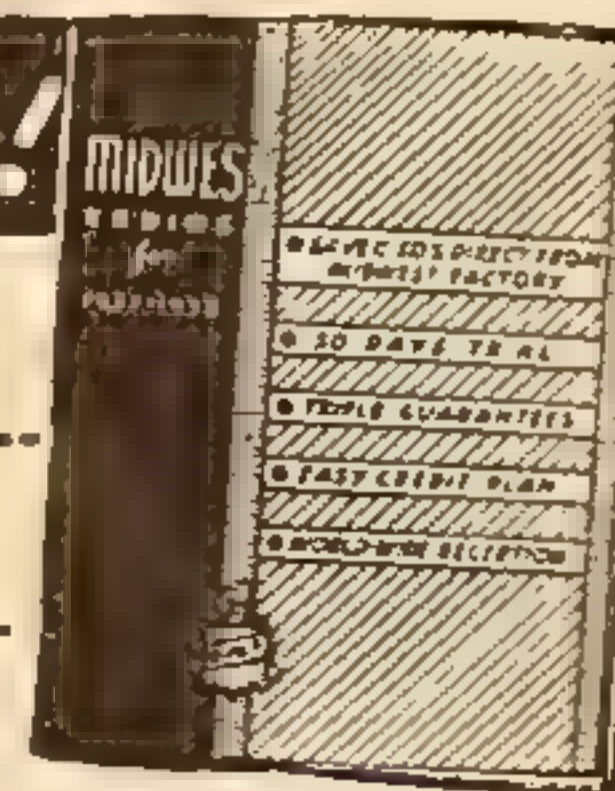


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## What Do You Want to Know?

(Continued from page 56)

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carefully, you read all about Mrs. Conrad Thibault in Jimmie Fidler's column, the September issue. Thibault has taken screen tests, but I can give you no definite plans for him at present.

**Lila Kay Shelby, Uniontown, Pa.**—The two children in Second Husband are portrayed by Janice Gilbert and Jimmy Donnelly, child radio actors.

**N. E. W., Wayne, Michigan**—Eddy Duchin is Eddy Duchin—that's his own name and no manufactured label. He is five feet, eleven inches tall and has black hair, brown eyes. He has two theme songs: "Be My Lover," which was composed by Dreyer and Scholl, and Chopin's Nocturne in E Flat.

**Dolly Kendrick, Crofton, B. C.**—Lester Tremayne has been the Bob of Bob and Betty, and Don Ameche was the Grand Hotel star. Write Columbia Broadcasting System in Chicago for a picture of Betty and Bob and National Broadcasting Company, San Francisco for a photograph of the One Man's Family cast.

**John Barry, Nanticoke, Pa.**—Emrie Ann Lincoln's whereabouts is unknown to me. I am making open confession because I hope one of the other readers may have heard her somewhere and will write to let me know. If one does, the answer will appear in a future issue.

**Miss Sue Fritzges, Baltimore, Md.**—Joan Blaine left the Mary Marlin program to try her luck in New York. And your questions about Martin Gabel are answered elsewhere in the column.

**Elmer Lewis, Nyack, N. Y.**—There were two photographs of Durelle Alexander in the August RADIO MIRROR. Durelle, who was spotlighted at the Waldorf-Astoria this summer, was born in Greenville, Texas. Was a child actress. First engagement was the floor show of the Park Central's Coconut Grove where she was heard by Whiteman's manager. Her seventeenth birthday present was a five-year contract with Whiteman. Ambition—to be a great star of the theater, either dramatic or singing. She is just five feet tall and weighs 98 pounds.

**F. R. Gaines, Winston-Salem, S. C.**—Your Kate starts her new variety show September 30. With her will be Jack Miller and his orchestra, without whose accompaniment she has not performed in eight years. I agree with you about Kate Smith. I spent an afternoon with her once, and after the usual parade of stage-mannered and veneered celebrities, Kate was a delightful surprise. Her warm, deep-throated radio voice had not lied—here was a real person, sincere, generous-mannered, unassuming. I felt I had met a human being instead of the usual press agent's puppet.

### ADDRESSES AND PHOTOGRAPHS

The Oracle hates to scold, but—during the past days I've received several requests for home addresses of radio per-

formers. Now, you must realize that I cannot give you these; it's one of the few "Nos" the stars say to their public. Any letters you have should be addressed your favorites care of the station or network over which you hear them. They will be forwarded promptly.

Letters asking for photographs should be addressed to the performer or to the sponsor, care of the station from which the broadcast comes. And don't become impatient if you fail to receive an immediate response. Bigtime artists are sent thousands of similar letters, and your name may be far down the list.

The name of some favorite star or program is repeated again and again in readers' letters each month. Which gave the Oracle an inspiration—why don't we conduct our own popularity contest? The program or star mentioned most often in letters to this column will be featured in brief review, and all you fans who have sent me questions, will have your answers in one handy paragraph or two for clipping.

And this will be a strictly democratic election—your letters alone will decide each month's candidate for the Oracle's own little hall of fame. This time, it's

### MARTIN GABEL

The Dr. John Wayne of Big Sister was born in Philadelphia, Pa., on June 19, 1911. He studied at Lehigh University because his family wanted him to be a lawyer. But lights of the Great White Way kept beckoning over the horizon, and he left college in 1932 to answer their summons. He studied at the American Academy of Dramatic Art for two years. His stage debut was in "Man Bites Dog" at \$8.00 a week. His radio career was started in 1934 over a local New York station. Besides his role in Big Sister, he now plays in Gang Busters and Aunt Jenny. He is 5 feet 7 inches tall; weighs 170 pounds; has brown hair and blue eyes.

### FAN CLUBS

**Lanny Ross Fans.** Marian McCloy of 919 Roanoke Avenue, Hillside, N. J. has started a new Lanny Ross Fan Club. She is looking for members.

If there is a **Benny Goodman** fan club, will the officers please notify the Oracle? Several fans are interested in a Goodman group.

**Dagny Sailand, St. Paul, Minn.**—Josephine W. Lowry is president of a **Grace Moore** club. Her address is 2200 Harrison Street, Wilmington, Del.

Do **Ted Malone's** admirers have a club? If so, please notify Gladys E. Eminger, 21147 North Street, Cleveland, Ohio. Also, don't forget to let the Oracle know.

The **Casa Loma** Fan Club would like more members, writes Marie Anne Santoro, president, of 378 North Avenue, New Rochelle, N. Y.

## MAKE WAY FOR MELODY

Beginning in the December issue, the intimate recollections of Jeanette MacDonald—the greatest story about her you'll ever read



# The Bigger They Are—

(Continued from page 27)

leaves headquarters, two or three mammoth-lettered banners to be hung in prominent spots.

So the night of the *Hindenburg* crash, when NBC pulled such a nifty at Lakehurst, they couldn't resist spreading their biggest and brightest banner over the telephone booth from which they were broadcasting. CBS took one look at its rival's cozy quarters and the next morning ran to tattle to the New York Telephone Company, with whom all networks have an agreement that they are not to tie up the services of a public booth except in cases of life or death or a national emergency. The telephone company immediately delivered a sizzling call-down to NBC, reminding them that a station in Pennsylvania had its license taken away for a similar offense.

**T**HEN just like any ten-year-old boy who hides behind the woodshed to listen to the nasty brat next door getting a spanking, CBS chortled for days over NBC's reprimand. NBC, in return, accused CBS of a pathetically obvious case of sour grapes.

That gives you a small idea of how far one network will lean over backwards to cause another network grief. It goes without saying that NBC is at this very moment cudgeling its assorted brains to think up a way to get even. And it will!

The networks had locked horns just previous to that when Dick Merrill landed at Roosevelt Field. NBC had the "exclusive" right to bring you Dick's words the minute he landed. Dave Driscoll of WOR and the CBS special events boys tried to get in. There was a grand free-

for-all. Fists flew, and Driscoll and CBS got a bad shoving around.

NBC could have let its rivals have a try at Merrill and in so doing not lost a listener in a million among their own ranks. But no. According to them that was a "prestige broadcast." The expense and trouble attached to it were written off the books as "making NBC a great network."

MBS, the baby network, doesn't often get into the fight. It has much the same attitude as a mamma cat watching two kittens squabble over a fish head she isn't going to let either one of them eat anyway. Take the Merrill landing, for instance. In trying to shove Driscoll of Mutual aside, the NBC-ers pushed the crowd around so much Merrill was jostled closer to the MBS mike than the NBC one, and his first "hello" went over both networks.

NBC, foaming at the mouth, retreated to Radio City to plan their revenge. They got it when a pal tipped them off that Mutual was going to interview aboard ship the German automobile racers en route to this country to compete for the Vanderbilt Cup. NBC sallied down to Quarantine before breakfast, beamed when the startled Mutualites arrived to find the racers already on the air.

**E**XCLUSIVES are usually gotten by the outfit that offer the biggest cash enticement for the privilege of being the only group allowed to air an important event. Of the three nets NBC has the largest budget and frequently outbids its competitors. But CBS and MBS often make up in intelligence what they lack in

cash and manage to get in on the doings anyway. Whenever NBC starts braying about the fact that they've done more special events than CBS, CBS hauls out a batch of recordings made of NBC's special events, holds its collective nose and murmurs quietly, "—but just listen to them!"

So busy are the networks giving each other tit for tat they overlook the fact that the majority of radio listeners would much rather have them spend their vast "exclusive" budgets on entertaining radio shows instead.

**C**BS started the "exclusive" wrangle when they bought the golf and tennis matches for a mere \$35,000. NBC, not to be outdone, cornered all the major prize fights including the Louis-Farr fight for \$55,000, plus the AAU Track Meet in Milwaukee for another tidy sum. Such greediness burned CBS so they promptly sewed up the Kentucky Derby for the next five years. A few days later NBC purchased the Preakness and other racing events.

This went on and on for months and cost both outfits hundreds of thousands. For what? Very few of the aforementioned events are interesting enough to keep on the air all afternoon.

Now an "exclusive" is exclusive only so long as a network can keep its enemies off the premises. The National Open Golf Tournament belonged to CBS but NBC was hanging around in the gallery to see what they could slice. When the tournament—a long affair—was finally over, CBS discovered the winner, Ralph Guldahl, in front of an NBC mike. Tom Manning, of Cleveland's WTAM, had cornered the champ and had him talking coast-to-coast

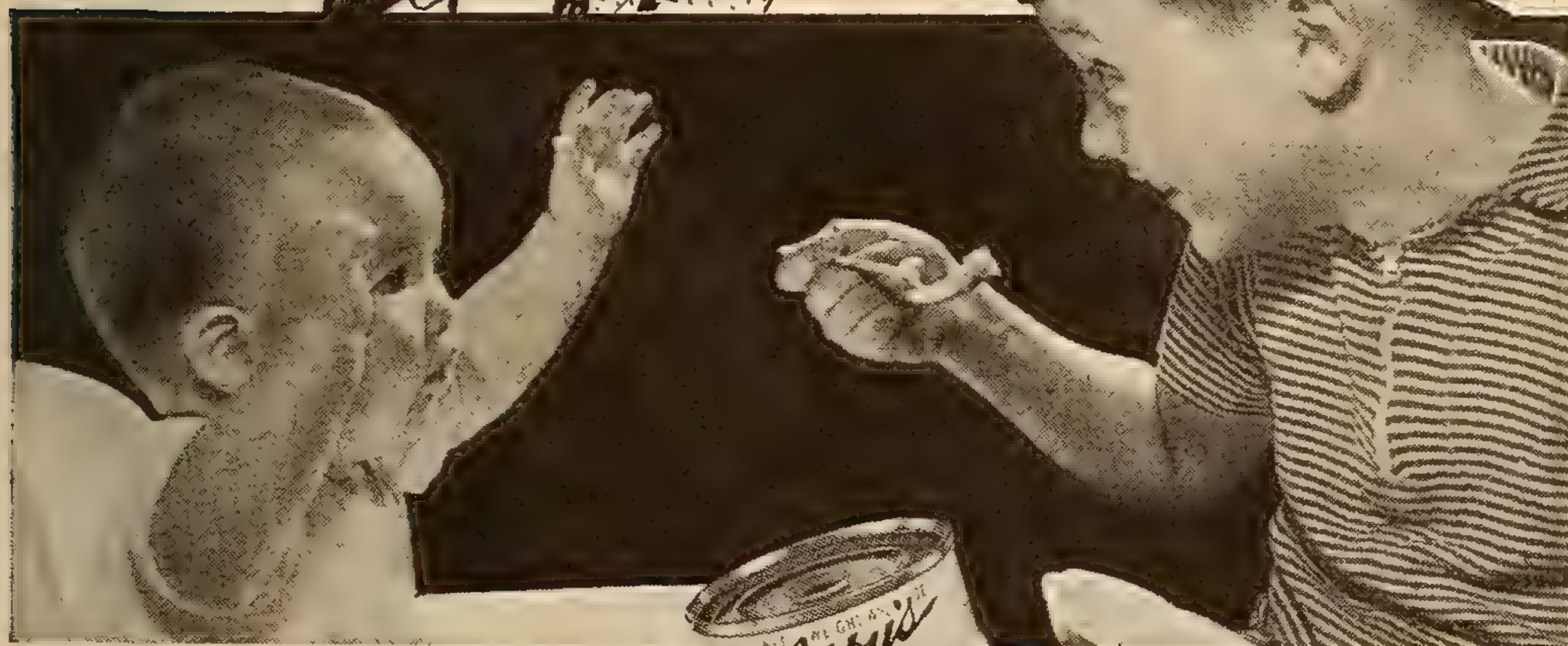
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for NBC ten minutes before the enraged CBS boys even got a look-see.

CBS slunk back into the underbrush with a club and waited until the AAU Milwaukee Track Meet. When their Ted Husing couldn't get through the gate with his equipment because the event was NBC's property, Husing had a platform hastily constructed on a church just across the street from the field.

This started a feud that caused a goodly number of pebble-loaded spitballs to fly back and forth across the two blocks that separate network headquarters in Manhattan. NBC claimed that Husing and his sidekick, Jimmy Dolan, had bootlegged the meet. Bootlegging occurs when one network tunes in its rival and re-broadcasts immediately what it hears, and that's against the law. Husing claimed he could see everything from his perch. NBC accused Ted of surrounding himself with guards. Ted giggled that the only guard he had was the old clergyman of the church who watched him from below.

It wasn't a case of bootleg, it was a plain case of grudge. The laugh of the whole episode being that CBS didn't consider the AAU races interesting enough to bother with until they discovered the gang at Radio City had an "exclusive" on it.

**T**HE most ridiculous special events wrangle to date came off just before the Vanderbilt Cup races began at Newport. All three networks got into a terrific dog fight over which of their broadcasting boats should have the best position to describe the race. The problem was finally put in the hands of the Coast Guard, which organization found itself the target of so much squabbling, it immediately put its foot down and made the children draw straws.

NBC got the short straw. MBS and CBS went wild with glee. The short straw meant that NBC had to tag along behind while its two rivals rode abreast of *Ranger* and *Endeavour II*. CBS wired its publicity department to give the good news to all the papers. NBC retaliated by wiring its publicity department to announce that they would charter a plane and broadcast the races from the air. CBS quickly countered that if NBC took to the sky they'd send their Ted Husing up, too.

After considerable bickering all parties concerned went to bed in the same hotel.

The next morning the CBS crew came down to breakfast to find a big NBC banner decorating the lobby. An hour later a bigger CBS banner had covered it up. NBC produced a still bigger banner which they flung to the breeze and the public outside their hotel window. When it was missing shortly afterward they called in the Newport police.

The cops traced the banner to a member of the CBS army. Stated he, "I didn't take their old banner—one of my engineers must have done it."

Well, finally the banner was returned to Radio City.

After all this I decided to interview the heads of the network Special Events departments. Mutual, first on my list, said the CBS-NBC feud was okay by them because that way they learned what not to put on the air.

At NBC the chief of Special Events denied there was any such thing as a fight. He stated that he, for one, loved CBS dearly. Boys would be boys, you know, and he couldn't help it if his men had a belligerent attitude. Then we asked about Mutual. "Mutual, hah, we wouldn't even let them in on our fight—"(there was an abrupt pause here, during which the chief gulped audibly) "—if there was a fight," he added, taking off his coat.

The CBS-ers tried to laugh the whole

thing off. Until I told them what NBC had said about them. You ought to have been there for the fireworks!

All the time these shindigs were going on, the biggest and funniest special events wrangle of all was under way—the Shakespeare duel. Both networks decided to broadcast Shakespearean plays on the same night at the same hour. They couldn't come to a peaceful agreement so their listeners could enjoy both shows. Oh no. You either had to make up your mind between your two favorite plays or go a little batty tuning back and forth from one to the other.

I have before me a memorandum which was sent to all CBS stations from headquarters. It states in part, "We released our first Shakespeare story on May 27th, while NBC didn't get theirs out until June 14th." Then it goes on for pages to prove how CBS beat NBC to the newspapers even if NBC did get its Shakespearean dramas on the air first.

When NBC asserted the fact that they launched Shakespeare back in 1929, the fur began to fly. The CBS boys put on side-splitting imitations of how Barrymore did "Hamlet." Parties were thrown for the occasion. NBC jested about the way Shakespeare was being mutilated by CBS' "ham" casts. Previously the publicity departments of both networks had an agreement of peace, but with the advent of the Shakespeare business this treaty was bounced out quicker than a non-paying guest at the Rainbow Room.

To keep the newspaper boys away from Radio City, CBS invited all the radio editors to their air-cooled studios to hear the programs. NBC invited the same radio editors to loll in their even cooler studios and softer chairs. CBS phoned the newspapers that NBC's "Twelfth Night" only carried thirty-two stations while Columbia's "Much Ado About Nothing" was sent to ninety-seven stations all over the U. S. This so enraged NBC that they spent a neat sum to make a survey proving CBS was, as they put it, "all wet."

The biggest laugh about the whole affair was that neither network got the fan mail return on their program that NBC received from its Singing Mice show.

**I**T seems ridiculous that so much time and money are spent berating instead of building better programs.

Recently NBC launched an extensive program of talent scouting. A few days later CBS sent out a talent scouting department that was twice as super as anything Hollywood had ever concocted. The artists' bureaus of both outfits hate each other as cordially as two boarding-school girls in love with the same boy. Let one of them get a personality at the end of a bid and its rival will sign that personality if it takes their last scrap of personship and budget. This is swell for the artists because they get a lot more dough than they expected or are worth. While the networks get a lot more entertainers than they can possibly use.

Some fun. CBS takes a full page in a big radio trade magazine to proclaim their merits and the next week NBC takes two full pages to proclaim theirs. These impressive ads require a vast amount of preparation and money but what do they do for the dialers?

Well, the next time you're feeling philanthropic you might take pen in hand and put the networks on to a few items. Write anything you like but don't forget to tip them off about the standard wisecrack that's being repeated some million-odd times in some million-odd homes every evening after supper—"That's not the glue factory, papa, it's the radio!"

A bit subtle, but they'll get it.



## Highway to Happiness

(Continued from page 41)

of progress to Alice, more concrete signs than the pretty clothes and expensive perfumes she could afford now that Vallee had doubled her chorus girl salary. But the real thrill were Rudy Vallee's own words of approval. A "you've got something, kid" from Rudy was more important, then, than all the fan letters in the world. With those words ringing in her ears, it was nothing but a step from the line in itinerant vaudeville shows to a star's station in Hollywood.

Rudy Vallee thought she was good, so Alice threw off her little girl fears and suddenly was somebody, a self-assured ambitious, happy somebody who was going places on Broadway.

**T**HE Connecticut Yankees shook New York for the summer season and toured the Atlantic seaboard, from Maine to Georgia, giving an army of fans the radio had made for Rudy Vallee and his gang a look at that gang in person. The long hauls they made by train—with Alice sitting close by the window, her eyes glued on the landscape, seeing more of her country than she'd ever seen before. For one night stands nearer New York they made their headquarters in the city and drove to their engagements.

It was on one of those drives, when the orchestra headed back for the city after an evening's performance at Virginia Beach that the accident occurred which might so easily have checked Alice Faye's career just as it was blossoming. Alice and Rudy, with Vallee's pianist, Walter Sharff and Trumpeter Mickey Bloom were returning in Vallee's car, with Rudy at the wheel. It was raining hard, and the

car held unsteadily to the wet pavement.

An unexpected turn! Alice remembers a dizzy whirl through the air, a sharp blow on her head, and then nothing until she slowly became aware of pain—in her shoulder and her head—a rumbling motion beneath her, and Rudy Vallee's anxious face looking down in hers.

A milk truck, happening by in the early morning, had come to the rescue, the driver offering to drive Alice—the only one who was seriously hurt—to a doctor in the next town.

The small town doctor sewed up an ugly gash over Alice's left eye, pushed a dislocated shoulder into place, and sent her on her way with a muttered remark about "kids who traipse about the country in the middle of the night."

Alice wanted to go home—her mother could take care of a few little bumps—but Vallee wisely insisted upon a hospital, and the best plastic surgeons New York boasted to re-patch Alice's jagged eyebrow. Lucky that Rudy won that argument or Alice's face always would have been marred by a nasty scar.

**S**TRANGELY enough, that accident brought good luck to Alice in another way. She fretted and fumed her three weeks in the hospital, raging at her nurses that she had to get back to work before everybody had forgotten her, before Rudy Vallee had tired of waiting and gotten someone to take her place. She needn't have worried. Radio fans missed her when the Fleischmann program took the air, and wrote in demanding that she return at once. Until those letters began streaming in, Alice was just one of the Connecticut

Yankees to her radio employers. They got her part and parcel with the Vallee band. Rudy, not the broadcast sponsors, paid her salary. She returned after her recovery as a featured performer on the show, with a contract of her own. And she's been signing her own contracts ever since.

It was a coincidence that the day Walter Winchell joined the "Alice Faye has something" chorus with a line in his column commending her singing at the Pennsylvania Roof, Rudy Vallee announced to his company that their next point of call was Hollywood. He had signed agreements that day to move his entire company to the coast for the film production of "George White's Scandals."

**A**LICE tore out to telephone her mother. Six weeks vacation in Southern California. Whoops!

Alice was wrong on two scores. Her sojourn in Hollywood would be no vacation. And her six weeks—except for brief stolen holidays in New York—was to be six years.

Alice hadn't a care in the world when she arrived in Hollywood, all breeziness and blonde fluff, two Doberman pinschers (add signs of progress) on a leash, and ready for a fling in the playground of the West. She was annoyed when Vallee told her to report to the studio the next day. She wanted to see those swimming pools she'd been hearing about. After all, they only had six weeks.

But Alice reported for work, marched wide-eyed through the torturous red-tape which is the studio's way of grooming newcomers for the cameras: make-up tests,



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fittings, music rehearsals, portrait sittings in the gallery, publicity conferences. When all this was disposed of, she was rushed in front of the cameras and put through her singing and dancing paces in "Oh You Nasty Man." From eight in the morning until eight at night she worked.

"Is THIS supposed to be my vacation?" she stormed to Rudy Vallee.

"Don't be so uppity, kid," he told her. "You aren't the leading lady. They'll be all washed up with you in a day or two. And then you'll wish you were back."

"Not me," Alice called back over her ostrich feathers as she flounced into camera range again, "I hate this business."

**A**LICE wasn't fooling. She hated Hollywood. California might have its sunshine and grass and trees. She wouldn't know; she didn't see them. She didn't like grass and trees anyway. She didn't know anyone but Rudy and the boys in the orchestra, and they were too busy with the picture to worry about her. She didn't have a car, so every evening she sat in her apartment at the Ravenswood and thought of New York where you were never alone even when you were alone.

So the break which every girl dreams of and so few ever find came to Alice not as a boon but a blow. She was sitting at her dressing table, scrubbing mascara into her screen eyelashes when Winfield Sheehan walked onto the set and called to her.

"Miss Faye," he began, when she sat down in the chair a prop boy dragged up beside the boss, "how would you like to play the lead in this picture?"

"Now, listen, Mr. Sheehan," Alice stormed, jumping to her feet, "if you're trying to kid me, I'm not laughing." There was a thick veneer of Broadway on Alice Faye in those days.

But Mr. Sheehan wasn't kidding. Lilian Harvey, who was slated for the role, had read through her script, decided the part wasn't cut to her measurements, and walked out. The picture was in work, and rushed for time. The Yankees' commitments in the East would demand Vallee's departure in another three weeks.

Alice was handy. She knew how to work with Vallee. She got the part.

Rudy walked into the scene while Alice still was trying to catch her breath and added his assurances to Sheehan's. It was true, she was to play opposite him.

Production was halted at this point while director and crew set up for a rush test. Alice sat dazed on the sidelines, watching the preparations.

"All ready, Miss Faye," Director Thornton Freeland's words were the next ones which pierced through her preoccupation. "If you'll just run through this scene."

Alice got to her feet.

"I won't do it," she said, in a dull voice. "I'm not good enough. You know I'm not good enough."

Thornton Freeland had to think fast. He decided to talk to the stubborn young lady like a Dutch uncle.

"Now, listen here, little girl," he said. "The biggest break Hollywood has seen in a year has just fallen into your lap. And you're not going to be a dunce and let it slip through your fingers. Maybe you aren't good enough. I don't know. But it's a cinch nobody's going to think you are, if you don't. Now get in there, and give us the stuff."

Alice got in there. The test was rushed to the laboratories, run off for the producers at noon. At three in the afternoon Alice, still dazed, sat across from Winfield Sheehan at a huge desk in the executive suite and signed her name to a three year contract.

If Alice thought she was lonely her first few weeks in Hollywood, she was to find out she didn't know what loneliness meant. After the "Scandals" wound up, Rudy Vallee and his boys packed their bags and headed for the East, and Alice was left to face Hollywood alone.

**S**HE cried herself to sleep every night. She missed New York. She missed her family. More than anything she missed Rudy Vallee. Scandal mongers to the contrary, the warm friendship between Rudy Vallee and his little blonde songstress was not a love affair. But he was her confident and counselor. She felt that she needed his guidance.

Her first assignment after the "Scandals" was the feminine lead opposite Spencer Tracy, a vital, important role in "Now I'll Tell." Half the girls in Hollywood wanted the part. Alice walked through it as one in a daze.

She wasn't a very good actress in those days. She was self-conscious, camera-shy. She didn't understand film technique, says she used to walk right out of camera range in the middle of a scene. She didn't care. Two more weeks, and the picture would be finished. She could go to New York.

**S**IX times, during that first year in Hollywood, Alice dashed off to New York. Every time she came back, although she wouldn't admit it, she gave in another inch to Hollywood. Her mother and father joined her on the Coast, set up an apartment for her in the Shelton where Dixie Dunbar and her mother lived. Alice began to acquire a circle of friends. Big brother Bill gave up his job with the Chase National Bank and came West to manage Alice's business problems. Brother Charles came out for a vacation, got a studio job as assistant director, and sent for his possessions. Alice's best friend, Betty King,

#### The Story Thus Far:

The day Alice Leppert was born, in a crowded Fifty-first Street apartment in New York City, the doctor said she had the longest legs of any baby he'd ever seen. There was a reason for those long legs—for Alice Leppert grew up to be Alice Faye—first a dancer, then a singer, finally a movie star. Alice always loved the theater, from the very first, and she and Mrs. Leppert every Saturday afternoon used to take what little money they could save from Mr. Leppert's policeman's salary, and go to matinees. When she was ten years old, Alice realized for the first time that the Leppert family was poor, and then and there she made up her mind to find a way of getting more money. She tried to go on the stage when she was thirteen, but the casting director of the "Follies" didn't believe her assertion that she was fifteen. She waited, but only until she'd graduated from the eighth grade. The following autumn saw her in the front line of a vaudeville revue chorus. Two winters on the road in this show, and Alice graduated to a chorus job in George White's "Scandals," which starred Rudy Vallee. Rudy never noticed her on the stage—but one night at a party they both attended he heard her sing, and Alice Faye's career began. Rudy coached her, helped her, and finally put her on his radio program. That radio debut was almost disastrous. Alice had a bad cold, but she dragged herself to the studio and sang anyway, holding on to the mike to keep from falling. Then she fainted, and the next thing she knew, Rudy was pressing cold packs to her head.



came West to be her stand-in and continued in that capacity until she married Walter Scharf two years ago.

Alice almost liked it. She was almost her old happy self again, these days, but sadly her happiness was to be short lived.

The family was planning a Christmas time reunion in New York. Alice was in the middle of a picture, but the studio had promised her she would be free in plenty of time to attend. Her father, forty-nine then and happy in the new freedom which Alice's blossoming career had brought them all, decided to go ahead and make the arrangements. He had a lot of good friends in New York; they could get in some card games—just like the old days—and it was still warm enough for a fling at fishing. It was still his favorite sport. The family put him on the train with promises that they'd be with him in a few days, and he waved goodbye from the platform as the Chief puffed away.

Alice never saw him alive again.

New York was shivering in a sudden cold spell when Mr. Leppert arrived. Before he knew it, he was fighting a nasty cold. He was too miserable to enjoy his card games.

Strangers picked him up from the floor of his club one day. "The old fellow was a mighty sick man," and somehow, in the confusion, no one seemed to know who he was.

He needed medical attention, and he needed it then, so they followed the only path open to them. They sent him to the General Hospital. He was desperately ill of pneumonia.

**A**LICE FAYE'S father died that night, but he regained consciousness long enough to tell the doctors who he was and smile for the last time at his wife and

sons who had just arrived. Next day the New York newspapers indulged in an orgy of headlines. Alice, hurrying East, read them on the train. "Alice Faye's Father Dies in Charity Ward," "Film Star's Father Dies in Want."

They made a Roman carnival of it. New York, the New York Alice loved so much, was letting her down. Walter Winchell learned the truth, and blasted out at the scandal mongers. Louella Parsons, who lived next door to Alice and her family and had known of all their happy plans, added her voice in a growing chorus of "For Shame!" But the damage had been done, and Alice wasn't prepared to forget it. When she buried her father in the family cemetery, her eyes were blurred with tears of bitterness as well as tears of grief.

Those were bleak days for Alice. Still only twenty, hurt because she thought friends of a lifetime had believed the newspapers' ugly story and forsaken her, she lost all zest for work or play. She was ill and overworked. Doctors told her she might have to give up dancing altogether when a pain in her back—a throwback to her accident in 1934—occurred. Her studio, planning to build Alice for star parts, put her through a grinding training period in "B" pictures, and Alice, misunderstanding, thought they didn't want her anymore.

**T**HE final blow was administered by Rudy Vallee. He didn't mean to hurt her, Alice is sure now, but he did—cruelly.

During a brief respite between pictures, Alice went to Chicago to see her friends in the Connecticut Yankees. Rudy asked her to sing with the orchestra, just for old times' sake, and she agreed joyfully, singing not just one night but every night during the week she was in Chicago.

It was so wonderful, that week! It was almost as if she had never been away. She felt the tenseness and strain of Hollywood slipping away, leaving her free, happy, alive as she'd been in the old days. She even went on the air with Rudy on his weekly program, although her studio had expressly forbidden any broadcasts.

Then, the night before she was to return, Rudy criticized her in front of the whole orchestra, told her that her singing had suffered during her Hollywood stay, that, in fact, Hollywood had robbed her of everything she had. Rudy didn't mince words. It is his habit never to say less than he means—and usually more. Alice had forgotten that. She didn't stop to remember Rudy's frankness, nor that when she had been actually a member of his company she had often undergone much more outspoken criticisms, thought nothing of them, and emerged the better for them. It didn't occur to her that perhaps, tired and overstrained as she was, her performance hadn't been up to standard. She knew only one thing: she was bitterly hurt. Rudy, she thought, had turned his back on her, and there was no such thing as a friend.

Alice went back to Hollywood determined to tear up her contract, to start all over again where no one knew she had "failed." She didn't realize that she was on the eve of greater success and greater acclaim than she had ever had before.

She was twenty-one, and she was sick. Sick of a broken heart.

*But Hollywood, which pays no attention to broken hearts, had its own Cinderella plans for Alice—even a Prince Charming who was to work wonders putting the broken pieces together. See through what romantic byways Alice Faye finally finds the Highway to Happiness. It's in the December issue of RADIO MIRROR.*



★ "FOR THE NIGHT OF NIGHTS,"  
*Jessie Matthews says,*

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**BEAUTY YOURS FOR THE ASKING** ... for that night you want it most! Wouldn't *any* girl like to have that? And you can, promises Jessie Matthews, the brown-eyed star that Hollywood borrowed from London.

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**YOUR OWN** drug or department store will recommend *Parisian* type, if your eyes are brown; *Dresden* type, if your eyes are blue; *Patrician* type for gray eyes; *Continental* type for hazel. Full size packages face powder, rouge, lipstick, eye shadow or mascara, only 55¢ each, (Canada 65¢).

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★ Fascinating JESSIE MATTHEWS—Gaumont British star, appearing in "Gangway."



# Thrills

(Continued from page 42)



Don't let  
Skin-Thirst  
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Like the fragile rose, your own skin, when starved for life-giving moisture, becomes dry and ugly. As early as 16, dreaded "Skin-Thirst" begins. Guard this vital skin moisture with Outdoor Girl, the face powder blended with Olive Oil for your protection.



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# OUTDOOR GIRL



The face powder  
blended with  
OLIVE OIL

to prison—"

The judge's face did not change. He said, "I sentence you to the Federal Penitentiary at Leavenworth, Kansas, for a term of not less than ten years and not more than twenty years."

Ten years. He would be thirty-eight when he got out. Thirty-eight or older. Never to see his mother again. Knowing that she had died, when he might have helped her.

The flat, dusty landscape of Arkansas flowed endlessly past the windows of the train which was taking him to Leavenworth. Far off on the horizon, a tall bank of clouds added their darkness to the dusk of early evening. Beside him, the guard sat upright, watchfully awake.

Hope made him breathless as he watched the cloud-bank sweep up and over the train, saw a few drops of rain splash on the windowpane and mingle with its film of dust.

The guard yawned, rose, and switched on the lights. "I'm goin' to the wash-room," he said. "Have to handcuff you to this chair-handle."

When the guard had gone, William Robinson set to work. Into his free hand he spat out the small key that had lain, hot and heavy, on his tongue ever since he left the Fort Smith jail that afternoon, the key he'd found one day in a dark corner of the jail washroom. What lock it had originally been made to fit, he didn't know. All he knew was that it represented his only faint chance of escape.

HE jammed it into the lock of the handcuffs, twisted it to right and left. It stuck fast, the lock held. He turned the key back, tried again, more gently this time. With a sudden, frightening click, the cuffs snapped open.

The sound of the wheels on the rails rushed into the compartment as he flung the window up. No time now for fear, no time to look at the gray blur of the ground rushing past. He climbed through the window, hung there a moment, then jumped with all his strength. The ground spun him around, rolled him over and over, scratched and bruised him. When he raised his head, the train had receded into the distance.

For an instant he lay there, savoring the damp, fresh air. Free! Then, as he scrambled to his feet, realizing that he must hurry before the guard discovered his escape, he knew he would never really be free again. Never, so long as he lived.

All that night he ran toward the west, through a driving rain for a while, later through darkness that masked his way. Toward morning he stumbled across a railway track, and just as the sun was coming up he hid in the bushes at the side and watched a west-bound freight train come toward him.

Two weeks later, William Robinson was in California, in the little town where he had been born. As he walked down the street toward his mother's house, he wondered wearily if he were stepping straight into the hands of the police.

He opened the front door and stepped into the darkened hall. A young pale woman started up from a chair in the living room, staring at him with a stifled gasp of alarm.

"Hello, Margaret," he said. "Where's Mother?"

"William!" she cried. "Where have you been? Didn't you get my letter?"

He knew then that his escape, his journey from Arkansas, had been for

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EACH WEEK!

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**THE COURT OF  
HUMAN  
RELATIONS**

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Boston	WNAC	9:30 PM EST
Hartford	WTIC	9:30 PM EST
Providence	WJAR	9:30 PM EST
Worcester	WTAG	9:30 PM EST
Portland, Me.	WCSH	9:30 PM EST
Philadelphia	KYW	9:30 PM EST
Wilmington	WDEL	9:30 PM EST
Baltimore	WFBR	9:30 PM EST
Washington	WRC	9:30 PM EST
Schenectady	WGY	9:30 PM EST
Buffalo	WBEN	9:30 PM EST
Pittsburgh	WCAE	9:30 PM EST
Cleveland	WTAM	9:30 PM EST
Detroit	WWJ	9:30 PM EST
Indianapolis	WIRE	8:30 PM CST
Chicago	WMAQ	8:30 PM CST
Minn.-St. Paul	KSTP	8:30 PM CST
St. Louis	KSD	8:30 PM CST
Des Moines	WHO	8:30 PM CST
Omaha	WOW	8:30 PM CST
Denver	WDAF	8:30 PM CST
KOA		9:30 PM MST
Salt Lake City	KDYL	9:30 PM MST
San Francisco	KPO	8:30 PM PST
Los Angeles	KFI	8:30 PM PST
Portland, Ore.	KGW	8:30 PM PST
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Spokane	KHQ	8:30 PM PST
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GOOD WILL HOUR**

Conducted by John J. Anthony

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nothing. He didn't need Margaret's next words: "Mother died last week."

So it was all over. There was nothing left in the world for him except flight. "She wanted to see you before she died," Margaret said.

"I know. I tried—but there was something in Arkansas that held me up."

"What are you going to do now?" There was fear in Margaret's voice, and suddenly he realized that she knew what had happened—that the police had been there and even now might walk in.

"I don't know." The stern, intolerant face of the judge hovered before his eyes, and he made a sudden decision. "Yes, I know. I owe someone a debt—but I'm not going to pay it. And don't worry. I'm leaving right now, and nobody will know I've ever been here."

It was in 1898 that William Robinson escaped from the train en route to Leavenworth Penitentiary. Five years later, in 1903, there was no William Robinson, and Henry Sinclair had risen to be junior partner in a prosperous factory in Houston, Texas. The president of the company had some flattering things to say of this quiet, reserved young man who had suddenly appeared in Houston, secured a job in the factory, and set about carving a secure place for himself.

"I believe in paying for talent," he told Sinclair, "and you've got it. You've done some extraordinary things for this firm—stepped up our efficiency by two hundred per cent and increased our business by fifty—and that's why I'm making you a junior partner. Don't thank me," he cut in upon Sinclair's embarrassed words. "We're lucky to have you."

No one saw the wry smile upon Henry Sinclair's thin lips as he left the president's office. Was it funny, he wondered, or merely tragic? If, five years before, he could have had a tenth—a hundredth part—of the success that was his today, his mother would still be alive, and William Robinson would be a free man.

THE days were not so bad. It was the nights. The long, silent nights when he could not sleep, when alone in his room, he entertained a ghostly company of voices. They gathered about his bed, these voices, and they pried into his dreams. "You'll never escape, fugitive," they told him, "you'll never escape from yourself, no matter how hard you try. Henry Sinclair? There is no Henry Sinclair."

He thought more and more of Mary—Mary whose serenity and sweetness promised him a haven from this constant torture. He knew he had no right to ask her to marry him. It was cowardly to involve her in his crime. Yet . . . If ever a man needed a woman, he needed her. And she would marry him. Even though he had never asked her, he knew that.

Perhaps they had stopped looking for him. It had been three—no, four—four years since he'd seen the name of William Robinson mentioned in the government lists of wanted men. Wasn't there some sort of a statute of limitations, so that after a certain number of years there would no longer be a crime charged against him?

Quieting his fears with arguments like these, he asked Mary to be his wife, and she accepted him. At last, he thought, peace and happiness were in his grasp.

But a few months after his marriage he glanced over the shoulder of his office-boy, reading a magazine during the lunch hour. There, staring up from the page, was his own picture, taken at the time of his trial! He was seized by such a fit of trembling he could hardly stand, but he forced himself to turn and walk into his office, quickly, before the boy could



# Give This Flour A New Name!

**\$300 in Cash  
for Best 15 Names**

## \$50 Check Each Month for Rest of This Year— Extra Promptness Prize

Here is an amazing offer! One that should tax the imagination of every man, woman and child. You have an equal opportunity to win a big cash prize and receive a \$50 check regularly each month for the three remaining months of 1937. In order to get a new name for flour, we are passing on to the readers of this magazine the opportunity of selecting a new name and winning cash prizes for their efforts. There are a lot of good names being used now, such as Big Four, Golden Harvest, Queen's Best, Lily White, Kansas Pride, and others. We want a new name, and for the best fifteen sent in, we will award \$300 in cash prizes, plus a \$50 check each month for the three remaining months of 1937 as a promptness prize.

### The First Name You Think of May Be a Winner

Think of the many names that are now being used and suggest a new name for flour—one that you feel will appeal to the housewife. The name you send in may be of one, two or three words, separate or combined. It will cost you nothing to send in a name. You may win one of the fifteen prizes.

### 15 Cash Prizes Totaling \$300.00

Write your name for this flour on a penny post card or sheet of paper, sign your own name and address, and mail within three days from the time you read this announcement. It will pay you to be prompt. Your name for this flour must be mailed before Dec. 18, 1937. Fifteen cash prizes will be awarded. If the name you send in is selected as First Prize winner, you will receive \$100 in cash, and as an extra prize for promptness you will receive a check for \$50 each month for the three remaining months of 1937. Second Prize will be \$50; Third Prize \$25; Fourth Prize \$15; and eleven prizes of \$10 each. These fifteen prizes are in addition to the extra prize of \$50 a month which is offered to the first prize winner for promptness in sending in the winning name. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in the event of a tie.

Right now you may be thinking of just the name we are looking for—the name that will win First Prize! Sometimes the first name you think of is the best name to send in. Send only one name to

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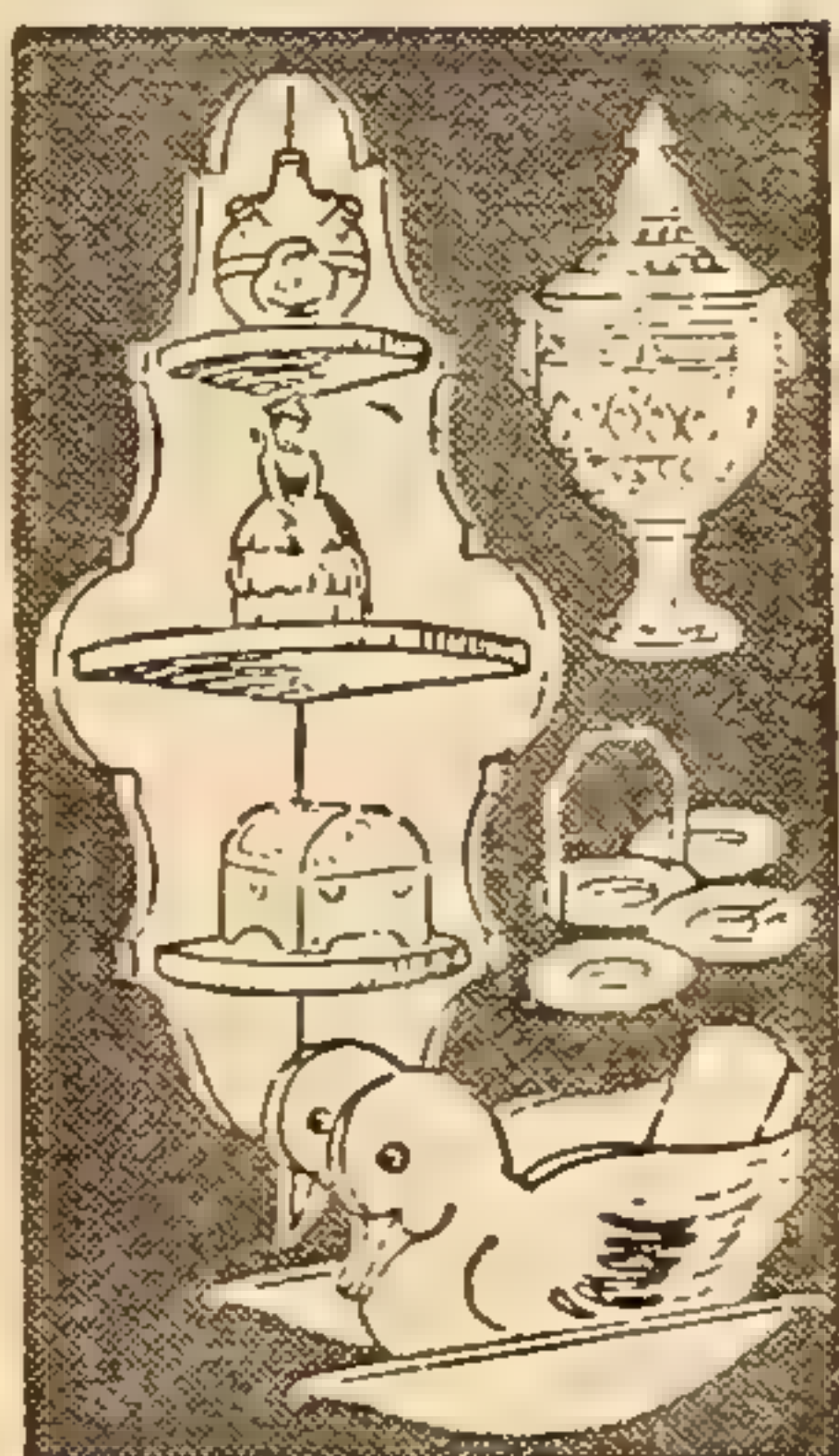
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## LEMONS HAVE AN



# ALKALINE FACTOR

(IMPORTANT TO COLD RESISTANCE)

**SO HAVE**

**LUDEN'S**

Menthol Cough Drops 5¢

From a MEDICAL JOURNAL  
"The researches (of these doctors) led them to believe that colds result from an acid condition. To overcome this, they prescribe various alkalies."

**LUDEN'S—A Test Will Tell**



**"I CAN'T RESIST  
THAT FLAVOR"**



"Neither can I! It's got the taste I like—delicious, with a bit of real tang. And it's kept so peppery and fresh. This airtight package of Beeman's guards every speck of flavor like precious essence. Beeman's is so fine for digestion, too. A happy thought after lunch or dinner—and a welcome treat any time!"

**Beeman's**  
**AIDS DIGESTION...**

glance up and be struck by the resemblance.

That night the voices returned. "Somebody who's more observant than that boy is going to see that picture and recognize you," they said. "Even if no one does, it doesn't matter. There will be more pictures—more people to look at them. You can't go on like this forever. Soon you and Mary are going to have a child—another life involved in your crime."

He tossed in his sleep, muttering, "But what can I do? What can I do?"

"Give yourself up," the voice commanded.

"No, no!" His voice rang out clearly in the darkened room, and beside him his wife stirred and laid a gentle hand on his arm.

"Having a bad dream, dear?"

"No . . . No, I was just thinking. We're moving out of here tomorrow . . . better get everything packed . . ." He was out of bed, moving uncertainly about the room.

"Moving? But where?"

"Out of this city. We can't stay here any longer, Mary. I've got to get away—"

He had turned on the light, and now he saw the frightened bewilderment in Mary's face. It helped him gain control of himself. "Please don't ask me why," he said gently. "You said once you'd never question anything I wanted to do. And what I'm doing now is for us."

**S**TILL she searched him with her eyes. Somewhere, she seemed to find the answer, the explanation. "All right, Henry," she said quietly.

No one in Houston knew what became of the Sinclairs. The only explanation either of them offered was that reasons of health made it necessary for them to go. They travelled far away, to another city and Sinclair went into business for himself with the money he had saved.

Fear was his ever-present companion now. In the two years after he left Houston his hair turned snow-white. He grew to accept as part of his life the dread that some day he would be recognized as William Robinson, and arrested. He had taken a life—his own life—and this was his punishment.

He and Mary had two children, and his new business prospered until it was the largest in the city. He was asked to serve on civic organizations, to join the service and social clubs. Yet there was always a reserve about him that none of his friends ever understood.

One day a man came to his office, asking for work. Sinclair questioned him, and learned that he had spent five years in prison for a first offense. He hired him on the spot, and after that he let it be known that he stood ready to offer jobs to ex-convicts.

Neither his wife's protests nor the doubts of his business acquaintances could prevent him from giving most of these men work after he had talked to them. There was only one thing he asked of them: "I'm placing all my faith and confidence in you, and you mustn't let me down."

As the years passed, his faith in these men was justified. They never did let him down, and the business prospered more than ever.

Twenty years went by, and still the bubble did not break. He sent his two children through college; he watched the ex-convicts he had hired years before become respected and valued citizens. It all made no difference—he knew that some day he would be recognized, arrested, sent to prison.

But when his daughter came to him and told him that the boy she loved—the son

of one of the city's best families—had asked her to marry him, he knew he couldn't wait any longer. He had tangled enough other lives up with his own—his wife's, his two children's—he couldn't let young Bob join his family without knowing the truth.

A happy, intimate family party was planned for the announcement of the engagement. The two families gathered in the Sinclair home, and as Henry Sinclair, from his place at the head of the table, looked around the circle of smiling faces he grew cold all over at the thought of the blow he must strike.

They were looking expectantly at him, waiting for him to make the announcement. This moment, these five minutes that were upon him now, were the real punishment. What had come before had been nothing to them; what would come afterwards would be almost like a relief.

"My dear family—" he began. "I am glad you are all together here tonight—and yet I am very sad. Because I have to tell you that I'm going away tomorrow morning, and I don't ever expect to come back. For years I've had a secret from you, and now I must tell it—I couldn't let this go on any longer without you knowing it. . . . I once stole a life—my own life. It didn't belong to me, it belonged to society. . . ."

**S**O this, William Robinson thought, was the prison he should have come to so many years ago. Gray, bleak walls; armed men in the watch towers; gates that clanked open and shut.

He sent the name of Henry Sinclair in to the warden. It was the last time he would use it, he reflected as he waited at the rail of the outer office. The uniformed guard came back after a few minutes with the word that the warden would see him now.

Ignoring the chair the warden indicated, he said simply, "My name is William Robinson. I'm wanted for robbery. I was convicted thirty-four years ago, but I escaped. I—" He didn't feel at all nervous or frightened, but there was a curious little catch in his throat, and he had to stop and cough before going on—"I want to give myself up."

"Are you the William Robinson who goes by the name of Henry Sinclair?" the warden asked.

"Yes."

The telephone rang, and still keeping his eyes on Robinson, the warden answered it.

"He did? Why yes, he's here now. I certainly will."

"I've got some news for you, Sinclair. We were expecting you. It seems that your whole town and all its citizens got together and signed a petition with thousands of names asking the President of the United States if he wouldn't please let you come back to them. They say you've done more for your city than anybody else in town, and that you've rehabilitated hundreds of ex-convicts. And the President has granted their request—he's sending a Presidential pardon today!"

. . . Once more, an hour later, William Robinson stood in front of the gates at Leavenworth—but this time he looked out, over the green Kansas plains, instead of inward, at the walls. Free! Free, for the first time in thirty-four years!

*The world is filled with real life dramas more gripping than any romancer's dreams—dramas Charles Martin brings to you on his two weekly radio programs. Next month, he writes another of these stranger-than-fiction stories exclusively for RADIO MIRROR.*



# Hidden Drama Behind the Tyrone Power—Don Ameche Friendship

(Continued from page 13)

But in March, two months before, Zanuck had signed another screen unknown, a radio actor who had knocked them cold on the air, and this actor had proceeded immediately to knock them colder on the screen in "Ramona." To 20th Century-Fox then this was the greatest possible good fortune, because that studio had an enormous production schedule, but practically no box-office stars outside of Shirley Temple.

**T**O say that Don Ameche was the fair-haired boy of the lot is putting it mildly; he was Prince Charming rescuing a damsel in distress.

Tyrone Power chose this of all moments to come not only to Hollywood but—of all places—to 20th Century-Fox. And the guy he was gladdest to see and who was tickled to death to see him was his old best friend and professional nemesis—Don Ameche!

They hadn't seen each other since Ty had come through Chicago in a road company. And even if Ty had any idea of the setup he was bucking it didn't make five cents' worth of difference. They celebrated.

The strangest thing about the friendship of Don and Ty is that it has flourished and rooted deeper in the face of things that, as I said, usually bury friendship six feet deep. They weren't nearly the pals in Chicago that they have become in Hollywood. And nowhere have two friends been thrown into fiercer competition for success.

All the choice parts in the big pictures were tagged "Don Ameche." Ty drew what was left. It was exactly as it had

been in Chicago. They put him in a thankless bit in "Girls' Dormitory." Why not? He was an unknown quantity; no name in the movie sense. And Don had fan mail piling up like a Roosevelt landslide. There wasn't anything either one of them could do about it.

Yet this was the time when Don and Ty really came to know each other and cement their friendship in a hundred ways.

The busy whirl of Hollywood, multiple careers and the demands of success keep Don and Ty apart more now than then. Ty, of course, is a bachelor while Don is the most married man you ever saw, and completely happy around his home and family. But in the first months that both were exposed to this strange and wonderful new world, neither had many other friends; consequently they saw each other constantly.

The Ameches then, as now, were inveterate diners out. Don is perfectly domestic in every respect but dinners; he likes bright lights and music for relaxation after a day on the set or in the studio.

**N**ATURALLY Ty, being a bachelor and alone, was the perfect dinner third. The threesome became a foursome when a girl—blonder even than Don's wife, Honore—started coming along with Ty. She had been with Don in "One In A Million." Her name was Sonja Henie.

All the time, though they never mentioned it, things were heading toward a showdown for Don and Ty at the studio.

One day it happened.

Don was called in to make a test for the big picture of the year, "Lloyds of

London." At the same time, Ty was called in to test for the same part. Don didn't know Ty was being tested; he supposed the part was a cinch for himself. He was pretty happy about it too. Ty had no idea Don was being tested; if he had had he would have considered it no use.

"So they both made their tests. That night they all met for dinner. Neither mentioned "Lloyd's."

That happened twice.

**T**HERE was no decision from the first tests. Studio big wigs couldn't make up their minds. They decided to try both young actors again.

Don and Ty went through a second set of tests. Don still hadn't the faintest doubt he was slated for the part, was still ignorant that Ty was being tested too. Ty, on the other hand, suspected his competition now and considered his case hopeless. On his way around the lot he hid his costume wig in his coat when he saw Don coming. He felt guilty somehow competing with Don Ameche for a part; he didn't want Don to know.

Out at 20th Century-Fox, a lot of people remember the day in the Gold Room of the Cafe de Paris when Tyrone Power came in and sat down beside Don Ameche to tell him the news. He came up bashfully, almost apologetically, with the boyish grin that is part of his charm on his face. They had just told him the part was his. But to Ty it didn't seem quite right. He couldn't get over the idea that Don should have had first choice.

If he had any fears, and he did, as to how Don would take it they quickly van-

## What Two Things Happen When You Are Constipated?

When you are constipated two things happen. **FIRST:** Wastes swell up the bowels and press on nerves in the digestive tract. This nerve pressure causes headaches, a dull, lazy feeling, bilious spells, loss of appetite and dizziness. **SECOND:** Partly digested food starts to decay forming **GAS**, bringing on sour stomach (acid indigestion), and heartburn, bloating you up until you sometimes gasp for breath.

Then you spend many miserable days. You can't eat. You can't sleep. Your stomach is sour. You feel tired out, grouchy and miserable.

To get the complete relief you seek you must do **TWO** things. 1. You must relieve the **GAS**. 2. You must clear the bowels and **GET THAT PRESSURE OFF THE NERVES**. As soon as offending wastes are washed out you feel marvelously refreshed, blues vanish, the world looks bright again.

There is only one product on the market that gives you the double action you need. It is **ADLERIKA**. This efficient carminative cathartic relieves that awful **GAS** at once. It often removes bowel congestion in half an hour. No waiting for overnight relief. Adlerika acts on the stomach and both bowels. Ordinary laxatives act on the lower bowel only.

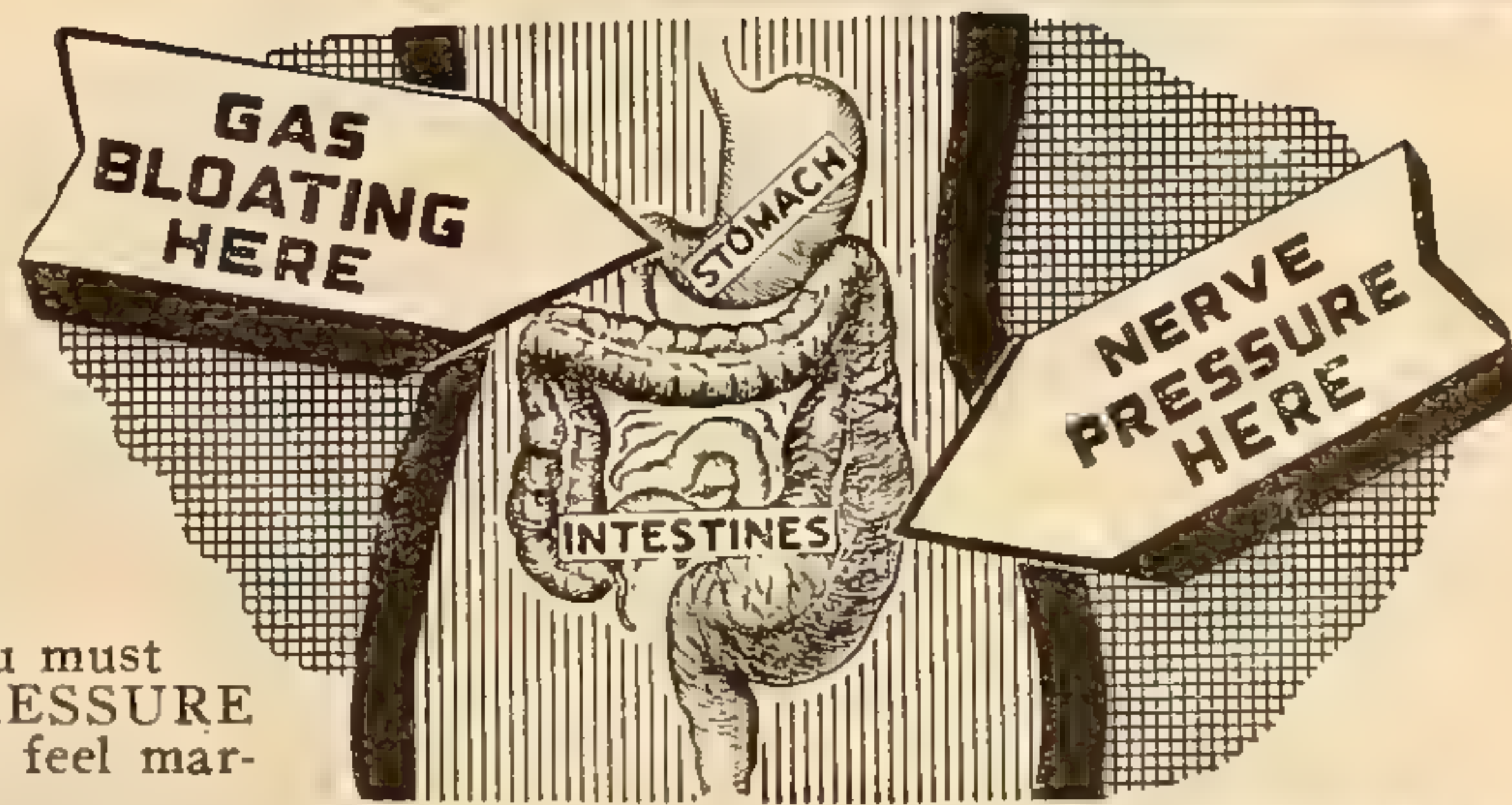
Adlerika has been recommended by many doctors and druggists for 35 years. No griping, no after effects. Just **QUICK** results. Try Adlerika today. You'll say you have never used such an efficient intestinal cleanser.



**Adlerika**

**WARNING!**  
All REPUTABLE DRUGGISTS know  
that Adlerika has no substitute.  
Always DEMAND the genuine.

**MORE THAN A LAXATIVE**



**CLIP COUPON!**  
**NOW!**

**FREE**

Adlerika Co., Dept. M-W R.M. 11-7  
St. Paul, Minn.

GENTLEMEN: Send without obligation your **FREE** Trial Size of Adlerika. Limit one to a family. (Offer good in U. S. only.)  
Sold in Canada by leading druggists

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....



## What every woman should know



**The makers of Kotex\***  
Sanitary Napkins have perfected  
a new tablet called KURB\*  
to help women through trying days

• Here is a new help for women, a worthy companion to other famous Kotex products. It is a tablet called KURB, designed especially to aid women through trying, painful days. . . . We make no extravagant claims, but tell you simply and truthfully why we believe you will want to use Kurb Tablets.

### What will Kurb do?

We cannot honestly claim that Kurb Tablets will benefit *every* woman in the world—that is asking too much of any "pain tablet." But after making hundreds of tests, we *are* satisfied that Kurb will meet the requirements of *most* women who seek to lessen discomfort caused by menstruation, simple headaches or muscular pains.

### No secret ingredients

The Kurb formula is no secret; its ingredients are well known to qualified physicians. And the formula is plainly printed on the box, so that if you have any doubts whatsoever, you may readily check it with your own doctor.

So we urge you to try Kurb Tablets and see how quickly they help you. The convenient purse-size container holds a full dozen, yet costs only 25 cents at drug counters everywhere.

If you act at once, we'll send you a sample supply FREE! This offer is limited one to a family. Simply send your name and address, on a postcard if you prefer, to Kurb, Room 1463, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago.



# KURB\* TABLETS

Sponsored by the makers of Kotex\*  
Sanitary Napkins

\* Trade Marks Reg. U. S. Patent Office

ished. If Don had any disappointment, and he did have, he buried it beneath an honest smile. He jumped up and slapped Ty on the back while the whole room watched.

"Boy," he said, "if you don't go to town in that picture, I'll murder you!"

Of course, Ty did. Now both are established stars. But professionally competition still haunts their friendship.

It has pitted them against each other already in three pictures, "Ladies In Love," "Love Is News" and now "In Old Chicago." They've traded socks and fought for the girl all day long and then laughed about it in the evenings. They've stayed pals in spite of everything.

IT'S uncanny, though, how the haunt chases them—even onto the air. Don, of course, is the top regular radio dramatic star on the Chase and Sanborn Hour, Sunday nights on NBC's Red Network. On October third, Ty makes his big time air debut, starring in a dramatic half hour of popular plays for Woodbury's Soap. Every Sunday he will go on the air only a split second after Don Ameche signs off—and on the Blue Network, making it necessary for you to tune out Don's last words to hear Ty's first.

Two things that have bound them together in the face of the ordinary career competition are two things you seldom associate with each other—religion and common uproarious sense of humor. Both Ty and Don are devout Roman Catholics; both were educated in church seminaries, and both find religion an important factor in their lives today. Not that they're stuffy about it.

In fact, the other day a group of Shriners visited the 20th Century-Fox lot and came around to the set where Don and Ty were talking to a Jesuit priest, brought out from St. Louis to check up on certain aspects of "In Old Chicago." The Shriners wanted to meet the boys, so they slipped off to chat and pose with them, winking to one another at what the good Father would think if he knew he had been deserted for a bunch of Masons!

The two most gorgeous grins in Hollywood are enough to warrant their funny-bones, but if you need proof, you can ask Alice Faye. Alice suffered good naturedly all through "You Can't Have Everything" when Don discovered she made a swell

subject for the ribs and jokes he loves to work. But when Ty and Don teamed up on her in "In Old Chicago" she decided to do something about it.

The other day Ty entered his trailer dressing room and dived right out again to escape a suffocating odor of garlic which had been liberally smeared all over everything. He found tell-tale traces of La Faye, and consulted with Don. They immediately lured Alice over to the trailer on pretenses of a party, shoved her in and locked the door. The garlic and the California sun hitting around a hundred did the rest. And while Alice stewed in her own salad dressing, Don and Ty hustled over and played Texas tornado with her frocks and lacy unmentionables, using lipstick for color effects on the walls and rug.

Now they're all swiping official stationery from Darryl Zanuck's office to write each other severe notes on the respective raids.

Off the lot both Ty and Don continue to lead lives as far apart as the two poles. They get together to bowl occasionally—Ty always wins—but Ty still glories in single blessedness and keeps busy playing the field.

DON, on the other hand, has gathered all the relatives he can find around him at his Encino estate. There he presides like an old time patriarch in all his spare time, such as it is, and loves it. He admits freely he couldn't get along without his wife, Honore. She makes his appointments, orders his food, approves his clothes, goes with him everywhere—he'd be lost without her. And of course the two Ameche hopefuls, Donny and Ronny, are two big reasons behind that famous Ameche smile.

Such overpowering domestic bliss close at hand is always subtly dangerous to a bachelor. So far Ty hasn't shown any signs of weakening, but the other day out at Don's Donny and Ronny climbed up on his knees, and these two cherubic specimens of married bliss caused Ty to heave a deep sigh.

"You know, Don," he said, "these kids are great. I wouldn't mind trying this marriage stuff if you'd tell me the combination."

But Sonja Henie might have something to say about that.

## What's New?

(Continued from page 37)

calls for only one more picture, and after that it's possible that he'll retire and take a year's rest, if not more.

\* \* \*

IF Dorothy Lamour and Herbie Kay could do it, and still be happy, Ann Sothorn and Roger Pryor figured they could, too. Since their marriage last February, these two have been separated practically all the time. Ann has been busy with pictures; Roger has been on the road leading his orchestra. And only for a few brief visits have they been together. Whenever she could, this summer, Ann would hop a plane and fly to Chicago, where Roger was appearing at the Edgewater Beach Hotel, spend a weekend with him, and commute back to Hollywood. They don't like it much, but this way of living has one advantage—their married life is a series of honeymoons, not just one.

\* \* \*

ITEM to sadden sponsors: A recent university survey showed that ninety per cent of radio listeners, when asked what

programs they listened to last night, can't remember who the sponsors were.

\* \* \*

IN the days when radio kept her busy singing on two or three programs a week, Lucy Monroe used to wish she could sing operatic music. She knew she had the voice; she knew she could hit the Metropolitan Opera, if somebody'd only give her a chance. But nobody would. Nobody'd take her seriously—she was just another "radio singer" to high-hat operatic circles. Then the tragic death of her mother forced Lucy to leave radio. It even looked, at the time, as if her career might be ruined, so quickly does radio forget its favorites. But Lucy rested, and waited. Then, free from broadcasting engagements and with the time to do as she liked, she told her manager about her ambitions. He secured a solo engagement for her with the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra, then another with the St. Louis Opera company. Music lovers who hadn't paid any attention to her on the air were suddenly struck with the freshness and beauty of her voice.



... And this fall, Lucy gets her chance at the Metropolitan.

\* \* \*

## SPLICES AND SPLITS

Jimmy Blair, singing star of the recent Packard summer show, sent all the way across the continent for his bride late this summer. She's the former Miss Mary F. Burnett, and she flew to Hollywood for the wedding from Malden, Mass. . . . Charles (Andy) Correll, of Amos 'n' Andy, was scheduled to take unto himself, to have and to hold, Miss Alyce McLaughlin, West Coast dancer, on September 11. . . . And Tony (Oswald) Labriola let himself be divorced in Reno by Mrs. Muriel Labriola. They were married in 1932, and have a three-year-old daughter, Joyce. Cruelty, said Mrs. Oswald, was the trouble.

\* \* \*

**N**OVEMBER 17th is the day Fred Allen will return to the airwaves he said goodbye to forever last spring. Town Hall's sage will once more settle into his weekly routine, which invariably includes finishing the script for his program early Tuesday afternoon. We thought you might like to know how Fred celebrates finishing a script, as told in his own words:

"Tuesday afternoons I usually take a nap, and then we have dinner, and afterwards Portland and I go around the corner to a movie. Unless they've got Bing Crosby singing that same song again. I've heard him sing it dressed in cowboy clothes, and in tux, and in a sailor suit, and I know how it goes now. So if we find out he's there, singing it all over again, we just stay home and I read a detective mystery."

\* \* \*

**I**T'S an open secret around Hollywood that Frances Langford is a movie star

who'd just as soon not be one. Cameras scare her to death, and always have. But a few weeks ago, for the first time in her life, she started a new picture without any qualms. Reason: That happy, smiling guy, Dick Powell. Frances has felt that Dick was the number one showman of them all ever since she and he were on Hollywood Hotel together. She's always given him the credit for building up her self-confidence. And now that he's playing with her in her new movie, she doesn't feel lonely any more when she walks out on the sound stage. Just to add the finishing touch to the good omens, the name of the picture is—but of course—"Hollywood Hotel."

\* \* \*

**S**NOOPERS are wondering if Marlyn Stuart's heart hasn't been snared for good at last. She's the blonde Mama-that-man's-here-again girl on Ken Murray's show, and pretty enough to cause even Hollywood to bat its eye. Jack Allbright, a former buddy from New York, was in Hollywood for two weeks before he got around to calling Marlyn up. She not only forgave him, but stood up her local steady to see Allbright. Now the local lad is the one who's moaning softly, "Mama, that man's here again!"

\* \* \*

**T**WO believe-it-or-nots were brought back from a trip to New England by a man who doesn't deal in believe-it-or-nots. Paul Wing, spelling master of the NBC Spelling Bee, kept asking casual acquaintances wherever he stopped how they liked his program, and he discovered that they not only like it, they also take it mighty seriously. When Johnny Smith steps up in front of the microphone to spell "onomatopoeia" the listeners are all right there, trying as hard as Johnny to get the right

answer. The result is that Paul found many people who never in all their lives are going to get a chance to use words like "compensatory" and "rehabilitation," but can rattle off the correct spellings like machine guns.

Paul's other strange fact comes from his conversations with some men who compile dictionaries. Seems that when we get to arguing over a word, and claim that a certain spelling or pronunciation of it is "preferred," we're all wet. No such thing, say the dictionary men, as a preferred spelling or pronunciation. The first one given in the dictionary is just the one most people use. (Bear that in mind, Fidler, when you start writing those notes of yours to announcers.)

\* \* \*

**T**HOSE Marx Brothers look long and hard before they leap. They've auditioned for a network program, but up until the time all the big fall shows were being lined up, they hadn't put pen to contract paper. Their audition script was written by one of radio's crack gagsters, who, as it happened, had never done any work for the Marxes before. He slaved over the script, putting in the funniest lines he could concoct, polishing, pruning, revising; and when he had finished he thought it was pretty swell. He took it up to Groucho's home for the Master to read. Groucho received the script in silence and read it glumly, puffing on his cigar. Never a laugh, not even a faint twinkle on the Marx pan. The unhappy script writer, convinced that he had failed miserably, sank deeper and deeper into his chair, wishing he could sink right through it. Groucho finished reading, took the cigar out of his mouth, yawned, laid the manuscript aside, and spoke.

"Swell script!" he said.

# THE FELLOWS JEERED at her skinny shape

THEN SHE DISCOVERED HOW TO GAIN  
**14 LBS. QUICK**

**Why Thousands Gain 10 to 25 lbs.  
Quick with New IRONIZED YEAST**

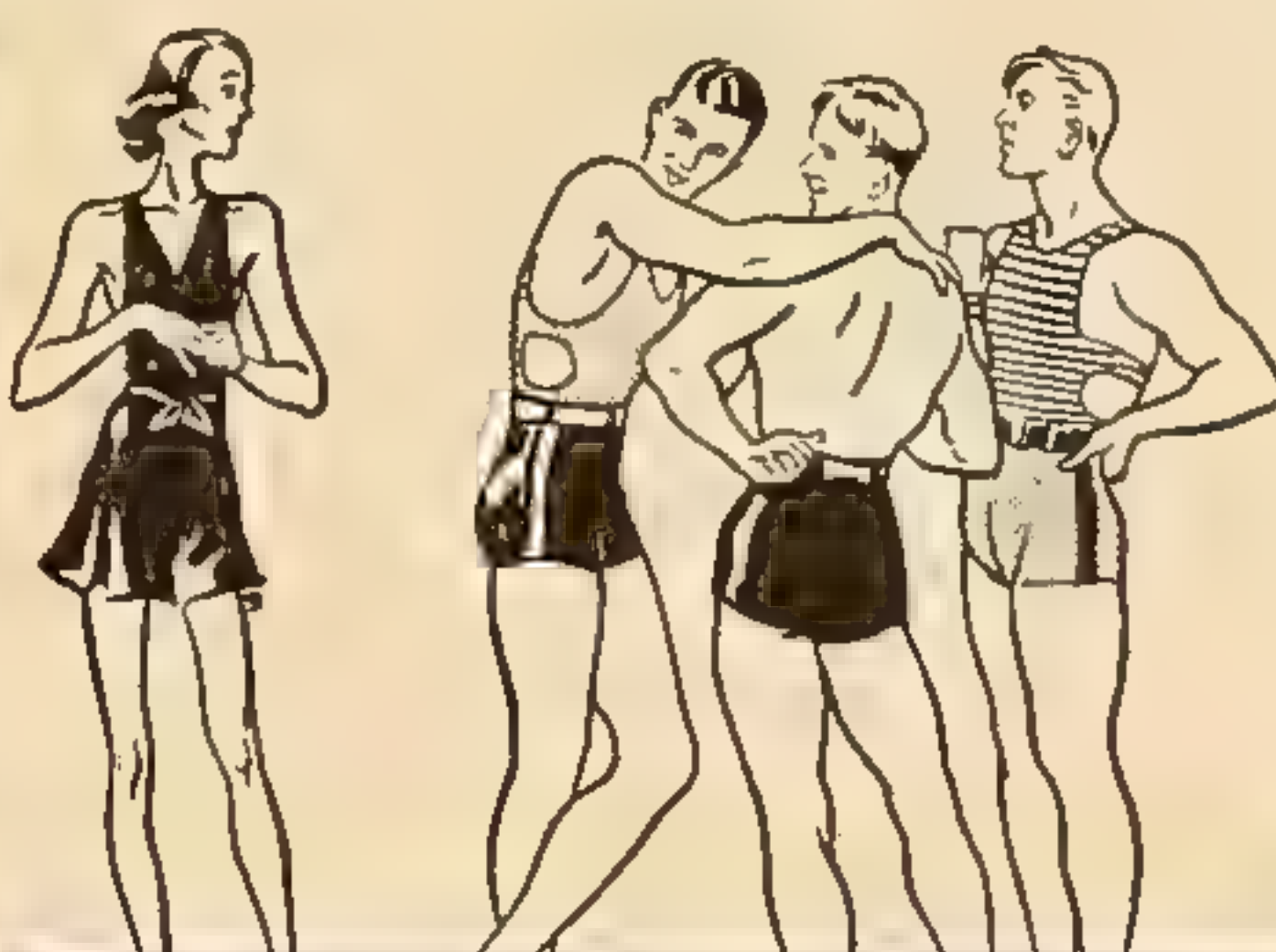
**N**O matter how skinny and rundown you may be, just remember that thousands of girls, and men too, who just needed certain vital elements, have put on 10 to 25 pounds of good solid flesh in a few weeks—with these amazing new Ironized Yeast tablets. With their new normal good looks and joyous new pep, they've also gained loads of new friends, and get much more joy out of life.

Yet although this new scientific formula was perfected at the cost of many thousands of dollars, it comes to you in little tablets which cost you only a few cents a day.

### Why it builds up so quick

Doctors now say thousands are thin and rundown only because they don't get enough yeast vitamins (Vitamin B) and iron in their food. Without these elements you may lack appetite and not get the most body-building good out of what you eat.

Now, by a new process, the vitamins from the special rich yeast used in making English ale are concentrated to 7 times their strength in ordinary yeast. This 7-power vitamin concentrate is combined with 3 kinds of iron (organic, inorganic



"I used to be one of those girls that folks say were 'born to be skinny.' When I got old enough to go to parties and dances, I began to realize what my skinny figure was costing me. I was never invited anywhere, and I could feel that the fellows either pitied or looked down on me. Then Ironized Yeast was recommended to me. I gained 14 pounds in 3 weeks. Now my weight is normal and I can eat anything. Everyone says I am getting beautiful and lots of boys want to take me out. I think Ironized Yeast is wonderful."

—Dora Sotelo, Anaheim, Cal.

and hemoglobin iron); also pasteurized English ale yeast. Finally, for your protection and benefit, every batch of Ironized Yeast is tested and retested biologically, to insure full vitamin strength.

The result is these new easy-to-take but marvelously effective little Ironized Yeast tablets which have helped thousands of the skinniest people who needed their vital elements quickly to gain normally attractive curves, natural development and peppy health.

### Make this money-back test

Get Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist today. If with the very first package you don't begin to eat better and get more benefit from your food—if you don't feel better, with more strength and pep—if you

are not convinced that Ironized Yeast will give you the normally attractive pounds you need—your money promptly refunded. So start Ironized Yeast today.

### Special FREE offer!

To start thousands building up their health right away, we make this FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 2211, Atlanta, Ga.

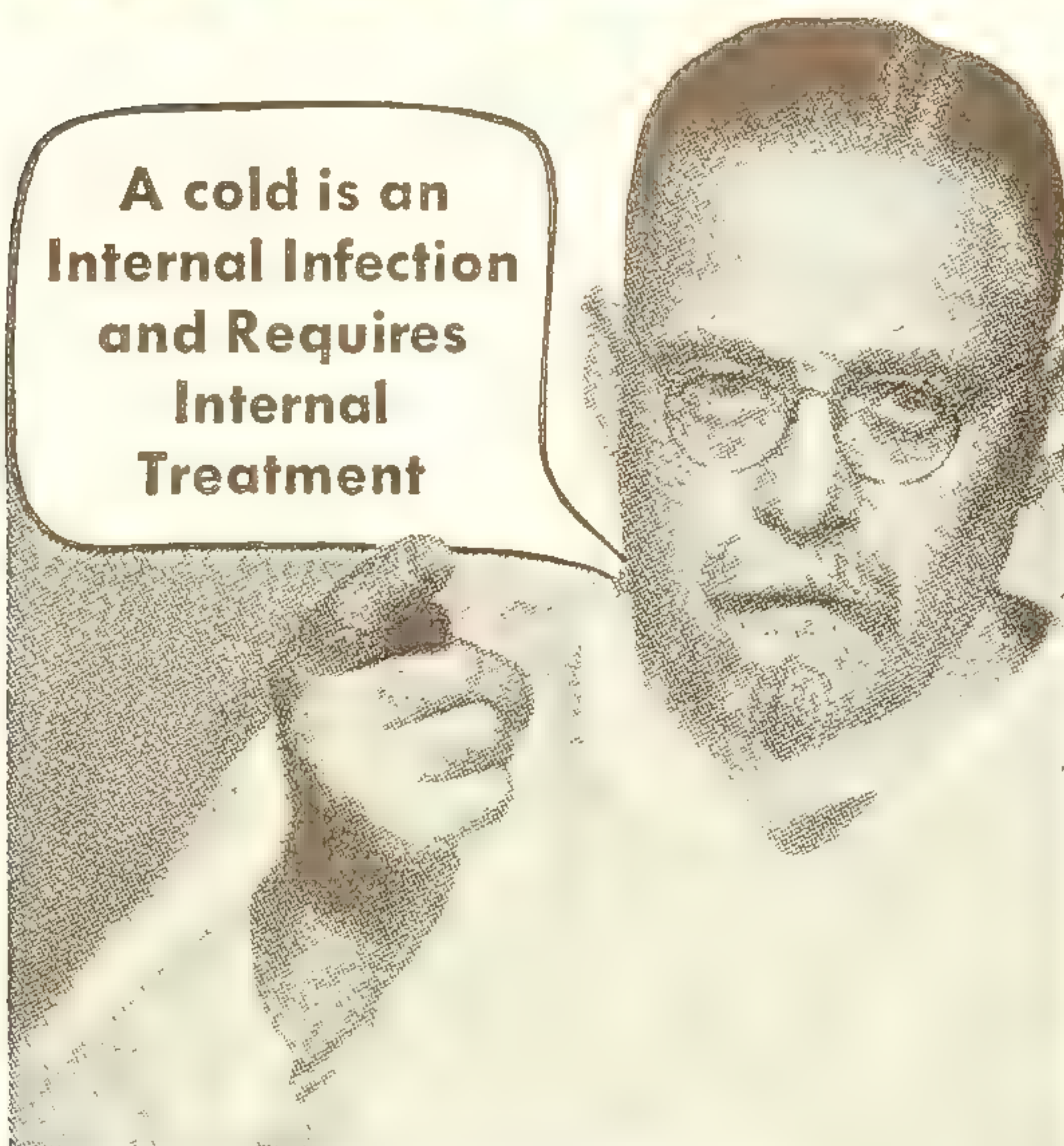
**WARNING: Beware of the many cheap substitutes. Get genuine Ironized Yeast.**

Posed by professional models



# Don't Fool Around with a COLD!

A cold is an Internal Infection and Requires Internal Treatment



Every Four Minutes Some One Dies from Pneumonia, Traceable to the "Common Cold!"

**D**ON'T "kid" yourself about a cold. It's nothing to be taken lightly or treated trivially. A cold is an internal infection and unless treated promptly and seriously, it may turn into something worse.

According to published reports there is a death every four minutes from pneumonia traceable to the so-called "common cold."

## Effective Treatment

A reliable treatment for colds is afforded in Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine. It is no mere palliative or surface treatment. It gets at a cold in the right way, *from the inside!*

Working internally, Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine does four things of vital importance in overcoming a cold: First, it opens the bowels. Second, it combats the infection in the system. Third, it relieves the headache and fever. Fourth, it tones the system and helps fortify against further attack.

## Be Sure—Be Safe!

Bromo Quinine now comes sugar-coated as well as plain. All drug stores sell both kinds. Get a package at the first sign of a cold and play safe! Ask for—and insist upon—Grove's Bromo Quinine!

**GROVE'S LAXATIVE  
BROMO  
QUININE**

Listen to Gen. Hugh S. Johnson on Radio!  
NBC Blue Network, Mon. & Thurs. 8-8:15 p.m.  
EST; Tues. & Wed. 10-10:15 p.m. EST.

**S**URE-FIRE formula for girls who want to go into the movies: Get yourself a boy friend who will go to Hollywood ahead of you to star on a coast-to-coast radio show. RADIO MIRROR's loyal readers are hereby referred to the Jerry Cooper story in the August issue, which told that his great ambition in Hollywood was to get his fiancée, Joan Mitchell, a chance on the screen. Now that Joan's snugly fixed up with an M-G-M contract, Jerry is paying stricter attention to his own movie prospects.

**R**AYMOND PAIGE, in New York for the first time in his life, was called back to his orchestral duties on Hollywood Hotel several days before his two-week vacation period was up—but it didn't matter much, he was sort of itching to get back into harness. Ray and Mrs. Paige behaved just like any other pair of sight-seers—went up the Empire State Building, did the nightclubs thoroughly, stared back at the fish in the Aquarium, and saw every show in town—as well as meeting the sponsors of the Packard Show, on which Ray is also leading the orchestra. The high spot of his visit came the night he attended the Gershwin Memorial concert at the Lewisohn Stadium, and then went on to a party given in his honor by Mark Warnow and Harry Salter. Seems they'd both admired his work for years, but had never had a chance to meet him.

**M**ARK WARNOW, in fact, revealed that he'd named his younger brother after Raymond Paige. Mark's brother is known to his friends as Harry—but you know him a lot better as Raymond Scott, of the Raymond Scott Swing Quintet.

**N**OBODY was surprised when the Jimmy Wallingtons' new baby turned out to be a girl—after all, Jimmy is Eddie Cantor's announcer. Next time a baby is on its way in the Wallington family, somebody warned Jimmy, he'd better see if he can't swap places with Ken Carpenter for a few months. Ken, you see, is Bing Crosby's announcer, and the Crosby family is as thick with boys as the Cantor family is with girls.

**T**HAT contract of Gertrude Berg's with her new sponsors is one of those long-range affairs. It will keep The Goldbergs on the air for no less than five years, unless the sponsor should decide not to exercise one of his yearly options.

**A**L PEARCE didn't forget his old buddies when he was out on the coast this summer, and one of them is mighty glad he didn't. Al made a point of looking up people who were on his show when it was purely a West Coast attraction, and putting them on the Ford program to do guest shots. Pedro Gonzales, Andy Andrews, and Yogi Yorgessen, were some of the old Al Pearce favorites you heard during Al's Hollywood visit. Another was Earl Towner, whom Al knew ten years ago in San Francisco. Tower wasn't doing much of anything when Al came out and asked him to organize a singing group of seven persons as a special feature of the broadcasts. He did so, and the day after the ensemble's first appearance on the air telephones began to buzz. It took Towner no time at all to drag out his fountain pen and sign his first big contract in the film business.

**T**HE bewiskered controversy over whether all-girl bands are as good as

all-male bands, which has been raging like a tornado in a teaspoon for the past few years, should be settled, once and for all, by the record Phil Spitalny and his Hour of Charm lassies hung up at the Paramount Theater in New York. Booked for a one-week personal appearance, the gang stayed four, and smashed an eleven-year house attendance record into untidy bits. There must be something about a pretty girl that people like

**T**HE THREE MARSHALLS, Peggy, Kay and Jack, whose songs and chatter you hear as a sustaining feature on NBC, go about putting a show on the air as if they were having a party. Bing Crosby's about the only performer who can match them in informality. One day a wandering radio performer poked his head into the studio where the Marshalls were broadcasting, and, not realizing they were on the air, yelled, "Is Hester there?" That's the sort of thing that would throw most stars into an advanced state of jitters, but the Marshalls took up the query and bandied the name of Hester about for the rest of the broadcast period. . . . Incidentally, that French girl, Antoinette, who has been on the Three Marshalls program lately, is just Peggy Marshall in disguise and a Parisian accent. She was brought into the show for a gag, and proved so popular with the customers they can't send her back to Paris.

**I**F there's any kind of bad luck that hasn't hit Alice Faye on her Chesterfield program with Hal Kemp, it just hasn't been invented yet. Before one broadcast Alice fell down some steps on the "In Old Chicago" set, and went on the show against her doctor's better judgment. The next week, while she was on her way to the studio, a black cat crossed her path. Then her colored maid, Vella, broke a mirror in the dressing-room just before the fourth broadcast. The fifth week, on Thursday, Alice was taken home sick. The doctors said, "Laryngitis. You mustn't even talk." Alice turned up her nose at them, called in a masseuse, and went on the show anyway the next day.

But don't get the idea Alice thinks there's a jinx after her. "Pooh," she says "I was born with a four-leaf clover in my hand."

**O**F all the jobs in radio, one of the toughest is that of Helen Sioussat, assistant to Sterling Fisher, the director of talks and education on CBS. After a prominent national figure has agreed to talk on the air, it's Helen's task to see that he gets into the right studio at the right time. And when you're dealing with people who don't make radio their business, you've got something there to keep you busy.

For instance, there was Senator Burke of Nebraska, whose scheduled broadcasting time was 6:45 on a certain evening. He was due in from Washington on the six o'clock train. Came a violent summer thunderstorm, tying up traffic, and Senator Burke wasn't in the studio at 6:45. A standby pianist filled in for him.

At 7:30, in came the Senator, clean, freshly shaved, and cheerful. He was all ready to broadcast, he announced.

He'd arrived on the six o'clock train all right, had glanced at the station clock, noticed it said five, and decided he had plenty of time to go to his hotel, change and shave. What he'd blithely forgotten was that trains run on standard time, radio studios on the daylight saving variety.



## What Do You Want to Say?

(Continued from page 8)

Now, it appears to me that these actors who are "hogging the mike" are writing their own tickets out of radio, because I don't believe the dear, kicking public will stand for this sort of thing. Perhaps they believe in "a short radio life and a busy one," but if it were me, I would want a long radio existence and one not so busy. I have heard more kicks on this one subject than on any other one thing about radio.

Give someone else a break. There's tons of talent just waiting to be used.

MRS. H. J. BEAMISH,  
Racine, Wisconsin.

### SECOND PRIZE

#### WHAT DO YOU THINK?

I have been reading a great deal of comment on Nelson Eddy's addition to the Don Ameche Revue. Some are in favor of it, others are not. Personally, I think it isn't the proper program for Mr. Eddy. Not that the show isn't one of the best of the year. So far it is outstanding in its presentation of interesting personalities, and it has given us some fine music.

However, the name of Nelson Eddy means great music to the public. He appeared on one of the best musical programs of the winter season, winning new fans for himself and for better music. He is one of the few singers who does not need tricky continuity on his programs to keep the attention of the listening audience.

His last program was full of the dignity that only good music gives. He shouldn't subordinate this quality to a lot of comedians, no matter how lovable they may be. Can't we keep these two separate? Nelson Eddy was not meant to be a fill-in on a variety program. He should carry the bulk of it. He is acknowledged one of the most popular of radio artists. We, the public, appreciate good musical programs, and after the reception his work received last year, why should he join a revue?

C. LUNSFORD,  
Tampa, Florida

### THIRD PRIZE

#### FAIR WARNING!

When my ship comes in, I am going to load it with all the women "torch singers" and sail far out to sea. Then I shall dump them all overboard.

In the resulting tidal wave—there are millions of these so-called singers—I hope to engulf all the comedians and studio audiences.

Then life will be more worth living, and even the neighbors' radio tuned in at top volume may become a blessing instead of the curse it is now.

MRS. E. L. GROVER,  
Middletown, N. Y.

### FOURTH PRIZE

#### ON WITH THE DANCE!

Though still a youngster, I enjoy just about every kind of music you can name, and right here and now I want to put in my two cents worth on the old battle between classical and dance music.

Half of you people who condemn jazz as being "trash" don't know one note from another, nor a saxophone from a clarinet. If you say that dance musicians are not real artists, you are both narrow-minded



## Happy Relief From Painful Backache

Caused by Tired Kidneys

Many of those gnawing, nagging, painful backaches people blame on colds or strains are often caused by tired kidneys—and may be relieved when treated in the right way.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. Most people pass about 3 pints a day or about 3 pounds of waste.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, lumbago, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get Doan's Pills.

## CATARRH or SINUS Irritation Due to Nasal Congestion CHART FREE!

Hall's Catarrh Medicine relieves phlegm-filled throat, stuffed up nose, catarrhal bad breath, hawking, and Sinus headaches caused by nasal congestion. Relief or Your Money Back. At all Druggists'. Send Post Card for Free Treatment Chart. 65 years in business. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Dept. 2311, TOLEDO, O.

## Skin Itch Kills Romance



Many shattered romances may be traced back to ugly skin blemishes. Why tolerate itchy pimples, eczema, angry red blotches or other irritations resulting from external causes without seeking quick relief from soothing PETERSON'S OINTMENT. 35c all druggists,

(50c in Canada). Money back if one application does not delight you. Wonderful, too, for tired itchy feet and cracks between toes. For FREE SAMPLE write Peterson Ointment Co., Dept. JF-16 Buffalo, New York.

## Brown Haired Girls-be Blondes AGAIN..!

Get Back the Lovely Golden Lightness of Childhood

Makes Hair 2 to 4 Shades Lighter in 1 Shampoo



Try this fascinating new Shampoo - Rinse which in a few minutes and at the cost of but a few cents, washes your hair

2 to 4 shades lighter. Safely, too. You will be delighted with the new shimmering highlights and lustre of your hair, the glorious, natural golden radiance that usually comes only in childhood. This amazing shampoo—called New Blondex (now in a combination package with FREE Golden Rinse)—hitherto used only for blondes, is now just as effective with browns, chestnuts and "near blondes" whose hair has grown darkened and dull. Start New Blondex today. Contains no bleach or dye, prevents brittleness and dandruff, rejuvenates the roots, makes your permanent "take" better. Sold at all stores. Buy the large size—it costs less per shampoo.

New **BLONDEX** THE BLONDE HAIR SHAMPOO & RINSE

## Was THIN AND RUNDOWN ALL HER LIFE Yet She Gained 19 Lbs. with Kelpamalt Now Feels Great!

Like Thousands of Other Men and Women, She Found Kelpamalt's Iron, Iodine and Vitamins Quickest Way to Add Pounds, Build Strength and Energy!

### Read Her Actual Letter:

"I cannot give Kelpamalt enough praise though I have taken but 3 bottles and have gotten the 4th one. I was always thin and run-down.

I am 26 years old—married and have 3 children. I was so thin, weak and rundown and could hardly do my work. People were always telling me how terribly bad I looked. We were poor; my husband did not have steady work; then I came down sick so bad I could get my breath only in gasps. I kept getting worse. I could not eat or even sleep more than two hours at night. I weighed 98 lbs. My husband was worried crazy until we read in the paper about Kelpamalt; he said we could not afford good Doctors but we could give Kelpamalt a trial. I had not taken over half a bottle until I was sleeping all night; nothing I eat hurts my stomach. I have taken 3 bottles and have gained 19 lbs., that is wonderful for me who has always been so thin and weak. I feel so good in the morning when I get up—not tired like I always was. I am doing my work and taking care of my children. I thank God that we gave Kelpamalt a trial and hope others do the same."

Mrs. C. J., Delphi, Ind.

Very frequently these dangerous rundown conditions are caused by mal-nourishment—actually a lack of iron, iodine and vitamins in the system. Kelpamalt made from an amazing Pacific Ocean plant contains not only the four important vitamins A, C, D, and E but also is rich in iron, iodine and contributes to the supply of other essential minerals. These precious elements are vitally important to the health and proper functioning of the blood, glands, and liver. They help you to get the good out of your food.

### MAKE THIS SIMPLE TEST

Try Seedol Kelpamalt for 1 week. See, if like thousands of others, you don't feel better, sleep better, eat better and add at least 5 husky new lbs. the first week. If, you don't, the trial is free. It costs you nothing. Your own Doctor will approve this way. Get Seedol Kelpamalt now. It costs but a few cents a day to use and is sold at all good drug stores. Beware of cheap substitutes. Insist on the genuine.

**SEEDOL Kelpamalt Tablets**

### SPECIAL FREE OFFER

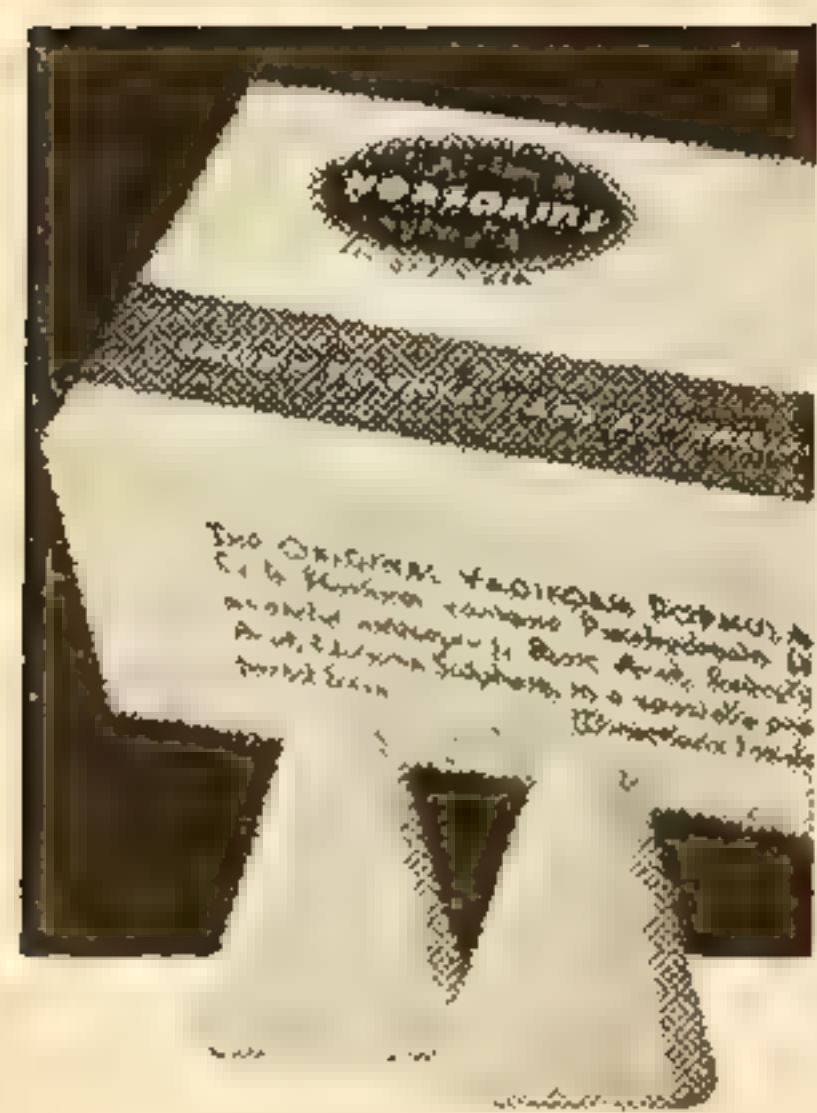
Send for FREE fascinating, instructive 50-page book on How to Build Strength and Add Weight. Information on Minerals, Iodine and Vitamins and their effect on the human body. Weight and measurement charts. Daily menus. No obligation. Kelpamalt Co., Dept. 1308, 27 West 20th St., N. Y. C.





## FEMININE HYGIENE

*made easy*



### NORFORMS ACTION EXPLAINED

Norforms are small, convenient, antiseptic suppositories completely ready for use. They require no awkward apparatus for application. They leave no lingering antiseptic smell around the room or about your person. They are dainty and feminine, soothing and deodorizing. Many women use them for this deodorizing effect alone.

**THINK OF IT!** Effective feminine hygiene without apparatus—without embarrassing antiseptic odors—without danger of an "over-dose" or "burn."

Millions of women now use Norforms—convenient little suppositories, powerfully antiseptic, yet soothing. Norforms melt at internal body temperature and spread a protective film over delicate, internal membranes—an antiseptic film that remains in effective contact for many hours.

- A distinctive and exclusive feature of Norforms is their concentrated content of *Parahydrecin*—a powerful and positive antiseptic developed by Norwich, makers of Unguentine. *Parahydrecin* kills germs, yet Norforms are non-irritating—*actually soothing*.

### MILLIONS USED EVERY YEAR

Send for the new Norforms booklet, "*Feminine Hygiene Made Easy*." Or, buy a box of Norforms at your druggist's today. 12 in a package, complete with leaflet of instructions. The Norwich Pharmacal Company, Norwich, N. Y., makers of Unguentine.



© N. P. C. 1937

Known to Physicians as "Vaalforms"

and hypocritical, because these men are just as capable as the classicists. So you don't believe me! Well, just ask some classical artist who the most expert musicians are—and don't be too surprised if you hear a few names like Tommy Dorsey, Benny Goodman, Louis Armstrong and others.

Swing musicians are sincere, conscientious and efficient artists who deserve all the praise in the world for their efforts. If you don't like dance music, at least refrain from making disparaging remarks about the men who play it. Please don't criticize something you know nothing about, merely because it does not suit your taste.

JAMES T. RANDALL,  
Baltimore, Md.

### FIFTH PRIZE

#### WAKE UP, SPONSORS!

I've come to the conclusion that prospective sponsors sleep late in the mornings. How else do you explain Don McNeil's Breakfast Club remaining sponsorless, lo these many years?

We've listened to Don's effortless good humor and his perfectly blended picker-upper variety show since its inception and prefer it to many night-time shows. And if popularity polls mean anything, so do thousands of others, for the Breakfast Club is always in the upper brackets.

Walter Blaufuss and his versatile orchestra, Helen Jane Belkhe, Annette King, and Jack Baker, who, along with the cream of guest combinations—not forgetting Elmer—comprise an organization unexcelled, that would "listen" well in a movie short. Why, I even believe that Don could make the usual dry commercials entertaining.

I'm all for setting several alarm clocks for 8 A. M. as gentle hints to prospective sponsors.

DOROTHY DISHMAN  
Newport News, Va.

### SIXTH PRIZE

#### WHAT DO YOU DO WITH YOUR OLD RADIO?

What to do with our old radios? That's the question. One cannot swap in an old radio as he can a car. What are we going to do with them?

A person buys a radio (prices were high) costing two hundred dollars. A few years later, after spending considerable money for repairs, one gets disgusted and decides that if money is to be spent that way, why not buy a new one? The new one is bought and the old one is pushed into a corner in another room.

The old one has an expensive cabinet, tubes and everything included, but what good is it to us? It would cost about twenty dollars to repair, and even then they would not guarantee the job.

Maybe some of the readers of this magazine, instead of spending their time criticizing radio and its associates, can tell us what to do with our discarded radios. I hope so.

TIMOTHY F. DONOVAN,  
Lewiston, Maine.

### SEVENTH PRIZE

#### RUSH IS ALL RIGHT!

I am only a girl twelve years old, but I am entitled to my opinion as well as anyone else. I read the August issue of RADIO MIRROR and the column called, "What Do You Want to Say?" There was



It takes more than "just a salve" to draw it out. It takes a "counter-irritant"! And that's what good old Musterole is—soothing, warming, penetrating and helpful in drawing out local congestion and pain when rubbed on the sore, aching spots.

Muscular lumbago, soreness and stiffness generally yield promptly to this treatment, and with continued application, blessed relief usually follows.

Even better results than the old-fashioned mustard plaster. Used by millions for 25 years. Recommended by many doctors and nurses. All druggists. In three strengths: Regular Strength, Children's (mild), and Extra Strong, 40¢ each.



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**WILSON CHEMICAL CO., INC., Dept. 65-F, Tyrone, Pa.**

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to play by note, Piano, Violin, Ukulele, Tenor Banjo, Hawaiian Guitar, Piano, Accordion, Saxophone, Clarinet or any other instrument. Wonderful improved method. Simple as A B C. No "numbers" or trick music. Cost averages only few cents a day. Over 700,000 students.

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### LOOK AND FEEL YOUNGER



ALL over America men and women who want to cleanse kidneys of waste matter and irritating acids and poisons and lead a longer, healthier, happier life are turning to GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules.

So now you know the way to help bring about more healthy kidney activity and stop getting up often at night. Other symptoms are backache, irritated bladder—difficult or smarting passage—puffiness under eyes—nervousness and shifting pains.

This harmless yet effective medicine brings results—you'll feel better in a few days. So why not get a 35¢ box of GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules today—the original and genuine—right from Haarlem in Holland—Don't accept a counterfeit—Ask for and get GOLD MEDAL.

a reader who wrote you and said she thought that on the Vic and Sade programs, Rush used "fantastic English."

As I am in school ten months of a year, I cannot hear the program every day, but other members of my family who hear it every day agree that they have never heard Rush use such a sentence as, "Mom ain't came home yet." In fact, I might add that some of his sentences are a bit too perfect.

I enjoy the program, Vic and Sade, because it is funny and natural.

MARGERY McHALE,  
Summit, N. J.

### HONORABLE MENTION

"Radio has given us a lot of fine and clean entertainment. I am especially thankful to radio because it has kept members of the family home many nights—otherwise some would have been on the streets and into some mischief. This, by the way, can't be measured in dollars and cents."—O. B. CHESTER, Fargo, N. D.

"On Thursday night, July 22, another unforgettable chapter was written in radio history when lovely Jessica Dragonette sang 'Alice Blue Gown' to Stephen Cartwright, the blind and deaf news commentator of Lincoln, Nebr., on the Floyd Gibbons program." — GERALDINE CLEAVER, Anita, Iowa.

"Not a thing has happened to Mary Marlin, Mrs. John Roe. It is the same story, as you say, and might I add that there really are a number of people who are listening with the same zeal as ever, unaware that any change in characters has been made. Surprising, is it not? The world is constantly changing, so let us give the newcomer a break!"—MRS. FLOR-ENCE F. TAYLOR, Gloversville, N. Y.

"If I had five medals, I'd send one each to the author, the cast, and the sponsor of Vic and Sade. As unpretentious as a glass of milk, and as homelike (not falsely homey) as the smell of breakfast, this program effortlessly brings out the naive beauty of one kind of American life."—MEL ABBETT, Duluth, Minn.

"Instead of 'Watch the Fun Go By,' my slogan would be, 'Watch the Time Go By' with Al Pearce and his gang. Three cheers for one of the most enjoyable programs on the air."—MARVIN GELBFISH, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Owing to the great volume of contributions received by this department, we regret that it is impossible for us to return unaccepted material. Accordingly we strongly recommend that all contributors retain a copy of any manuscript submitted to us.

### Lifesavers for Wives

(Continued from page 54)

a towel which has been soaked in vinegar and 'leave him lay' over night. This is not only true of turkey, but will work on any fowl. Furthermore, vinegar rubbed on any meat will help make it tender in case there's any doubt in your mind.

"Now that you've got your turkey where—and how—you want him, you have to make the stuffing. For this you are to use

- 1 onion
- 1 tbl. butter
- ½ lb. sausage
- 4 doz. boiled chestnuts
- 2 tbls. salt
- ¼ tsp. pepper
- 2 tbls. minced parsley
- 1 cup dried bread crumbs
- ½ cup boiling water

**"I COULDN'T  
TAKE A STEP  
IN PEACE!"**



**Every Move,  
Every Position,  
Cost Me Pain"**

ANY person with Piles knows what suffering is. Piles cause you physical suffering. They cause you mental distress. They make you look worn and haggard.

Piles can take various forms—internal or external, itching or painful, bleeding or non-bleeding—but whatever form they take, they are a cause of misery and a danger.

### A Scientific Formula

Effective treatment today for Piles is to be had in Pazo Ointment. Pazo is a scientific treatment for this trouble of proven efficacy. Pazo gives quick relief. It stops pain and itching. It assures comfort, day and night.

Pazo is reliable because it is threefold in effect. First, it is soothing, which tends to relieve soreness and inflammation. Second, it is lubricating, which tends to soften hard parts and also to make passage easy. Third, it is astringent, which tends to reduce swollen parts and to stop bleeding.

### Real Results

Pazo comes in Collapsible Tube with Detachable Pile Pipe which permits application high up in rectum where it reaches and thoroughly covers affected parts. Pazo also now comes in suppository form. Pazo Suppositories are Pazo Ointment, simply in suppository form. Those who prefer suppositories will find Pazo the most satisfactory as well as the most economical.

### Send for Trial Tube

All drug stores sell Pazo-in-Tubes and Pazo Suppositories. But a liberal trial tube will be sent on request. Just mail coupon below and enclose 10c (coin or stamps) to help cover packing and postage.

Grove Laboratories, Inc.  
Dept. 37-MC-2, St. Louis, Mo.

**MAIL!**

Gentlemen: Please send me trial tube Pazo. I enclose 10c to help cover packing and postage.

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ADDRESS.....

CITY..... STATE.....

This offer is good in U. S. and Canada. Canadian residents may write H. R. Madill & Co., 64 Wellington St., West, Toronto, Ont.



# IMPORTANT! TO YOUNG MOTHERS



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AMERICAN  
MEDICAL  
ASSN.  
Council on Food

57

LOOK FOR THESE  
TWO SEALS, THEY

MEAN PROTECTION FOR BABY

MAKE sure you're giving baby the best in strained foods by serving him Heinz! Choice fruits and vegetables—fresher than you could buy—are cooked in dry steam to retain delicious flavor, appetizing color, vitamins and minerals! Save money and hours of toil, by serving Heinz Strained Foods—12 kinds!



Heinz STRAINED  
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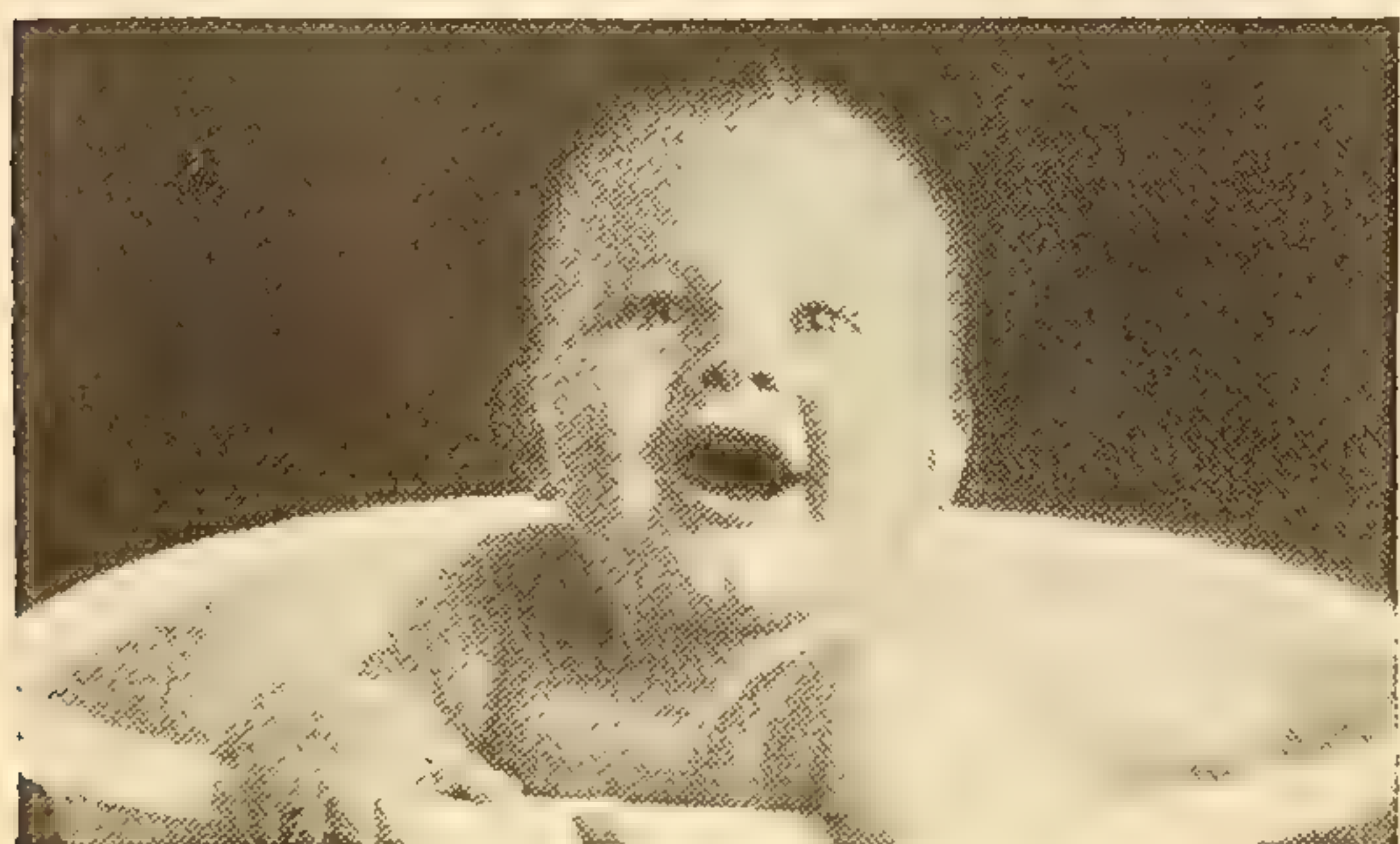
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Weld more firmly the bond of fellowship in your class with a dignified emblem—a symbol of its purpose—a reminder of responsibility, that all members will be proud to wear. 300 beautiful modern designs. Write Today for Free 1938 Catalog!

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80 BASTIAN BLDG. ROCHESTER, N.Y.

**"Us Babies . .**

**WANT OLIVE OIL IN OUR BABY POWDER."**



To keep your baby happy, Mother, to protect his tender young skin, no other powder compares with Z.B.T.—the only baby powder made with olive oil. The olive oil makes Z.B.T. more soothing, more effective in preventing chafing. The olive oil explains why Z.B.T. clings longer, why it is moisture-resistant, free from caking. Approved by leading hospitals, by Good House-keeping Bureau and by your baby.

For FREE SAMPLE

send postcard to Z.B.T., Dept. F-8,  
80 Varick Street, New York City



"Mince the onion and sautee it in the butter. Now add the sausage, then half the chestnuts, which have been peeled and mashed, the salt and pepper. Let this cook together for a few minutes, then put in the parsley, the breadcrumbs and the boiling water. When this has cooked together for another few minutes, put in the remaining chestnuts—whole, this time, but peeled, of course. All this is to be put into the turkey, and the turkey roasted.

"If you haven't had turkey since last Thanksgiving, you've probably lost the large needle you were going to sew it up with. Don't worry—use toothpicks instead. The toothpicks are to be stuck through the skin at both sides of the opening made for the stuffing. Now loop a string over the top toothpick, then lace up the turkey as you do your shoe. If you're out of toothpicks and want an excuse to go shopping, you can buy a set of four small aluminum skewers made especially for this purpose."

ACCORDING to the Wifesaver, gravy makers fall into two classifications, "good" and "bad." To be sure of making good brown gravy—and you certainly don't want to make the other kind after all the trouble you've gone to with the turkey—brown your flour before you start the gravy. This is done in a fairly heavy skillet, with the flame turned low, and you are to stir the flour occasionally to keep it from sticking and burning. Next you are to use equal quantities of flour and drippings, and blend them together in a paste. Finally, you are to use cold water, never hot, add it to the thickening slowly, and boil the mixture together until it is thick enough to suit you.

"Most turkeys end up, eventually, in croquettes," said the Wifesaver. "Assuming that you have two cups of turkey meat left, run it through the meat chopper and add to it

- 1 small onion, minced
- 1 tbl. minced parsley
- 1 tbl. minced pimiento
- 1 cup cracker or bread crumbs
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/8 tsp. pepper
- 2 tbls. gravy or melted butter
- 1 beaten egg
- 1 cup milk

"Combine all these ingredients, and mix them together well. Add the milk last, a little at a time, until you can mold the mixture easily—you may find you won't have to use the full cup of milk. When the croquettes are molded, put them into the refrigerator and forget all about them for a couple of hours. When they are very cold, take them out, roll them in cracker or bread crumbs, then dip them into a well beaten egg to which you've added two tablespoons of milk. Roll them in the crumbs again, then fry in deep fat."

If you're going to make fruit cakes for the holidays you'll have to get along with the recipe that's been in the family for generations, for the Wifesaver is convinced that no fruit cake tastes right unless the maker can say the recipe is the same one her great-great-grandmother used. But no matter what recipe you follow, here are a few suggestions that will insure better results than ever. First, brown the flour before making your cake, just as you browned it to make the gravy. When chopping the fruit, use the kitchen scissors instead of a paring knife—it's much easier—and when the knife gets sticky plunge it into cold water for a few seconds. To be sure that the nut meats are whole, boil the nuts for fifteen minutes before cracking them. As a last hint, try steaming the fruit cake for two hours, then baking it slowly for one hour.

## "INFANT CARE"

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NEWEST SENSATION! Send any snapshot or photo and we'll reproduce it in this beautiful onyx-like ring. **50c**

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Waterproof 25c extra. Enclose strip of paper for ring size. Pay postman plus a few cents postage. If you send 50c we will pay postage. PHOTO MOVETTE RING CO., Dept. M10, 626 Vine Street, Cincinnati, Ohio

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HEAVY LASTING PERFUMES— that you will be proud to wear EACH QUITE DIFFERENT FROM THE OTHERS.

1 ALWAYS 2 GARDENIA 3 DESERT FLOWER 4 HEATHER 5 STAR DUST

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34-pc. cherry blossom green or pink colored Glass Dinner Set. Or big cash commission—YOURS for Simply Giving Away FREE big colored pictures with well known WHITE CLOVERINE SALVE used for burns, chaps, sores, etc., easily sold to friends at 25c a box (with picture FREE) and remitting per catalog. SPECIAL—Choice of many other gifts. Our 42nd year. Be First. Write today for order of Salve. Wilson Chem. Co., Inc., Dept. 65-W, Tyrone, Pa.

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Don't mistake eczema for the stubborn, ugly, embarrassing, scaly skin disease psoriasis. Apply non-staining Dermoil. Thousands of men and women use it. Grateful users, often after years of suffering, report the scales have gone, the red patches gradually disappeared and they enjoyed the thrill of a clear skin again. Dermoil is backed by a positive agreement to give definite benefit in 2 weeks or money is refunded without question. Beautiful book on Psoriasis and Dermoil with amazing proof of results Free, or send 25c for generous trial bottle to make our famous "One Spot Test". Prove it yourself no matter how long you have suffered or what you have tried. Shipped to many foreign countries. Don't delay. Write today. Give druggist's name. LAKE LABORATORIES, Box 6, Northwestern Station, Dept. M-22, Detroit, Mich.

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Why put up with years of needless discomfort and worry? Try a Brooks Automatic Air Cushion. This marvelous appliance permits the opening to close, yet holds reducible rupture securely, comfortably—day and night. Thousands report amazing results. Light, neat-fitting. No hard pads or stiff springs to chafe or gouge. Made for men, women and children. Durable, cheap. Sent on trial to prove it. Never sold in stores. Beware of imitations. Write for Free Book on Rupture, no-risk trial order plan, and proof of results. Correspondence confidential.



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**Liberty's  
Pete Smith-M.G.M.  
WHOPPERS  
CONTEST!**

Now, at last, through Liberty's new contest offer, that favorite "tall" story of yours may bring you fame and fortune. Through arrangements with M.G.M. your own modern myth, your fabulous tale, your whopper of a yarn has an excellent chance to be selected for a handsome cash prize and for filming into a PETE SMITH SHORT. What an opportunity! For full instructions and official entry blank see any issue of Liberty on sale from September 8 through September 28. Get your copy and start an entry today. Your chance is excellent!

**Liberty**

ON SALE AT ALL NEWS STANDS

To steam, simply wrap the cake in waxed paper, place it on the rack in the roasting pan, cover the bottom of the pan with boiling water, put on the cover and steam away.

While we're on the subject of fruit cake, remember that small fruit cakes, or steamed puddings, make ideal Christmas presents, so it might be a good idea to double your recipe and take care of part of your Christmas gift problems right now. The cakes or puddings to be used for gifts are to be wrapped in waxed paper and kept away from the air—and the family—and they'll be de-lovely on Christmas morning.

An apple a day may keep the doctor away, but not if you try the Wifesaver's recipes, and the doctor knows good food.

"Have you ever tried this way of baking apples?" asks the Wifesaver. "First remove the core. Now don't say you can't use an apple corer because you are left-handed. One enterprising manufacturer has made a left-handed apple corer just for you, and you'll find it at your local hardware or department store. Well, now that you've got the cores out, fill the cavities with sugar, then pour on enough grape juice to baste the apples while they are baking. They are to be served cold or hot, with whipped cream or as is. And if you have trouble with apples that fall apart while baking, remember to tie a string around each one before you put them into the oven."

*If you like recipes for orange and grapefruit marmalade, and dried apricot marmalade, send a self-addressed, stamped envelope with your request to Mrs. Margaret Simpson, RADIO MIRROR, 122 East 42nd St., New York. Be sure to ask for the Wifesaver's twelve candy recipes, too. They're really grand ones, taken from his collection of candy recipes sent in by radio listeners all over the country. You'll want to try uncooked fudge, pecan pralines, and cream caramels—not to mention bringing yourself up to date on old fashioned molasses taffy.*



Hedda Hopper, heard on the NBC Western network, wears this attractive felt hat with an elaborately furred costume in one of her recent films.

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with 1/2 Way Tooth Pastes



For teeth that gleam with jewel-like lustre gums too must be cared for. So don't trust to ordinary tooth pastes. Get the two-way protection so many dentists advise.

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Results are amazing! Gums are stimulated, soon teeth show a new brilliance.

Forhan's Tooth Paste was originated by Dr. R. J. Forhan, eminent dental surgeon, to do both vital jobs—clean teeth and safeguard gums. It contains a special ingredient found in no other tooth paste. End half-way care. Buy a tube of Forhan's today!

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**STREAKS**  
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BY DIXIE WILLSON

What of Shirley Temple's future? Will she gradually fade out of the picture as have so many other juvenile stars or will she continue through succeeding stages of her growth to be one of America's most popular motion picture actresses?

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A tender, moving story of mother love and beautiful loyalty to a memory, it will touch your heart as it has seldom been touched by any story. Photoplay for November is on sale October 8. Do not miss it!

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# PUT THE BEE ON YOUR SPELLING

HERE'S YOUR CHANCE TO JOIN  
IN RADIO'S FAVORITE FAD—  
TEST YOUR KNOWLEDGE WITH  
THIS LIST OF TRICKY WORDS

**S**O you think you're a good speller? Just wait until you've tackled the list below. The words have been supplied to RADIO MIRROR by Paul Wing, Spelling Master of the weekly NBC Spelling Bee, on the air every Saturday evening, over the NBC-Blue network. They're hand-picked, every one of them, from the list of words that have tripped up more contestants than any others. Go ahead and test yourself, if you dare.

Each word is given in three different spellings only one of which is correct. Check the ones you think are right, then turn to page 99 for the answers. Give yourself 7 for each correct answer. 70 is a passing grade. And don't forget to watch for another spelling bee in RADIO MIRROR next month.

1. Assassinate —assassinate —assasinate. (Verb) To kill by surprise or secret assault; to murder by treacherous violence.

2. Felicitate—felisitate—felicitate. (verb) To offer congratulations on some event.

3. Viralent—virulent—virulant. (adj.) Extremely poisonous or venomous.

4. Kiosque—keosk—kiosk. (noun) A light ornamental structure used as a subway entrance, a newsstand or a bandstand.

5. Gellatinous —jelatinous —gelatinous. (adj.) Jellylike or having the nature and consistence of gelatine.

6. Velosipede—velocipede — velocapede. (noun) Any light vehicle propelled by the rider, especially the tricycle or the old-fashioned bicycle.

7. Seismograph—sizmograph — siesmograph. (noun) An instrument to detect and register earthquake shocks.

8. Boullion—bouillon—bullion. (noun) A plain soup or broth served in a fancy restaurant.

9. Phosphorus — phosphorous — phospherus. (noun) A chemical element of a white or yellowish color which throws off a faint glow in moist air.

10. Emolient — emoliant — emollient. (adj) Softening, making supple; (n.) a soothing application to allay irritation.

11. Flox—phlocks—phlox. (noun) A large plant having red, purple, white or variegated flowers.

12. Molecule — molicule — mollecule. (noun) A unit of matter; specifically, the smallest portion of an element or compound which retains identity in character with the substance in the mass.

13. Anynimity—anonymity—ananimity. (noun) The state of being without a known name.

14. Oliaginous—oliajinous—oleaginous. (adj.) Like oil; having the nature or quality of oil.

15. Contumacious—contumatious—contumasious (adj.) Rebellious; obstinate; stubborn; disobedient.

16. Quirist — queerist — querist. (noun) One who inquires or asks questions.

17. Hemorrhage — hemorrhage — hemorrhage. (noun) Any discharge of blood from the blood vessels.

18. Lachrimose — lachrymose — lackrymose. (adj.) Given to shedding tears; tearful.

19. Herbivorous—herbiverous—herbivorus. (adj.) Eating or living on plants, as opposed to carnivorous, flesh eating.

20. Occarina—ocharina—ocarina. (noun) A small simple wind instrument, sometimes called a sweet-potato.

21. Xylaphone—zylophone — xylophone. (noun) A musical instrument consisting of a series of wooden bars, sounded by striking with wooden hammers.

22. Sparsity—sparcity—sparsaty. (noun) Scantiness, want of plenty.

23. Daguerotype—dagerotype—daguerreotype. (noun) An early variety of photograph, produced on a silver plate or a copper plate covered with silver.

24. Erysipalas—erysipelas — earisipelas. (noun) A very painful disease accompanied with inflammation and swelling.

25. Tattooed—tatoed—tattoed. (adjective) Indelibly marked or colored, by pricking in colored matter—usually referred to in connection with human skin.

(For Correct Answers See Page 99)



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# It's All Greek to the Greeks

(Continued from page 25)

to know what you talk with.

PARKY: I talk with anybody—I'm not fussy. And let me tell you, Mr. Wholesome—

AL: I'm Jolson—not Wholesome.

PARKY: You would be if you used Lifebuoy. Boy, is that getting the commercial in!

AL: Oh, why do you bother me? Why don't you go off somewhere and get yourself a job and leave me alone?

PARKY: I had a job once but I got fired. I was a shover for a rich man.

AL: A shover? What in the world is a shover?

PARKY: He hired me to drive his car for him.

AL: You don't know your language—that's a chauffeur.

PARKY: You don't know that car—I had to shove 'er.

AL: Well, why did he fire you?

PARKY: Aw, he got sore just because I took his car out for a ride for a couple hours.

AL: But how did he know you took his car out—you didn't tell him, did you?

PARKY: I ran over him.

AL: Whew! That was a big calamity.

PARKY: No—just a small coupe.

AL: Parkyakarkus, some people are born fools and others become fools before they die.

PARKY: Well, don't worry, you're still a young man.

AL: That's the last straw. I want nothing more to do with you. I had a beautiful gift to give you tonight, to celebrate our new season on the air, but now you won't get it. It was a stick pin with your name engraved on it.

PARKY: I wouldn't want it anyway.

AL: You wouldn't? Why not?

PARKY: Why? Are you crazy? Parkyakarkus on a pin? Not me!

AL: I get the point.

PARKY: (Briskly; he almost sounds energetic.) Well, Mr. Johnson, I got to go now. I'm goin' to Wasmington, B. C. I'm gonna be a new Supreme Court judge—I just got a letter from the President.

AL: What are you talking about? Don't tell me the President wrote you a letter and asked you to be a Supreme Court judge!

PARKY: Sure. A policeman came to my house this morning and he handed me a letter and it said they writ to Parkyakarkus to be in the Supreme Court. See—here's the letter!

(We hear the rustle of paper as Al unfolds the letter.)

AL: Writ to Parkyakarkus—you fool, this is a writ of habeas corpus!

PARKY: Well, I don't know that Greek. Just the same, I guess they like me, because it says right here even if I don't come, I'm liable to find a hundred dollars.

AL: Even if you don't—Look here, what it really says is if you don't appear you're liable to a fine of a hundred dollars. This is a summons—it's about the rent on your house.

PARKY: That's right—there's a fella living in my house upstairs and he don't pay me no rent.

AL: Who's the fellow?

PARKY: My landlord—and boy, am I mad.

AL: You're mad because your landlord doesn't pay you rent?

PARKY: Why not? He gets mad if I don't pay him!

AL: Anyway, Parky, it looks like on account of your house you're gonna be in hot water.

PARKY: Impossible! Because in that

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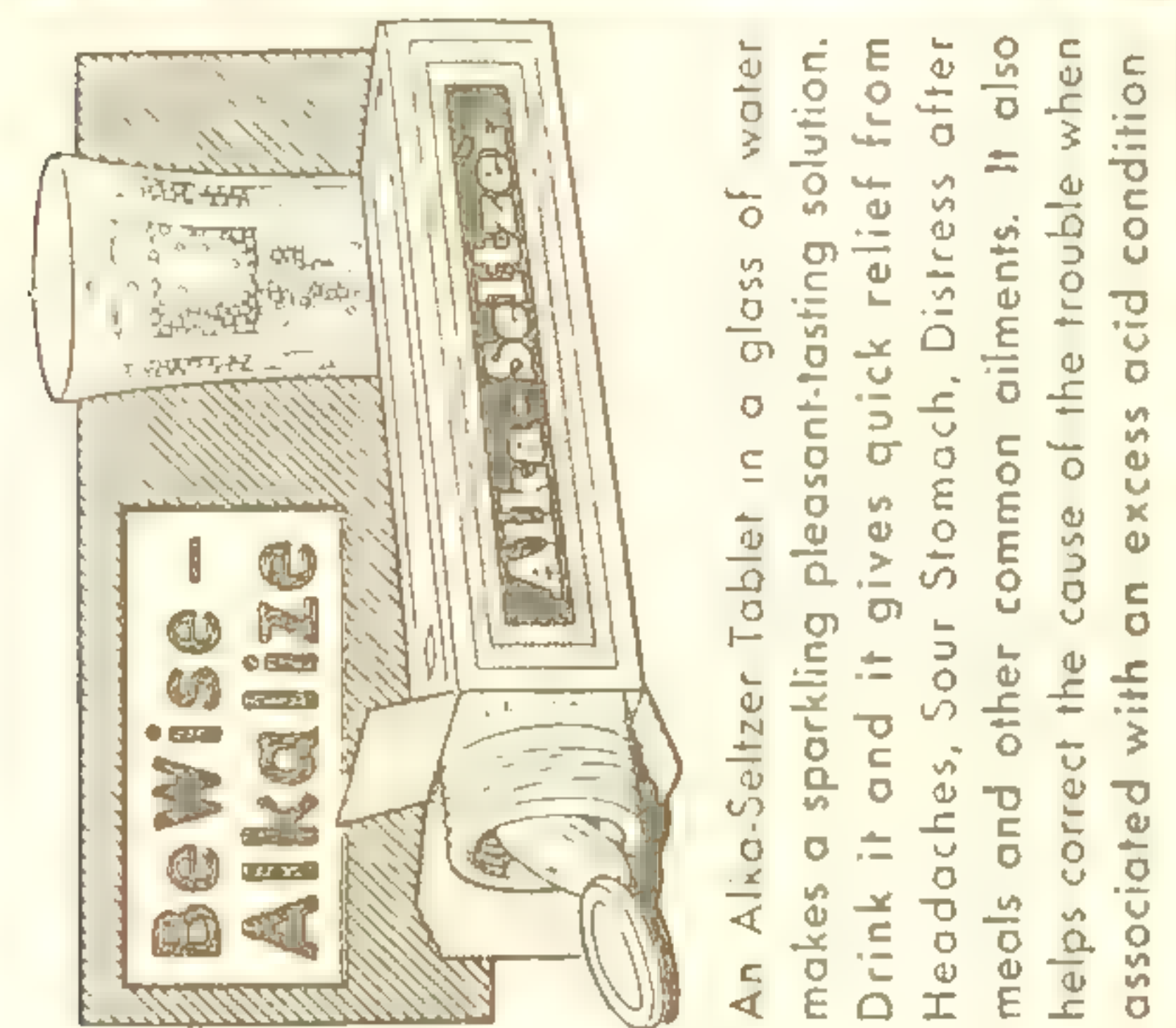
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house there's no hot water.

AL: No hot water? But how do you take a bath?

PARKY: I don't know—I only been living there two months.

AL: Well, all this is serious, and I'd advise you to engage counsel.

PARKY: How could I get engaged to a counsel? I'm a married man.

AL: You'd better do something, because your landlord is going to make trouble. Maybe you'd better pay your rent and fix everything up.

PARKY: Well, I won't, because I don't like the house. There's too many keeds there.

AL: But what do you expect the neighbors to do with their children?

PARKY: Who said anything about neighbors? They're my keeds.

AL: Parkyakarkus, only crazy people would know what you're talking about!

PARKY: I'm glad we understand each other. But don't think I'm so crazy, because if I was they wouldn't have asked me to play that part in the picture "Gone With the Wind."

AL: Wait a minute now—don't start bragging that you're going to be in the picture of "Gone With the Wind."

PARKY: Why not—ain't that something to blow about? I'm gonna play Scarlett Parkyakarkus!

AL: You mean Scarlett O'Hara! But that's a woman's part. Can you play a woman?

PARKY: Boy, can I? Show me the woman! But I turned the job down. I don't like Southern pictures anyway—give me a good Western.

AL: You mean a Western with cowboys and Indians?

PARKY: Naw! A Western—you know, like those pictures you see Mae West in. Did you know Mae West is going to make a picture with me called "Living in Luxury?"

AL: That'll be a very funny title—Mae West Living in Luxury with Parkyakarkus.

PARKY: No, my name is got to come first—Parkyakarkus Living in Luxury, supported by Mae West.

AL: I give up! I never thought anybody could be as dumb as you. Why, do you know you've been on this program since last year, and you've never even bothered to speak to Tiny Ruffner?

PARKY: (Indifferently.) Who's he?

AL: Our announcer, of course. Tiny! Come over here and meet Parkyakarkus.

TINY: (Being very polite.) How do you do?

PARKY: Oh, a wise guy, huh? You and me better understand myself right now—you know I was here before you went, and I'll still be here after you came. Figure that out and let me know what it means. Say, Al Joslin, what did you say this guy's name is?

AL: Tiny Ruffner.

PARKY: Tiny Roughneck?

TINY: Roughneck? Roughneck? Get my name right—it's Ruffner. There's no neck—you can't pull that neck stuff with me.

PARKY: Oh, what I care! Who wants to neck with you?

TINY: Al, I quit. If I'd known he was going to be here I'd never have come on this program in the first place.

PARKY: Who sent for you?

TINY: If I hear any more out of you, the sponsors will hear a couple of words from me.

PARKY: The only couple of words the sponsors want to hear from you is *Rinso* and *Lifebuoy*. Yahhh!

AL: Come, come now, boys, let's not fight. Why, I want you two kids to love each other—that's why I introduced you.

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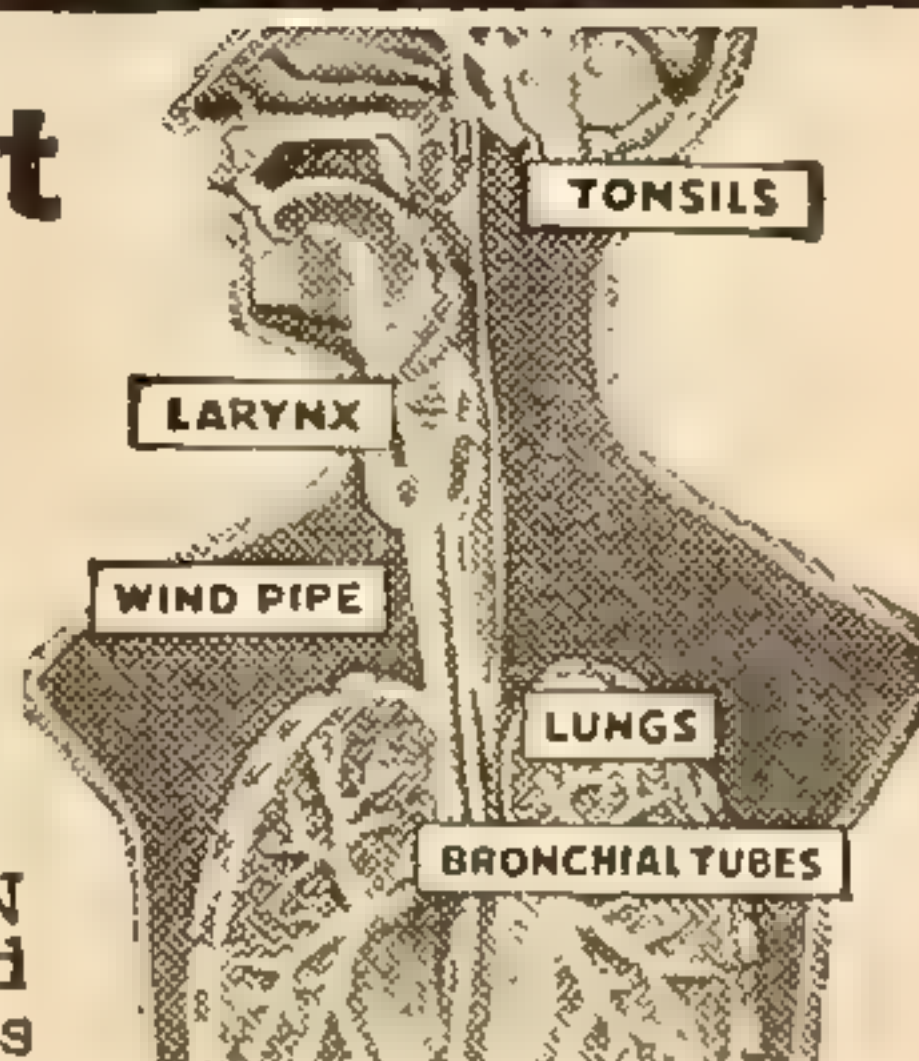
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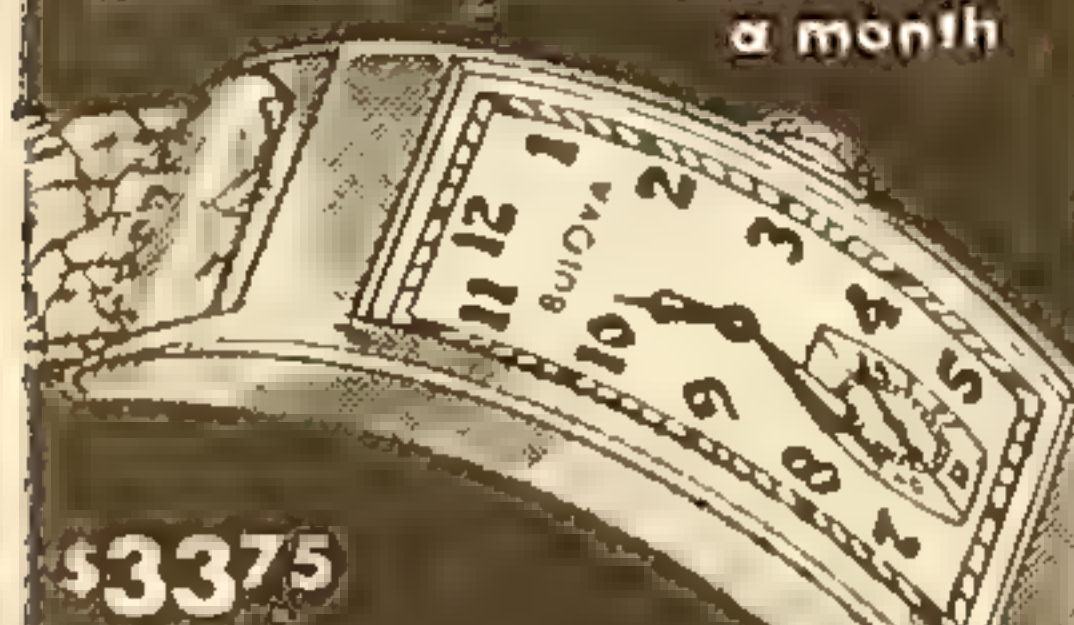
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PARKY: Yeah, that's the trouble with this show—they let in too many foreigners.

AL: Foreigners? Tiny Ruffner fought in the Word War, his father fought in the Spanish American War, his grandfather fought in the Civil War, and his great-grandfather fought in the Revolutionary War.

PARKY: What's the matter—can't they get along with anybody?

TINY: (And now he really is mad.) We're patriotic, and that's more than you can say. What did you ever do to help the country of Greece?

PARKY: I came to America!

TINY: And that's what's wrong with this country.

PARKY: Yeah, well, if you don't like this country you can go back to where I came from!

TINY: Oh, talking to you is just like doing a monologue.

AL: Yes, except there's too many interruptions.

PARKY: (Darkly.) You guys wouldn't say things like that if you knew what I did last week.

AL: Yeah? What did you do last week?

PARKY: I went up to see Sam.

AL: Sam? Sam who?

PARKY: Sam Francisco.

AL: What made you go up to San Francisco?

PARKY: I had to be in New York in a big hurry.

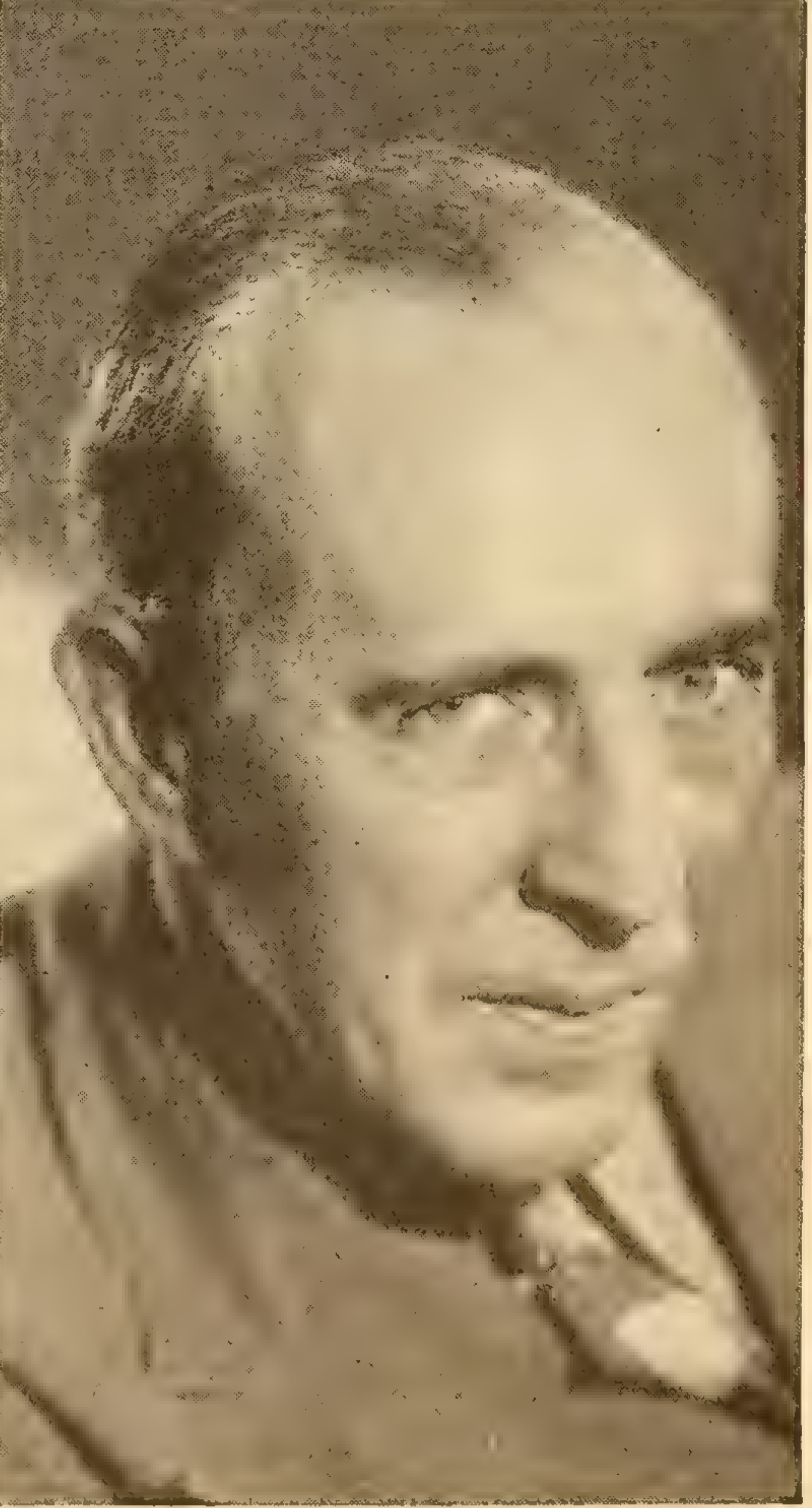
AL: If you had to be in New York in a big hurry, why did you go to San Francisco?

PARKY: Because it's much nearer. I flew up, and on the way we almost had an accident. The ship almost fell into the ocean, and you should have seen the pilot's face. He was paler than a ghost.

AL: And what did you do?

PARKY: I was Rinso.

AL: What do you mean, you were Rinso?



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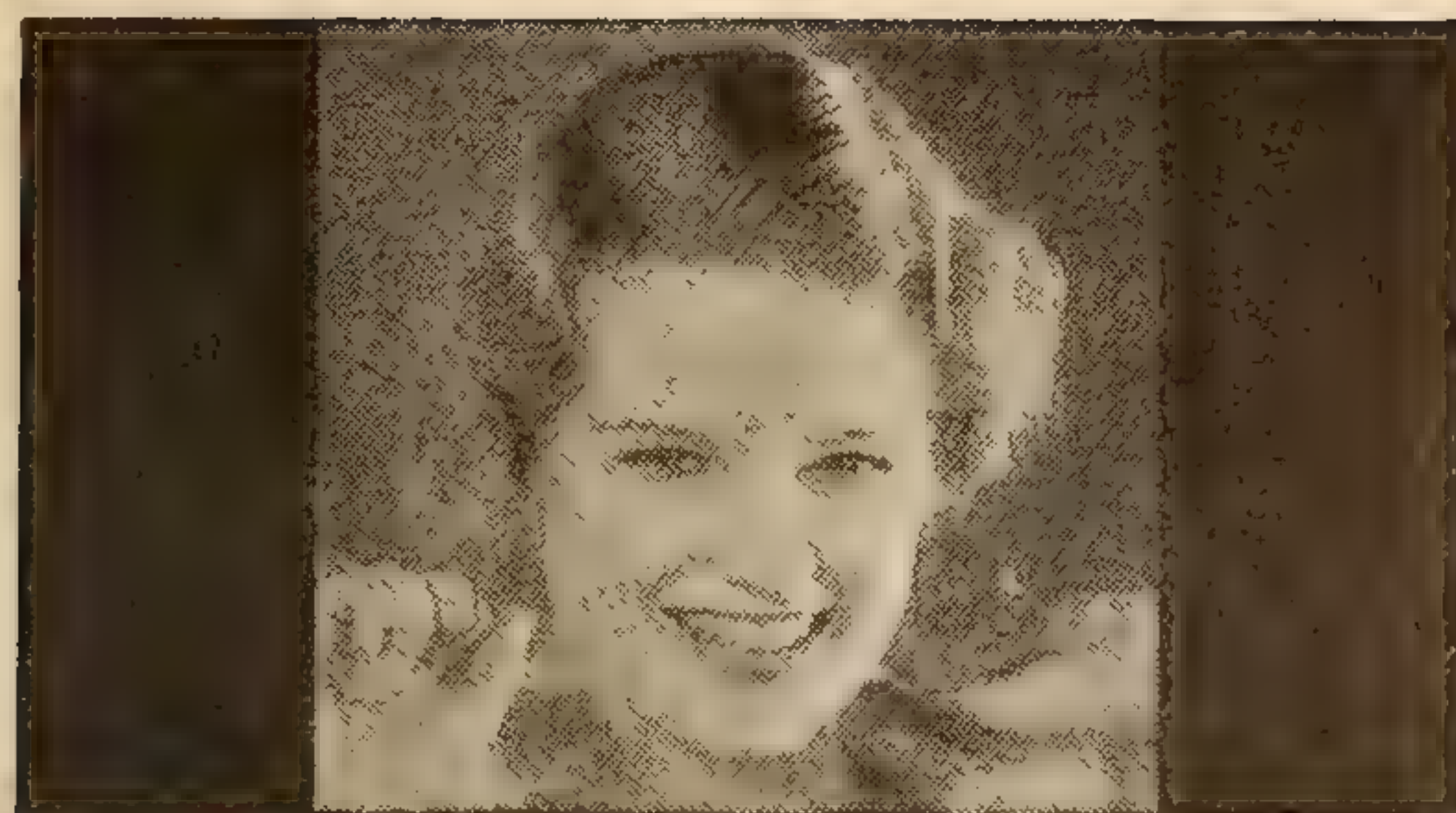
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BECAUSE EASIEST TO CLEAN

# HYGEIA

NURSING BOTTLE AND NIPPLE

PARKY: I was five shades whiter.  
AL: I still say you're nothing but a big dope.

PARKY: Is that so? Well, I got something while I was in Sam Francisco which is got to make me a million dollars—maybe even less.

AL: Tell me about it—I'm interested.

PARKY: Boy, I'm gonna make so much money from this I'll never have to work for the rest of my life, even if I live so long.

AL: What is it?

PARKY: People who lives in Sam Francisco is got to use it, and if you live in Oakland you got to use it.

AL: Wait a minute—surely you don't mean the Golden Gate Bridge?

PARKY: I bought it! Ain't I lucky?

AL: (Faintly.) Who did you buy it from?

PARKY: The Mayor. He stopped me in the street—I never seen him before—I didn't know him from a hole in the head—and he said he liked my looks and I was the only one he would sell the bridge to.

AL: How much did you pay for it?

PARKY: Oh, I got some bargain. I said, "How much is the bridge?" and he said, "Well, how much you got in your pocket?" So I said, "Twenty-seven dollars." So he said, "Okay, I'll give it to you for twenty-seven dollars." Was that fella a fool!

AL: He was a fool?

PARKY: Yeah, he didn't know I had three dollars more in my other pocket.

AL: That's the best joke I ever heard. How did you happen to have thirty dollars in your pockets?

PARKY: I was wearing your pants.

AL: What? You bought the Golden Gate bridge with my money?

PARKY: Don't get excited—I'm gonna pay you back.

AL: How?

PARKY: I'm gonna charge everybody who wants to go from Sam Francisco to Oakland ten cents.

AL: Nobody's going to pay you ten cents for using that bridge.

PARKY: Listen—I got the bridge. They got to come across.

AL: You don't own the Golden Gate Bridge.

PARKY: Who don't? I'm gonna advertise it everywhere. I even got my slogan all picked out—Parkyakarkus on the Golden Gate for Ten Cents. And I even got cards printed about the bridge.

AL: What kind of cards?

PARKY: Bridge cards. You know, I was going to put a net under that bridge, in case anybody falls off—but I got a better idea now. Everybody who goes on the bridge gets a cake of Lifebuoy soap.

AL: Why Lifebuoy soap?

PARKY: In case they fall in the water the Lifebuoy will make a good lather, and they can climb right up.

AL: Parkyakarkus, you're just plain crazy. I hate to disillusion you. You think you bought that bridge for twenty-seven dollars—but that bridge happens to have cost thirty-five million dollars!

PARKY: Yeah, but don't forget I paid cash.

AL: You'd better stick to your radio and movie work. In them it doesn't matter if you haven't any brains. How's your new picture coming along?

PARKY: Oh, I got a big part. It takes place in a night club and during the whole picture I'm out there on the floor.

AL: On the night club floor?

PARKY: Oh no—on the cutting room floor. But my big scene comes in the middle of the picture. Everything is quiet—you don't hearing a sound, except a few

(Continued on page 97)

## GUARD AGAINST



## LINES AROUND YOUR EYES



WITH *Maybelline*  
Special EYE CREAM

Aids in counteracting dry condition of skin around the eyes which causes wrinkles, crows-feet, etc. Smooths, softens and refines texture of skin. A rich cream containing the precious vitamin "D".

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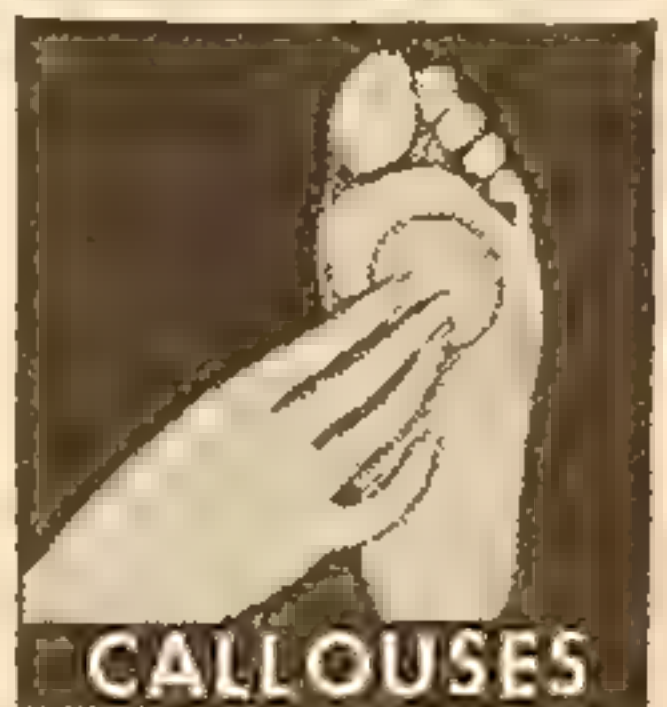
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CALLOUSES



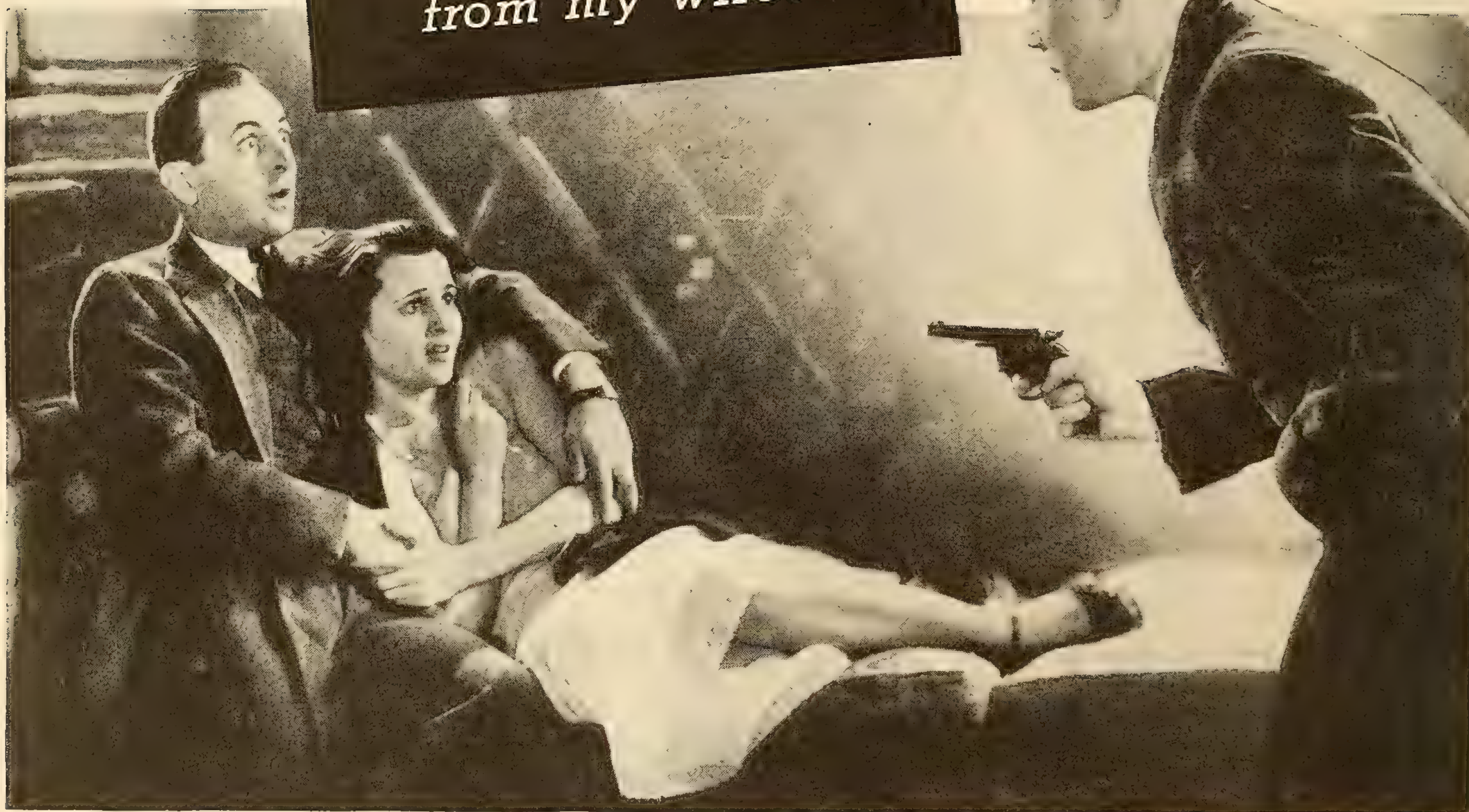
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"I have bared my soul that every wife and husband and every boy and girl on the way to the altar may know without the

ghastly price experience charged me."

• • • • •

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(Continued from page 95)

snores from the audience. Now just try and picture this—I'm sitting in a chair in my room, standing up walking around—and then I decide to get out of bed.

AL: Wait a minute—how can you be sitting down, standing up, and be lying in bed at the same time?

PARKY: Oh, this picture's got a lot of action. The whole picture is written on two sheets of paper.

AL: Nonsense! You can't write a whole play on two sheets.

PARKY: Yes you can—this is a bedroom play, and all you need is two sheets.

AL: Parkyakarkus, I pity the poor director trying to get you to act in that picture.

PARKY: Oh, don't worry about him—he's a great director. And besides, he gives me the best parts. One place there I'm supposed to kiss a beautiful girl six times—and they keep taking the scene over and over because every time I would only kiss the girl five times.

AL: Hey, wait a minute, don't say that! This broadcast is supposed to prove how dumb you are!

PARKY: (Suddenly getting mad.) Well, I ain't gonna allow it. I'm gettin' sick with the way you treat me, Mr. Al Gosling! A fine friend you are—I ought to sue you!

AL: Sue me—for what?

PARKY: You said that I was a low-down cheap-skate and a half-witted ox, and was drunk in a night club wearing a straw hat—

AL: Well, yes, but—

PARKY: It's a lie—I ain't got a straw hat!

AL: Parkyakarkus, how can you be so dumb and live? You know, you fascinate me.

PARKY: (Suspiciously—he doesn't know whether this is a compliment or an insult.) I do? What's that?

AL: Fascination! Don't you know what fascination is?

PARKY: Sure—fascination is when the doctor sticks you in the arm with that needle.

AL: No, no—you're thinking of vaccination.

PARKY: Don't tell me! Vaccination is when you go away for a rest, like I just took my summer's vaccination.

AL: Oh, you mean vacation—vacation!

PARKY: Nossir! That's the kind of work you do—somebody says what's your vacation?

AL: (Shouting.) That's Vocation! Vo! VO!

PARKY: Vo yourself—I ain't no horse.

AL: All right, I give up. Tell me, Parkyakarkus, where did you go for your vacation?

PARKY: Did you ever hear of Paris?

AL: Paris, France?

PARKY: Sure, what you think—pair o' socks? And did you ever hear of Switzerland, with the gorgeous Alps, where the snow is like a blanket of white gardenias?

AL: Ah, beautiful Switzerland!

PARKY: And did you ever hear of Vienna, and the Riviera?

AL: Yes?

PARKY: I went to Coney Island.

AL: But why didn't you come with me to London?

PARKY: No, that's too cheap for me.

AL: Cheap? I saw the king, and it cost me about ten thousand dollars.

PARKY: You got stung. Last night I saw three kings, and it only cost me eight dollars—I had two pairs. But the next time I go to New York I'm gonna have both thumbs simonized.

AL: I get you—so you can hitch-hike easier. But why both thumbs?

PARKY: With my right hand I point to the East, and with my left hand I point to the West.

AL: What's the idea?

PARKY: I'm not fussy—I'll go either way—so long as I know which way is New York.

AL: Well, there are signs on the road that should show you the way to New York.

PARKY: Oh, you can't believe those signs. Once I was on the road and I see a big sign. It said "This will take you to Chicago." Well, I sat on it for seven hours and it didn't even move.

AL: (And we can practically see him throw up his hands in disgust.) Okay, I'm done. I can't make any sense out of what you say, Parkyakarkus, and I don't think anybody else can either. I leave it up to you, ladies and gentlemen of the jury—is Parkyakarkus crazy, feeble-minded, or is he just so smart nobody else can understand him?

TINY: If you still can't make up your minds, tune in our program on the Columbia network next Tuesday night at 8:30, E.S.T., and listen to some more evidence, as well as songs by Al and Martha Raye, and music by Victor Young's orchestra. Until then—good night.

Don't take a proud editor's word for it—get the December issue for another Radio-broadcast and find out for yourself how many hearty laughs this new kind of feature will give you.

## Facing the Music

(Continued from page 5)

"Now truck to the right; reverse it; stomp that right foot; stomp that left foot; all right, you shine, Suzy-Q to the right; Everybody Praise Allah!"

Attention, Fred Astaire!

\* \* \*

THE fall lineup in a half dozen of Manhattan's leading dance retreats is almost identical with last season's. New Yorkers evidently preferring old friends to new faces. Horace Heidt will be back at the Biltmore, Leo Reisman returns to the Sert Room of the Waldorf, Tommy Dorsey continues from the Commodore, Benny Goodman will attract great crowds once again down to the Manhattan Room of the Pennsylvania, and Eddy Duchin will inveigle the smart set to loosen up in

the Persian Room of the Plaza. The lone newcomer will be Jimmy Dorsey at the New Yorker.

\* \* \*

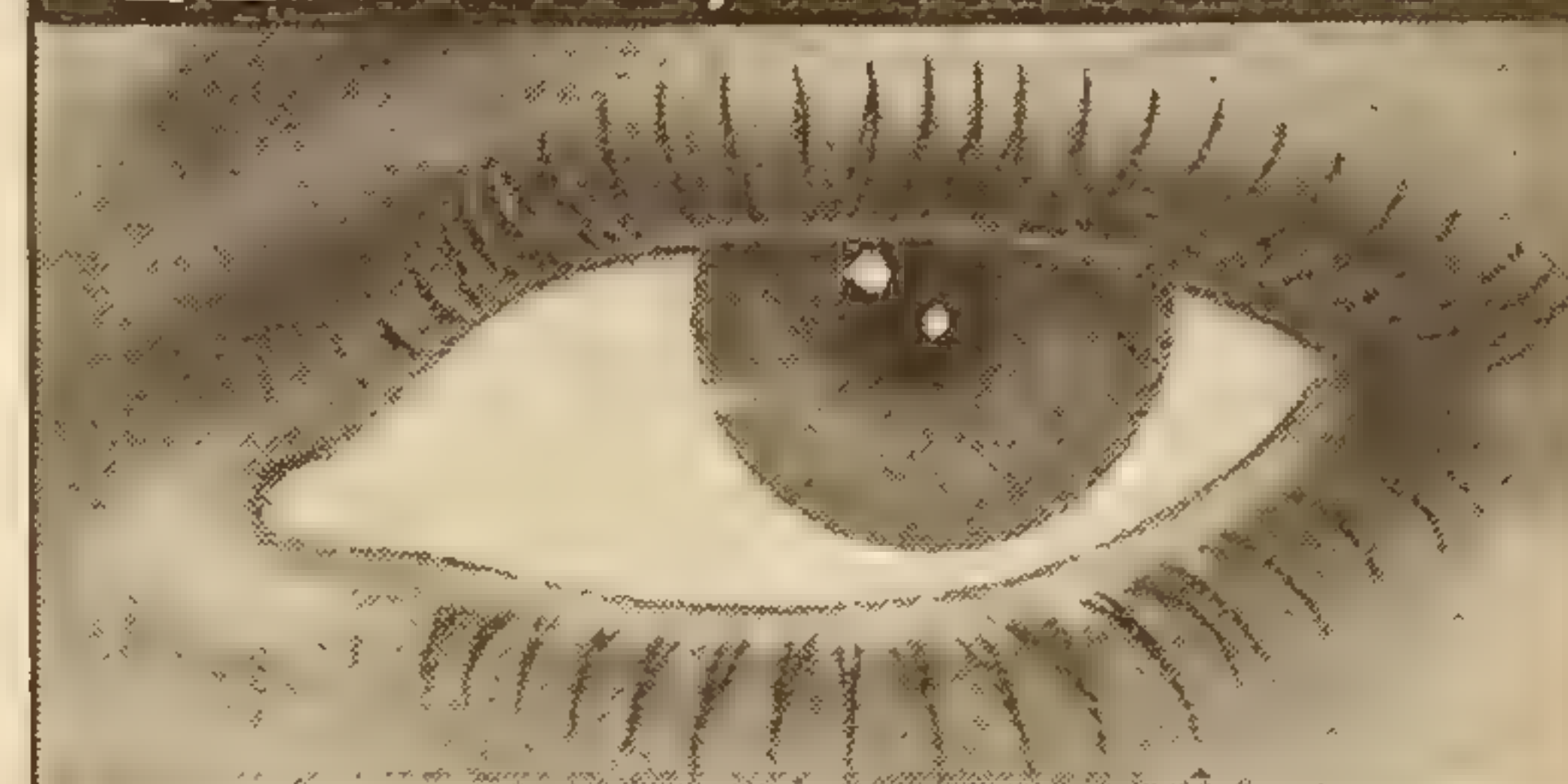
## OFF THE MUSIC RACK

IRVING BERLIN and his family are cooling off in Alaska. . . Sammy Cohen, estwhile screen actor with a nose that even Jimmy Durante envies, is organizing a comedy dance band. . . Roger Pryor is one of the band leaders who think girl vocalists are a necessity. He's just hired two more. They are Connie Birch and Lanie Truesdale. . . Raymond Paige will be heard with Lanny Ross on the show that succeeds the Astaire-Green combination. . . Ozzie Nelson goes to California for the Bakers Sunday series and his com-



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edy playmate will be Edward Everett Horton . . . Jane Pickens will go to Europe to continue her musical studies in preparation for opera next year . . . Mark Warnow is spending most of his spare time on his new 46-foot yawl. Mark never manipulated a sailboat before but he's having the time of his life . . . The Raymond Scott swing quintet have signed a contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer for two pictures; Raymond is a brother of Mark Warnow . . . Victor Bay, who conducted the orchestra on CBS' Shakespearean series, has had several offers from music publishers, who want him to revise some of the melodies he has dug out of the Elizabethan era and bring them forth as new tunes . . . Sammy Kaye may replace Bunny Berigan on the Tim and Irene show on MBS . . . Seldom publicized but a great drawing card with the smarter cafe trade is Sonnie Kendis who has been renewed at Sherman Billingsley's Stork Club.

\* \* \*

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The winning band will receive **RADIO MIRROR's Gold Baton** in recognition for services rendered to America's millions of dance-lovers.

Here is your opportunity to put the band you like best in the radio spotlight if it isn't there already.

Come on you Goodman worshippers, Lombardo loyalists, and Field followers—sharpen the pencil and lick a stamp. I'll keep you posted from time to time on the voting.

\* \* \*

### BEST STORY OF THE MONTH

**WHEN** Sammy Kaye of "swing and sway" fame was a student at Ohio University back in 1928 he had ambitions to become a successful civil engineer but a bright idea occurred to him one night when he was figuring out a way to make some quick money that quickly curtailed any intentions of building bridges or highways.

A miniature golf course near the campus was dying a slow death because people were getting very tired of hitting a very small ball around a very small lot. Sammy decided the Ohio U. students would prefer dancin' to golfin'. He and six fraternity brothers scraped together some money and leased the lot. Sammy transformed it into the Varsity Casino, placed himself and his friends on the bandstand.

The crowds flocked to the Casino during classes, after studies, on the eve of any major athletic event. The money came in fast and furious. Sammy bought a car, hired a valet and furnished an apartment, with an eye toward proposing to his best girl and making the apartment a permanent home.

The Casino was profitable but the apartment wasn't. The girl told Sammy one starry night that she liked someone better.

When Sammy graduated next term he turned the Casino over to his nephew, a freshman just entering Ohio. It helped pay the lad's tuition fees. The apartment furniture he turned over to his former campus sweetheart as a wedding present!

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GRAY hair is risky. It screams: "You are getting old!" To end gray hair handicaps all you now have to do is comb it once a day for several days with a few drops of Kolor-Bak sprinkled on your comb, and afterwards regularly once or twice a week to keep your hair looking nice. Kolor-Bak is a solution for artificially coloring gray hair that imparts color and charm and abolishes gray hair worries. Grayness disappears within a week or two and users report the change is so gradual and so perfect that their friends forget they ever had a gray hair and no one knew they did a thing to it.

### Make This Trial Test

Will you test Kolor-Bak without risking a single cent? Then, go to your drug or department store today and get a bottle of Kolor-Bak. Test it under our guarantee that it must make you look 10 years younger and far more attractive or we will pay back your money.

**FREE** Buy a bottle of KOLOR-BAK today and send top flap of carton to United Remedies, Dept. 4411, 544 So. Wells Street, Chicago—and receive **FREE AND POSTPAID** a 50c box of KUBAK Shampoo.

## No JOKE TO BE DEAF

**—Every deaf person knows that—**  
Mr. Way made himself hear his watch tick after being deaf for twenty-five years, with his Artificial Ear Drums. He wore them day and night. They stopped his head noises. They are invisible and comfortable, no wires or batteries. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. Write for TRUE STORY. Also booklet on Deafness.

**Artificial Ear Drum**  
**THE WAY COMPANY**  
719 McKerchey Bldg. Detroit, Michigan

## POPULAR PIANO MASTERED QUICKLY THE DOT-X-WAY

Pay as you learn. Go as rapidly as your time and ability will permit. We train you thoroughly at home in spare time. Previous knowledge unnecessary. However, this system will help the more experienced to get better harmony and chords for modern playing. No tiresome scales. Write now for free lesson and details.

DOT-X-System, Dept. 1A, 1440 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.  
You take no chances.

**SATISFACTION or MONEY REFUNDED**

**15 DRESS REMNANTS** Etc.  
YDS. Also BARGAIN 97¢  
EXTRA 5 YDS GIVEN + PSTG.  
Percales, Prints, Gingham, Muslin, Crepes, Voiles, Shirtings, etc. New clean goods direct from us at big saving. Pieces up to three yards. Newest patterns for dresses. Our finest quality.

**SEND NO MONEY** Pay postman 97c or \$1.89 plus small delivery charge. (Special! Send \$1.29 with order, will ship 20 yd. bundle postage paid.) Satisfaction guaranteed or money back.

**2 BUNDLES \$1.89 + PSTG.**  
**5 YARDS EXTRA**

**EASTERN TEXTILE COMPANY**  
Dept. V-40 Greenfield, Mass.

**Lovelier Blonde Hair**  
**NEW CINEMA CREAM METHOD**  
Everywhere blondes are more popular! You, too, can have beautiful—lustrous—fluffy blonde hair that wins admiration **INSTANTLY!** Now in 5 to 15 minutes—at home—you can lighten your hair to any flattering shade you desire with one application of LECHLER'S "509" INSTANT HAIR LIGHTENER, the New Cinema Cream Method. Brightens hair immediately! Looks natural! LECHLER'S, applied as an antiseptic white cream—easy to use—lightens only hair where applied. Not a liquid bleach! Does not run to hair ends and so cannot streak! And LECHLER'S does not affect your permanent wave.

**SENT POSTPAID IN PLAIN SEALED WRAPPER FOR \$2**  
with each order: **FREE**  
• Special Application Brush  
• 36-page booklet: "The New Art of Lightening Hair"  
• Hollywood's famous eyelash grower and darkener—"Cinema Long-Lash" in enameled case with mirror (regularly \$1) FREE!

**LECHLER LABORATORIES**  
560 Broadway Dept. H.A., New York, N.Y.

## "THE FARMER IN THE DELL"

HE serves up his melodies plain and sweet and lets other batoneers concoct the special arrangements that he claims are for the enjoyment of musicians rather than dancers. That's William Farmer, whose "Farmer in the Dell" dance program goes over a coast-to-coast NBC hookup from WEAf Tuesdays and Saturdays, 12:30 to 1:00 A. M. "All I want to do is play music that will make people want to dance," he says. Graduate of such organizations as Paul Whiteman's, Rudy Vallee's, and Ben Bernie's, Farmer has specialized in several instruments and now plays the drums as well as conducts. He takes his music seriously as shown by his program, "The Song Hits of Tomorrow" and the Composers' Forums. Although he bows out at the Promenade Cafe late in October, he will still be heard on his NBC hookup.

\* \* \*

## ORCHESTRAL ANATOMY

**GUY LOMBARDO:** Trumpet, Liebert Lombardo; trombone, Jim Dillon; melophone, Dudley Fosdick; bass horn, Bern Davies; saxophones, Carmen Lombardo, Victor Lombardo, Fred Higman and Larry Owen; pianos, Fred Kreitzer and Frank Vigneau; guitar, Francis Henry; drums, George Gowans; vocalist, Carmen Lombardo. Theme songs, "Vilia" and "Auld Lang Syne."

\* \* \*

**EMERSON GILL:** Violin, Emerson Gill; trumpets, Milan Hartz, Lloyd Baker and Karl Braun; trombone, Norman Conley; saxophones, Charles Dvorak, Johnnie Monsch and Vernon Yocum; piano, Heine Mack; drums and vibraharp, Creighton Davies; bass saxophone, Mendon Foye; vocalist, Marian Mann.

\* \* \*

## CORRESPONDENCE

**Benny Benedict:** Tommy Tucker is a former University of Minnesota man, a Phi Beta Kappa student and a varsity baseball star. Tommy, heard from the El Patio in San Francisco, has played in many popular dance retreats in Miami, New York, Cleveland and Washington. Entertainers in the Tucker troupe are charming Amy Arnell and a rhythmic trio known as "The Voices Three."

**Doris Benedetto:** Russ Morgan is thirty-five years young, weighs 175 pounds and stands 5 feet 10 inches with baton in hand. He is one of radio's outstanding trombonists, having played with some of the best bands in the country. His own orchestra is heard on NBC Tuesdays at 8 P. M., EDST.

(Continued on page 101)

## ANSWERS TO SPELLING BEE

1. Assassinate. 2. Felicitate. 3. Virulent. 4. Kiosk. 5. Gelatinous. 6. Velocipede. 7. Seismograph. 8. Bouillon. 9. Phosphorus. 10. Emollient. 11. Phlox. 12. Molecule. 13. Anonymity. 14. Oleaginous. 15. Contumacious. 16. Querist. 17. Hemorrhage. 18. Lachrymose. 19. Herbivorous. 20. Ocarina. 21. Xylophone. 22. Sparsity. 23. Daguerreotype. 24. Erysipelas. 25. Tattooed.

## For Your Wife



### CANTON PAJAMA SUIT SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY PRICE

These lovely new Oriental Jinken Satin Pajama Suits are the smartest of garments—for lounging, sleeping, etc.—make ideal gifts. Come in rich Black Satin with trim in Chinese Red; also Royal Blue Satin with Gold trim. Red with White; Green with Gold. All hand-embroidered in silk floral designs to match trim. Belt to match. State size; large, medium, small.

**2.95**  
Post Paid

Sells Regular for \$5.00

### SEND NO MONEY

Shipped C.O.D. or send check, stamps or money order on my money-back guarantee.

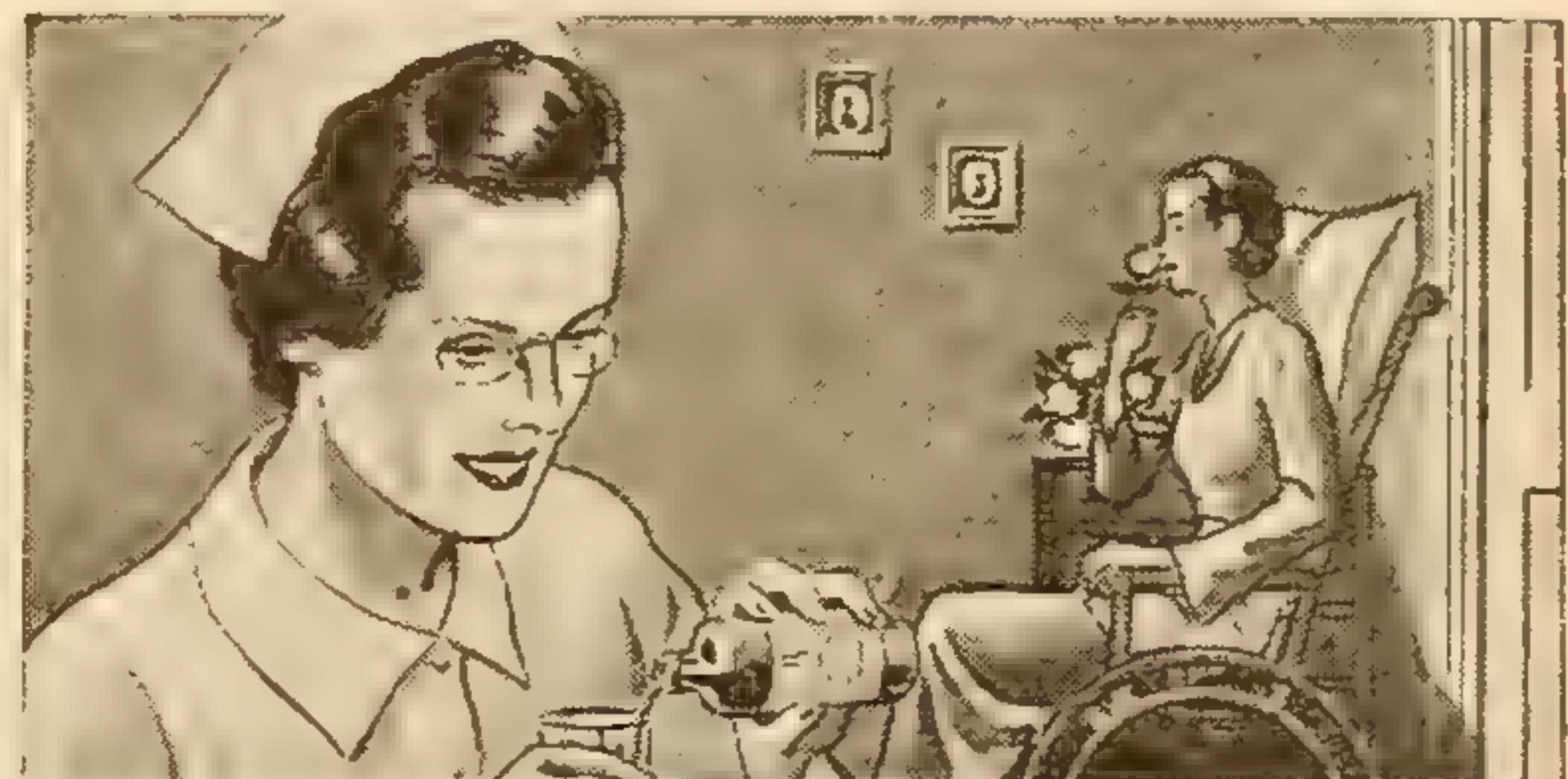
### DOROTHY BOYD ART STUDIO

152 Davis St. San Francisco, Calif.  
Write for catalogue of wonderful kimonos and other Oriental Articles from \$2 to \$50.

**"Dark-Eyes"**  
INDELIBLE DARKENER

### for LASHES and BROWS

One application lasts 4 to 5 weeks. Marvelous, too, for darkening those first gray hairs! \$1 at Drug and Dept. Stores. Try it!  
**SAMPLE 10c** For Trial, Send 10c (15c Stamps) to "DARK EYES", 2115 S. Crawford Ave., Dept. 31-M, Chicago



## MOTHER OF THREE EARNS \$32-\$35 A WEEK

• "THANKS to CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING, I have been able to support my three children and keep my home together," writes Mrs. A. E., Waterbury, Conn. And Mrs. E. is only one of thousands of men and women who have found that C.S.N. training opens the way to a well-paid dignified profession!

C.S.N.-trained practical nurses all over the country are earning as much as \$25 to \$35 a week in private practice, in hospitals and sanitariums. Others, like Miss C. H., own nursing-homes. This easy-to-understand course, successful for 38 years and endorsed by physicians—enables men and women 18 to 60 to prepare themselves at home and in their spare time, for any type of practical nursing. Best of all, it is possible to earn while learning—Mrs. F. McE. took her first case before completing the 7th lesson and earned \$400 in three months!

High school not necessary. Complete nurse's equipment included. Easy tuition payments. Decide now to send for "SPLENDID OPPORTUNITIES IN NURSING," which shows you how you can win success as a nurse!

### CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING

Dept. 1811, 100 East Ohio Street, Chicago, Ill.  
Please send booklet and 32 sample lesson pages.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_



HERE IS YOUR OPPORTUNITY

**\$10,000.00**

IN PRIZES

FOR SHORT TRUE ROMANCES

If you need more money, the fascinating short true romance contest to be conducted in True Romances Magazine offers you a splendid chance to receive \$500 for an account, containing as few as 3000 words, of an experience in your life or the life of a friend.

Twenty prizes of \$500 each will be awarded—a total of \$10,000.00

Full details including the simple contest rules appear in True Romances for November which will be on sale October 22nd.

If the idea of receiving a check for \$500 is attractive to you, be sure to get a copy and learn all of the particulars of this most liberal offer which provides a new source of income to men and women who have never before written for publication. Remember—True Romances for November on Sale October 22nd.

**Tell your news dealer today to reserve a copy for you.**

NOVEMBER  
ISSUE

**True  
Romances**

ON SALE  
OCTOBER 22ND



(Continued from page 99)

**Matt Corbin:** So you want to become an orchestra leader and you want some advice? Well, that is about the toughest question I have ever tried to answer. Rather than take the responsibility of advising you wrongly I asked two well-known baton-wavers, Sammy Kaye and Freddy Martin. Says Sammy: "First learn to play an instrument and play it well. Round up some friends in your home town who also want to get into the band business and work hard. It is better to have friends working with you at the beginning than strangers." Says Freddy: "Work first with a band before you dare conduct yourself. Learn all you can from a good teacher. Find out from the radio and the better-known maestros what the public wants. Then give it to them in your own style. Then hire the best musicians you can find. Try, also, to cultivate a good business head."

**Ginger Orr:** Clyde Lucas is thirty-six years old and was born in Kansas. The fifteen musicians who comprise the California Dons play seventy-two different instruments. Clyde started playing piano when he was fifteen and followed with the trombone a year later. Clyde and brother Lyn, the featured soloist, are currently on a vaudeville tour.

**Victor Boucher:** George Hamilton can be reached in care of the Music Corpora-

tion of America, Inc., in Los Angeles, California. He is not at present playing any lengthy engagements. I am glad to know that you take RADIO MIRROR with you on your long jaunts to the frozen north.

For your convenience—and ours—use this coupon in writing to ask questions. We'll try to find all the answers.

**Ken Alden,**  
Facing the Music,  
RADIO MIRROR,  
122 East 42nd Street,  
New York City.

My favorite orchestra is.....  
.....and I want to  
know more about the following:

Name .....  
Address .....

## Coast-to-Coast Highlights

(Continued from page 7)

our way from St. Paul, Minnesota, and KSTP's Umbrella Court program a short time ago, and that was when we became listener conscious to the Northwest's public program number one.

The program, spotted every Saturday eve from 6:30 to 7:00 is produced by Bob Barclay, promotion manager of the Minneapolis Journal, and before it was a month old various Twin City luncheon, civic, and fraternal clubs were clamoring for in-person productions of the show. By the time the Court was two months old, Barclay and his staff were busy with almost daily club productions of the program in the flesh.

Why all the clamoring? What is Umbrella Court? Well, it's like this: It's a game consisting of a series of freak questions about St. Paul, Minneapolis, and Minnesota. During a broadcast, Barclay presides in court as Mark Question, the judge, and his helpers are bailiffs, while each person, or "witness," who enters the game weekly, gets a regular Umbrella Court subpoena. Questions for the evening, which it is Barclay's job to produce, are dumped into an open umbrella hanging upside down from the ceiling. One by one the witnesses, in rotation, draw a question from the umbrella; the judge reads it; and the witness, if he can, answers it. If correct he gets a siren; if not, a Bronx cheer from the sound effect department. Barclay's helpers keep score and the witness scoring highest gets ten dollars, the others, five, three, and one, in order. A novel stunt has been worked out, wherein, when a witness fails to appear as his name is read, a sound effect of a cackling hen is given him for "laying an egg."

An additional promotion stunt, worked out in connection with the program, is the Umbrella Court game developed through the Journal via the coupon clipping method. By mailing in the coupon, readers get the game that is now played in thousands of Twin City homes. Having already used over twenty-five hundred

questions on the state and its people, Barclay says his toughest job is thinking up new ones, but with the program rating the top spot among KSTP local broadcasts in a poll of University of Minnesota students, it is apparent the result is well-worth the mental labor.

## HAPPY—AND WHY NOT?

When you say they're song writing fools you haven't even told the half of it, because they write 'em, they sing 'em, and listeners love 'em. That's why the Happy Chappies are the Happy Chappies.

That, in short, tells the radio story of Nat Vincent and Fred Howard, KSO's Happy Chappies in Des Moines, Iowa, who have written, among many others, such outstanding song hits as "I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles," "My Pretty Quadroon," "When the Bloom is on the Sage," "It's Time to Say Aloha," and "Strawberry Roan."

Nat, the piano-playing half of the duet, was first at the microphone on the old Blue Monday Jamboree, famous Pacific Coast program, and also a member of the original Piggly-Wiggly trio, with the now famous Jello announcer, Don Wilson. Fred, the Chappy with the sweet tenor voice, joined Nat at KFRC in 1928 to present the first of the Happy Chappy programs.

Previously, Fred produced musical comedies in the States and Hawaii, and both have played many a Keith-Orpheum circuit tour. They have been broadcasting over the Iowa network for two years, doing four shows daily, including their popular "Stump the Chappies" programs where few listeners have suggested a song they couldn't sing, play, whistle, or at least hum. They recently wrote Iowa's new official state song, "On a Little Farm in Iowa" and their latest published popular number is "Kitty Lou."

Both of these happy music-makers are happily married and Fred has a pretty sixteen-year-old daughter, Joanne. Nat

# Learn at Home to MAKE MORE MONEY



**J. E. SMITH, Pres.**  
Nat'l. Radio Institute  
Established 1914

## HERE'S PROOF!

Earns  
\$50 to  
\$80 a  
Month  
in Spare  
Time



"I am happy now when work at my regular job gets low to be able to devote more time to Radio. My Radio earnings the last 4 months have been \$50 to \$80 a month."—  
**HERMAN EISINGER,**  
2010 Valentine Ave.,  
Bronx, N. Y. C.



Own  
Business  
Averages  
\$25  
a Day

"I now employ two other N. R. I. graduates besides my brother. We average over \$25 a day on Radio servicing."—  
**EDWIN W. HOLSCHER,**  
Ed's Radio Service,  
Spencer, Ia.

I'll train you Quickly  
for Good Spare Time  
and Full Time Jobs  
in **RADIO**

Many Radio Experts Make  
\$30, \$50, \$75 a Week

Do you want to make more money? Broadcasting stations employ engineers, operators, station managers and pay up to \$5,000 a year. Spare time Radio set servicing pays as much as \$200 to \$500 a year—full time servicing jobs pay as much as \$30, \$50, \$75 a week. Many Radio Experts operate their own full or part time Radio businesses. Radio manufacturers and jobbers employ testers, inspectors, foremen, engineers, servicemen, paying up to \$6,000 a year. Radio operators on ships get good pay and see the world. Automobile, police, aviation, commercial Radio and loud speaker systems offer many good opportunities. Television promises many good jobs soon. Men I trained have good jobs in Radio.

Many Make \$5, \$10, \$15 a Week Extra in Spare Time While Learning Almost every neighborhood needs a good spare time serviceman. The day you enroll I start sending Extra Money Job Sheets showing how to do Radio repair jobs. Throughout your training I send plans and ideas that made good spare time money for hundreds. I send Special Equipment to conduct experiments, build circuits, get practical experience. I GIVE YOU A COMPLETE, MODERN, PROFESSIONAL ALL WAVE, ALL PURPOSE RADIO SET SERVICING INSTRUMENT, TO HELP SERVICE SETS QUICKER—SAVE TIME, MAKE MORE MONEY.

Find Out What Radio Offers YOU Mail coupon for "Rich Rewards in Radio." It's free to any fellow over 16 years old. It points out Radio's spare and full time opportunities, also those coming in Television; tells about my Training in Radio and Television; shows you letters from men I trained, telling what they are doing, earning; shows my Money Back Agreement, MAIL COUPON NOW in an envelope or paste on penny postcard.

**J. E. SMITH, President**  
Dept. 7MTB  
National Radio Institute,  
Washington, D. C.



## MAIL THIS NOW!

**J. E. Smith, President, Dept. 7MTB**  
National Radio Institute  
Washington, D. C.

Dear Mr. Smith: Without obligating me send "Rich Rewards in Radio," which points out the spare time and full time opportunities in Radio and explains your 50-50 method of training men at home in spare time to become Radio Experts. (Please Write Plainly.)

NAME.....AGE.....  
ADDRESS.....  
CITY.....STATE.....

## KILL THE HAIR ROOT



Remove the hair permanently, safely, privately at home, following simple directions. The Mahler Method positively prevents the hair from growing again. The delightful relief will bring happiness, freedom of mind and greater success. Backed by 35 years of successful use all over the world. Send 6c in stamps TODAY for Illustrated Booklet, "How to Remove Superfluous Hair Forever."

**D. J. Mahler Co., Dept. 53-N, Providence, R. I.**

## HOW TO CHARM AND INFLUENCE MEN WITH YOUR FACE AND FIGURE

Here are Secrets of Success with men and women! Yours, FREE! Make people say, "You look years younger—have you found the fountain of youth?"

### WANT SECRETS OF ALLURE?

You can be younger looking, with sparkling young eyes, lovely rounded figure, new, vital charm. All yours for only five minutes a day in the privacy of your bedroom. Let me send you, today,

**FREE** your copy of my thrilling book—**"How to Charm With Your Face and Figure."** Send penny postal card, or clip this ad, today! **Lydia Lane, Inc., 1160 McGee St., Kansas City, Mo.**





*No Waste!  
No Mess!*

..with the

**KLEENEX\***

200 SHEET

**Pull-Out  
Package**

**PULL A TISSUE**

**NEXT ONE POPS UP  
READY FOR USE**

**200-SHEET KLEENEX  
NOW 2 FOR 25¢**

**The handy size for every room**

Why tolerate clumsy boxes or inferior tissues when Kleenex brings you *Double Economy*? Plus a world of convenience that others can't offer because *only Kleenex* has this patented Pull-Out Package.

Stop at your dealer's today and ask for 200-sheet Kleenex... now reduced to 2 for 25¢. It's the handy size for every room and for the car!

**KLEENEX\***

**DISPOSABLE TISSUES**

(\*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Patent Office)

goes for horseback riding and baseball in off hours and Fred's diversions lead him to the golf links and the fish ponds.

### THOSE CRAZY TENNESSEANS

Stuck with an empty studio that should have been filled with a farm hour act that failed to arrive on schedule, a program director was frantically seeking a substitute, any substitute, when suddenly he spied a group of Hill-billies practicing old-time tunes in an unused studio. Quickly he explained his plight to the mountaineers. Roy Acuff, self-appointed leader of the group, reckoned as how they had never played together before but they'd try anything once. The rest of the boys agreed, and as the control operator opened the studio microphone, the boys were tuning up, unaware they were on the air. The announcer excitedly signalled that the mike was "hot"—but too late, for the tuning up continued. Hoping to smooth the situation over as much as possible, he announced: "The Crazy Tennesseans are on the air." And ever since, these same Hill-billies have been the Crazy Tennesseans over WROL in Knoxville, Tennessee.

For their current broadcasts, daily except Sundays from 5:30 P. M. to 6, Allen Stout, the same announcer they started with, is Master of Ceremonies and the Tennessee maniacs are: Fiddler and mountain balladeer Roy Acuff; The Crazy Hawaiians, Clell Summey and Jess Easterday, players of Hawaiian melodies and singers of popular songs; The bull fiddling, jug-blowing, guitar-picking, romantic crooner Red Jones; Two-hundred-pound Slim Elza, who triples in oldtime jigging, mountain ballad vocalizing, and eccentric comedy; And the feather-weight Jake Tindell, comedian, tap-dancer, and blues singer.

### WHJB's CHIEF

That today's announcers are made, not born, is almost an accepted fact, and WHJB's chief announcer Lew Clawson at Greensburg, Pa., is no exception.

Educated in Greensburg High School and the University of Pennsylvania, where he studied commercial art, Lew also possessed a voice that led him into the entertaining field via a dance orchestra. Leaving school in 1930, he spent ten months singing with a dance band in a California ballroom, and was staff vocalist for KFSD and KGB in San Diego. In 1931 he migrated to Los Angeles where he became the Auburn Soloist over KFAC. Receiving his first announcing and continuity writing experience there, he returned home in 1932 and became associated with his present station, WHJB.

Since, he has become chief of the announcers and handles much of the station's production. Among his many mike chores is the Radio Gossip program with RADIO MIRROR furnishing the gossip.

Even with all of his preparation for a life's work at the microphone, Lew has found time to marry, and is the father of two boys who both claim they are going to be announcers. So perhaps this generation's announcers are to be born, not made.

### DANGER—CUPID AT WORK

With a big zero in his marriage column, Little Dan Cupid admits a new low in altar business this month, but to prove, nevertheless, he's been on the job, he claims sponsorship for a novel half-hour program recently broadcast from KRNT in Des Moines, Iowa. Announced as Bachelors' Inquisition, KRNT's two most beautiful bachelor girls, May Floyd Sinex

and Quen McCleary, interviewed the ten most eligible bachelors on the staff. Yes, yes, girls—just a minute! They were: Lansing Benet, Ken Brown, Frank Jaffe, Orville Foster, Gene Shumate, Bill Spargrove, Ed Linehan, Buck Rasch, Roy Scobee and Freddie Lamm.

We think Cupid knew what he was doing when he put that program over too, because he slyly added that Sophia Germanich, Chicago's WLS soprano, had just received her twenty-fifth proposal in the mail. So, you see, it is being done.

### THE LISTENERS ALWAYS WRITE

Because of the voluminous mail received by radio stations it was natural curiosity that prompted us to ask Joe Connolly of WFIL, "Why do people write?" We selected a good time too, because Joe, whose business it is to know about everything that happens at Philadelphia's WFIL, had just finished a survey of all letters received that month.

"Why do people write?" grinned Joe. "Well, listen and maybe you can tell me why they write," he answered, proceeding to pour the following statistics into our attentive ear.

In the first place, it was record-breaking month for the WFIL mail bags with thirty-one thousand, six hundred and twenty-seven stamped missives being recorded. Of this number over twelve thousand were unsolicited, non-contest letters, and those were the ones that commanded our attention. That, we approximated, was a few over four hundred letters a day written because listeners either did or didn't like something.

Well, sixteen per cent of those twelve thousand were letters of criticism; some intelligent and justified; others of the crank and nasty variety, with others just downright funny. One woman was vituperative, and we mean abusive, because she was caught in a cloudburst after a WFIL weather forecast had assured her the skies would be cloudless; an intellectual lashed the station unmercifully because he differed with a clergyman's pronunciation of "either" (Aha! One of those eyether guys); and another, believe it or not, threatened legal action because a WFIL program was so funny to him, he laughed to near hysterics, lost control of his car and wrecked it beyond repair in a crack-up with a truck.

Of the other unsolicited letters about half praised artists while the remaining were miscellaneous: quizzical, commentative and some just sheer nonsense. These deplored the plight of the Chinese coolie; advised WFIL to get off the air and stay off; made love to artists and asked for dates; inquired as to yesterday's temperature in Papeete (we don't know either); requested a home-brew recipe; and blamed the station for Philadelphia's American League ball team being in the "cellar" because a critical sportscaster was harsh. But the winner, we thought, was the 75-year-old Romeo who listed his charms and asked if WFIL could arrange a meeting with some nice girl sixty-five or over, who was in the marriage mart.

"Now," said Joe Connolly, after finishing the story, "you tell me why people write."

He had us there, but we do know one thing, Joe, people will continue to write.

And before signing off our fan-fan broadcast we must tell you about Bob Crane, juvenile sportscaster who did a pinch-hitting baseball broadcasting job for Pat Flanagan over Chicago's WBBM. For his one inning performance, Bob received some two hundred letters, the most interesting of which was: "I think he's good, too!"—signed, His Mother.





**Yes-  
YOU WILL BE  
MORE  
BEAUTIFUL  
WITH  
Princess Pat ROUGE**

**SUPPOSE YOU FOUND** you were less beautiful than you could be . . . and then discovered a way to new loveliness . . . wouldn't you act—and quickly? Of course! Well, ordinary rouge certainly doesn't give you all the beauty you could have. It gives that painted, artificial look.

**Now let's see about Princess Pat rouge.** You've a good reason to change to Princess Pat—if it can give you thrilling new beauty. And it does because it's duo-tone . . . an *undertone* and an *overtone* make each shade. It isn't just another rouge, but *utterly different*.

**When you apply Princess Pat rouge it changes on your skin!** Mysteriously, amazingly it has become such gloriously natural color that *no one can tell it is rouge*.



Do you want that? Color that seems actually to come from within the skin, like a natural blush. Only more thrilling—bringing out hidden beauty you never knew you had. Somehow, with such glamorous color, you radiate beauty, compel admiration. Your mirror tells you such a tale of sparkle and animation that confidence in your own loveliness bids you be irresistible . . . and then you *are*.

**But remember this**—only Princess Pat rouge has the *duo-tone* secret. It changes on your skin—matches your individual type. Try Princess Pat rouge. Until you do you *will never know your own beauty*.

*mail coupon now!*

**PRINCESS PAT**

NE IN — "A TALE OF TODAY" NBC Red Network—Sundays 6:30 P. M. Eastern Time

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Without cost or obligation please send me a free sample of Princess Pat rouge, as checked

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| <input type="checkbox"/> Squaw        | <input type="checkbox"/> Vivid   | <input type="checkbox"/> Tan  |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Medium       | <input type="checkbox"/> Theatre | <input type="checkbox"/> Nite |

One sample free; additional samples 10¢ each.

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# Hollywood's Most Polished Voice

## HERBERT MARSHALL\* TELLS HOW THE THROAT-STRAIN OF ACTING CALLS FOR A LIGHT SMOKE

"In a recent scene," says Herbert Marshall, "I talk two minutes on the telephone. This scene took half a day to 'shoot'—four hours of painstaking voice shading. But even after scenes like this, I find that Luckies are always gentle on my throat. It's only common sense for an actor—or anyone else, for that matter—to want a light smoke."

The reason that Mr. Marshall—and you—find Luckies a light smoke is that the "Toasting" process takes out certain throat irritants found in all tobacco—even the finest.

And Luckies do use the finest tobacco. Sworn records show that among independent tobacco experts—auctioneers, buyers, warehousemen, etc.—Lucky Strike has twice as many exclusive smokers as have all the other cigarettes combined.

In the impartial, honest judgment of those who spend their lives buying, selling and handling tobacco . . . who know tobacco best...it's Luckies—2 to 1.

\*Co-starring with Barbara Stanwyck  
in RKO's "A Love Like That"

## A Light Smoke

EASY ON YOUR THROAT—"IT'S TOASTED"

Copyright 1937, The American Tobacco Company



WITH MEN WHO  
KNOW TOBACCO BEST

*It's Luckies  
2 to 1*